Wild Hearts - *A Thrilling Love Story of the New West* by **Vingie E. Roe**

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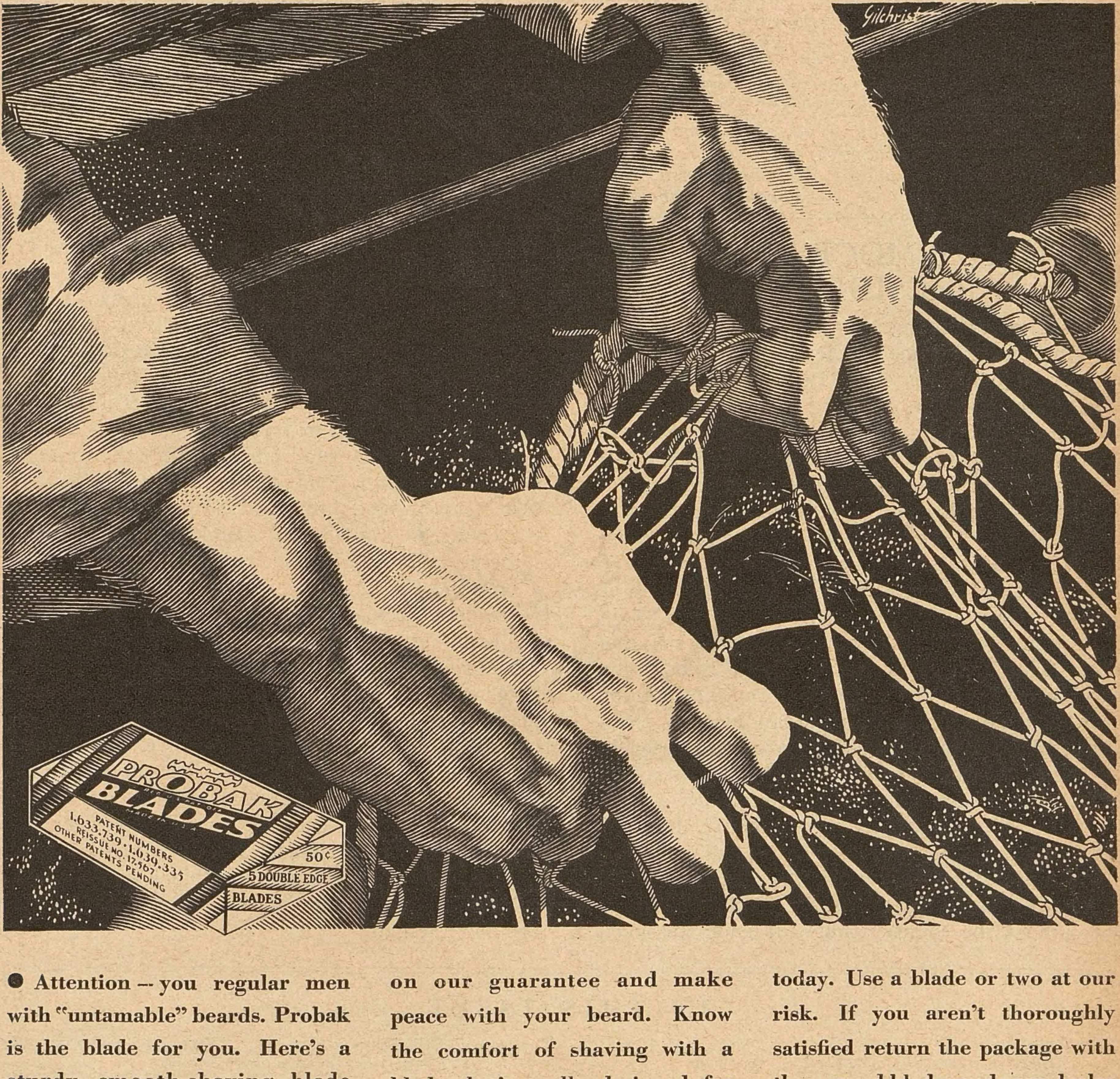
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MAY 14, 1932

Liberty

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America's Best Read Weekly

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"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —*Abraham Lincoln.*

A DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENT?

Politics are getting warmer; the Democrats are walking on air—some of them. There is said to be a real opportunity for a Democratic President this coming election.

But Hoover is gaining ground—and who knows what will happen between now and Election Day?

A noted writer who has been traveling and interviewing people of all classes in various parts of the country recently stated that if the election were to be held at this time, and Roosevelt were the Democratic nominee against Hoover, he would be elected with a huge majority.

But Roosevelt may not even secure the nomination. The Democrats are noted for squabbling, and there seems to be quite a difference of opinion between the former Democratic candidate for President, ex-Governor Smith, and Governor Roosevelt. If these two prominent leading Democrats refuse to harmonize their differences, we may see a repetition of the situation that brought Mr. John W. Davis the nomination in 1924.

The much-traveled writer previously referred to states that there is a fairly unanimous belief throughout the country that Governor Roosevelt is the one candidate who will harmonize the various Democratic factions, and that if any other candidate is nominated we are certain to have a third party.

If this third party comes into being, as a result of Democratic squabbling, it will divide the Democratic Party and Hoover will have an easy victory.

But all of this is mostly guesswork; no one knows what the next few months will bring to us.

The Washington government is facing a serious situation in its endeavor to balance the budget. The sales tax was defeated after much bitter wrangling. Other taxes have been substituted, but it is difficult to squeeze blood out of a stone; incomes have everywhere depreciated, and the value of adding to this phase of taxation is doubtful.

Ex-Governor Smith created quite a sensation at the recent Democratic Jefferson Day dinner in Washington when he advocated a twenty-year moratorium. His proposal to credit these debtor nations with 25 per cent of their purchases in this country on their war debts was enthusiastically indorsed. The idea was revolutionary.

But remedies of any kind are welcome at this time. Such a plan would undoubtedly increase our business abroad, although our foreign debtors do not appear to bother themselves very much about their debt to us. In fact, there is a general impression that these debts will never be paid.

The contest for the Democratic nomination assumes added interest day by day. Governor Roosevelt seems to be gaining ground in many parts of the country. Ex-Governor Smith is in the limelight at all Democratic functions, and freely acknowledges that he is in the Presidential race. Governor Ritchie wants it known that he is in the campaign. And there are Newton D. Baker, whom many prominent people are favoring, and Speaker John N. Garner of Texas, regarded by many as a logical compromise candidate in case of a prolonged deadlock in the convention.

But it is difficult to prognosticate at this time. There may be a "dark horse" who will come to life at the proper time. There never was a Presidential election that promised such dramatic possibilities.

Whoever wins, let us hope that a satisfactory solution will be found for the grave problems we are now facing.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

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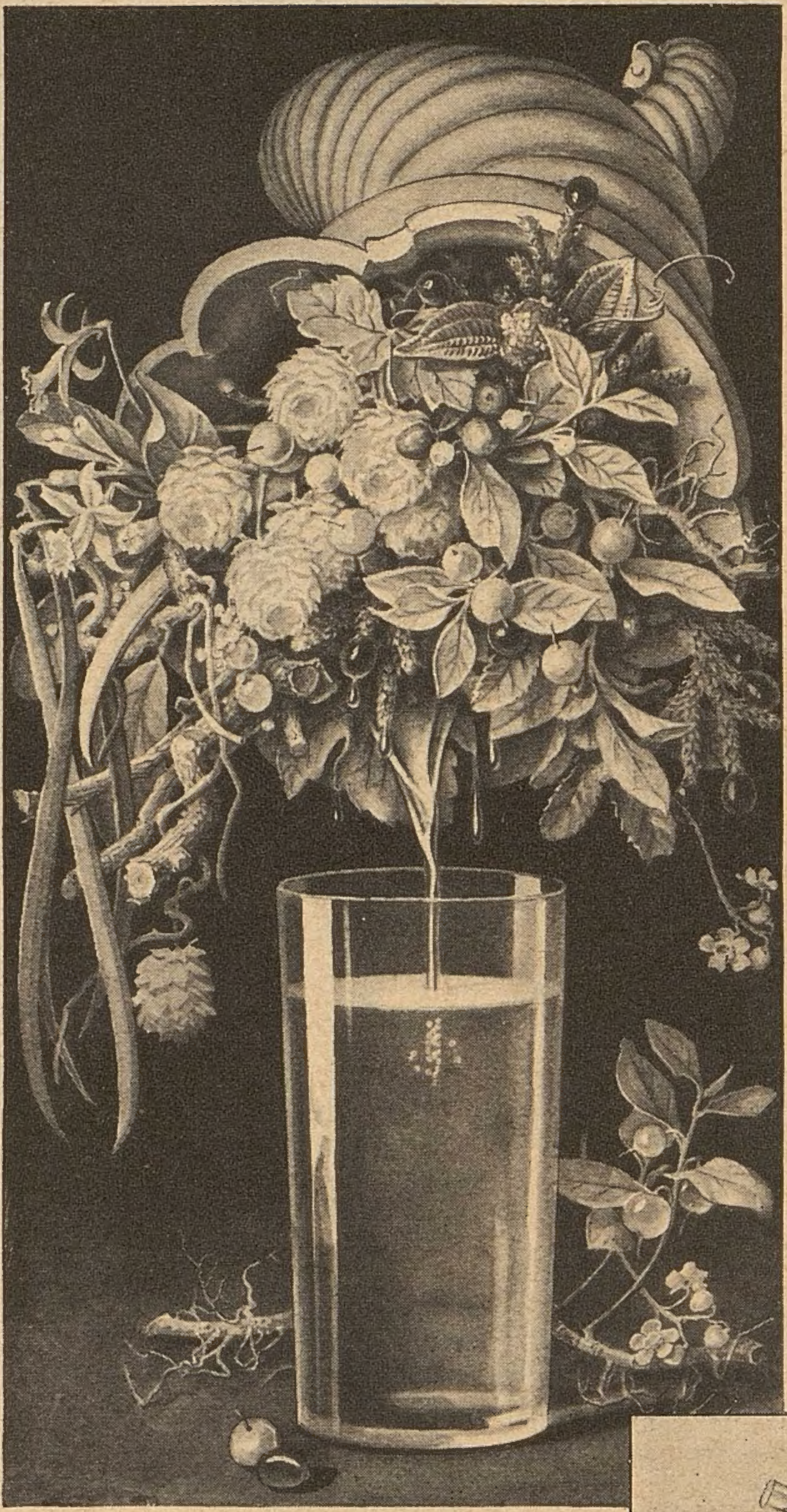

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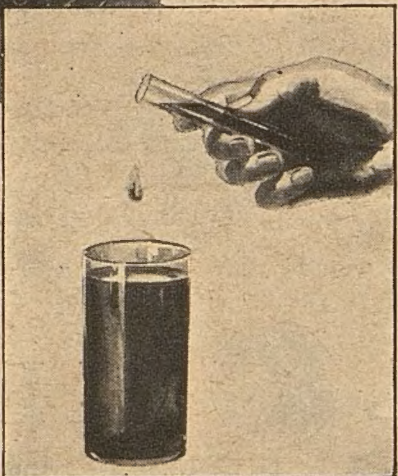

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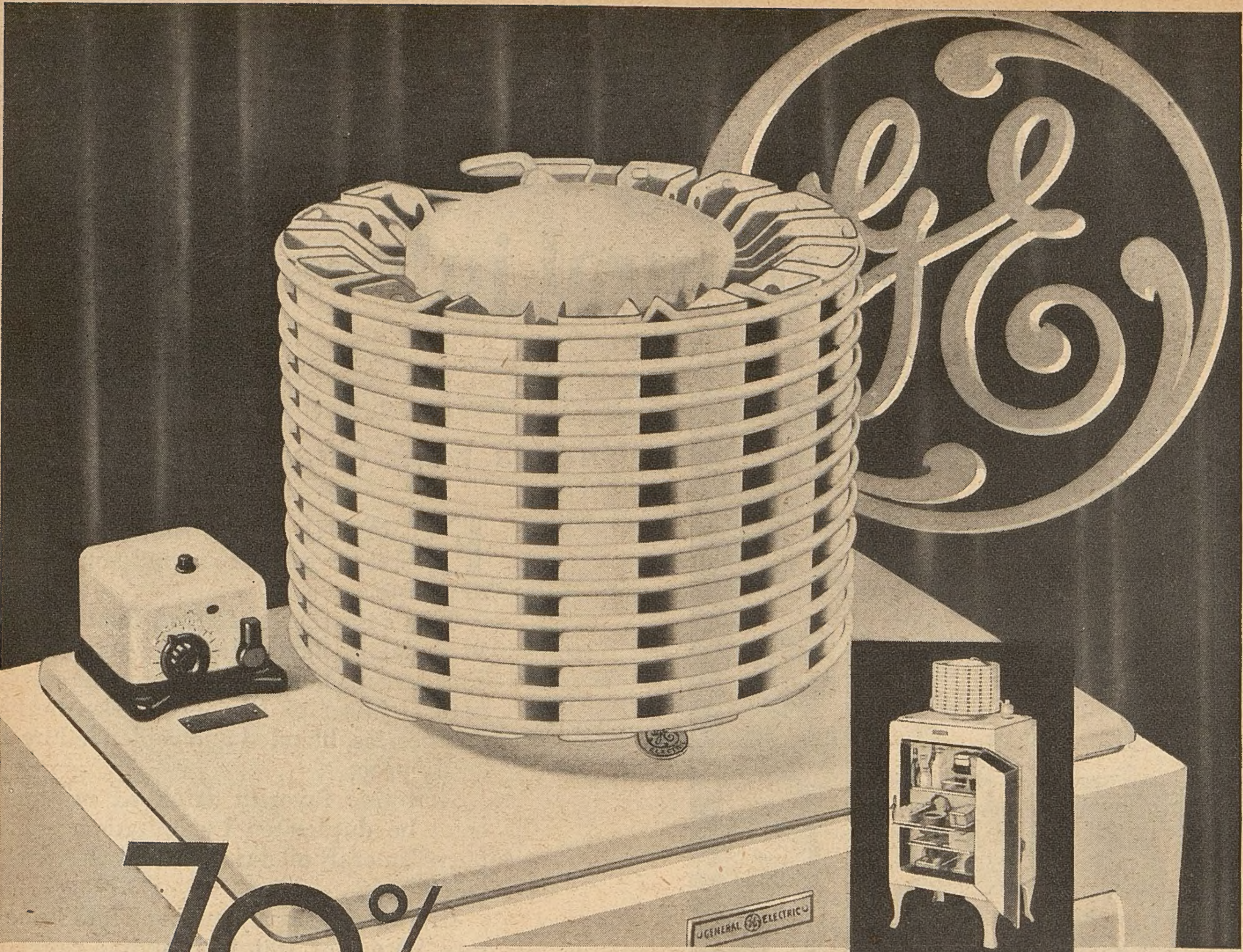

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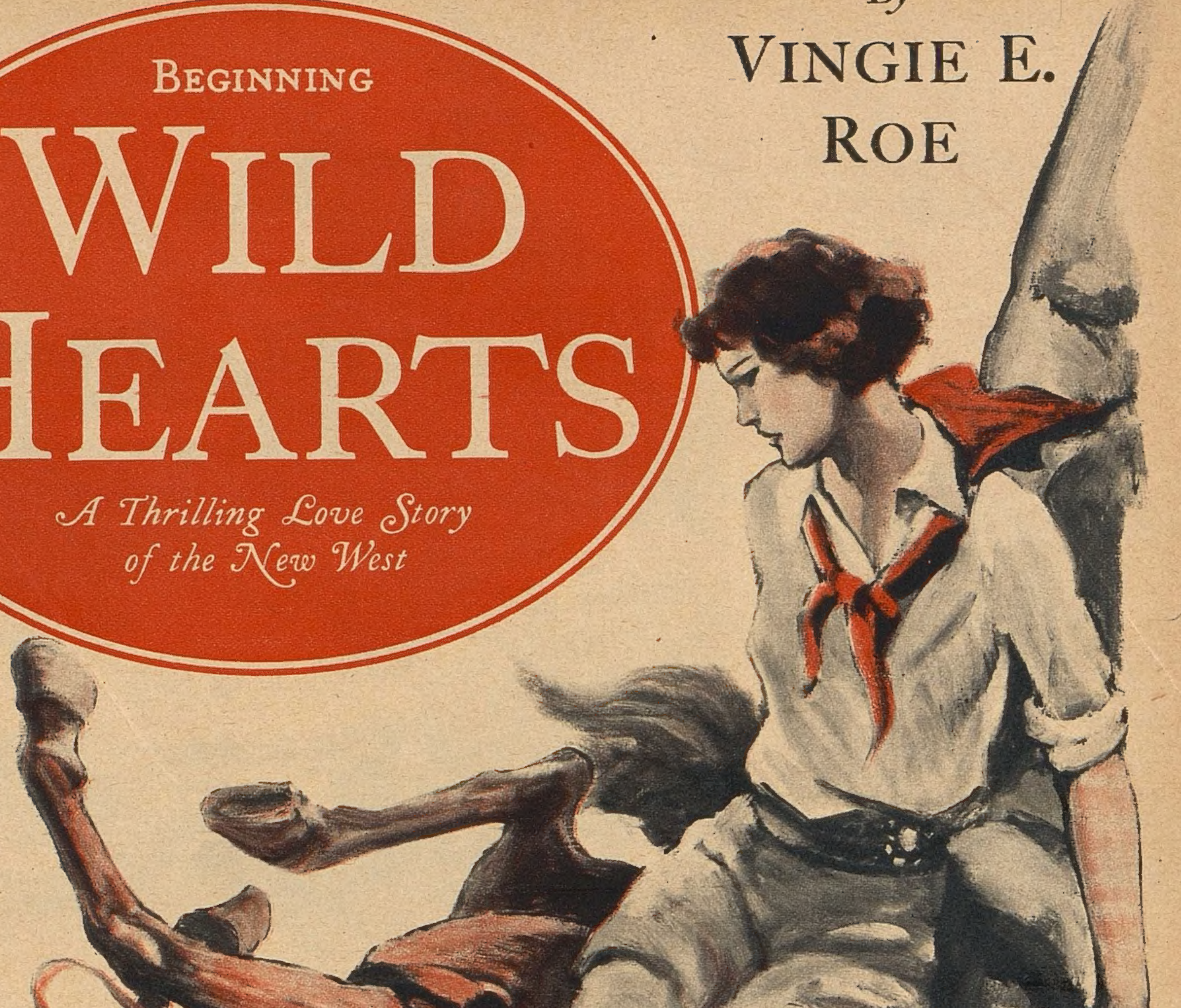
BEGINNING

WILD HEARTS

A Thrilling Love Story of the New West

By

VINGIE E. ROE



FOR a moment the girl watched, her lips set in a line of fury.

Pictures by
DELOS PALMER

(Reading time: 34 minutes 15 seconds.)

PART ONE—AT SUNDOWN GAP

TWILIGHT was falling on the high plateau. The towering hogback to the north became a rampart of onyx and amethyst and lapis lazuli from its base where the shadows were deepest to its jagged crown where the light struck last.

At its southern end, sharply cut by the winds of uncounted centuries, it dropped to the floor of the levels in the wide, majestic opening that was Sundown Gap. To the right it continued on in a milder, less rugged ridge, which, uncounted miles to the south, finally lost itself in the rolling, wooded country of the Klamath.

In the inverted horseshoe of the Gap there was nothing visible but the measureless depths of the sky, soft, mysterious, glowing with its light.

Along the sandy road that traced its dim line in the sage a rider was coming—a slim figure in khaki shirt and trousers, which rode at ease, hands folded on its pommel, its black head bared to the evening winds.

At first glance one would have taken this to be a boy.

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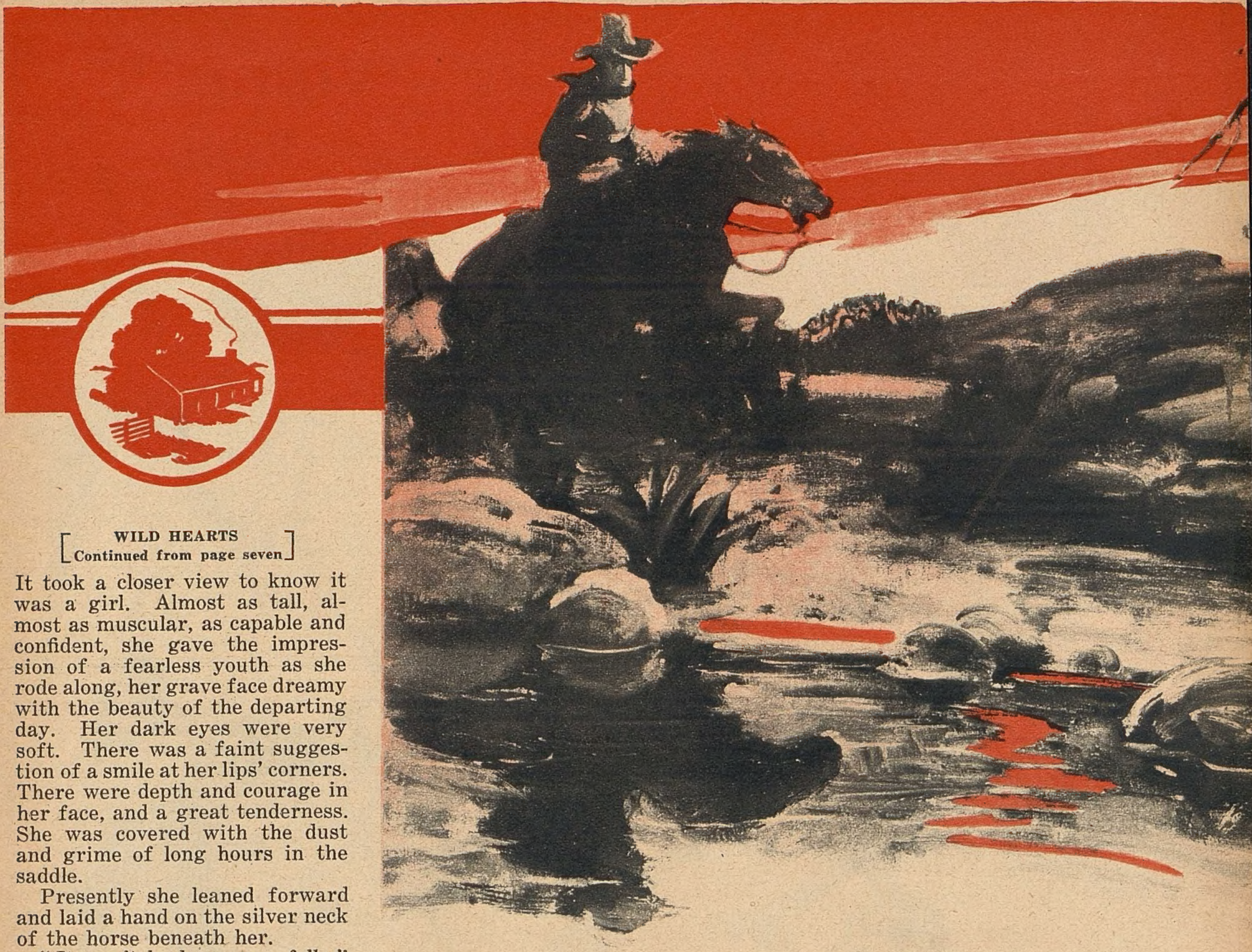

[WILD HEARTS
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It took a closer view to know it was a girl. Almost as tall, almost as muscular, as capable and confident, she gave the impression of a fearless youth as she rode along, her grave face dreamy with the beauty of the departing day. Her dark eyes were very soft. There was a faint suggestion of a smile at her lips' corners. There were depth and courage in her face, and a great tenderness. She was covered with the dust and grime of long hours in the saddle.

Presently she leaned forward and laid a hand on the silver neck of the horse beneath her.

"It won't be long now, fella," she said. "Through the Gap, down Hanging Road—and home. A drink and a rubdown and alfalfa for you, Gray Hawk, and supper for me. It's been a long day—but a happy one," she added, smiling.

AT her touch upon his neck Gray Hawk, slacking his swift running walk, turned his head and touched his muzzle to her fingers.

Then he hurried on again.

Seventeen hands from withers to shoe, his great neck arching under its cloud of mane, his tail a flowing vanity, Gray Hawk the stallion was the pride of Sweet Waters. And well he might be, for he embodied many things which horse lovers of the world have sought in their horses.

He had endurance, that rare power, and speed that came at call, and a heart so loving that nothing at Sweet Waters Ranch feared him, neither the puppies at the stables nor the brown Pomo babies that were forever crawling about the corrals.

And he had more than these, for he carried ancient glories in his silver hide—the grace of width and length and shortness where those things belonged. Width of forehead, loins, and flank; length of shoulders, neck, and haunch; and shortness in his back and below his knees. There was width, too, far back between his jaws where his windpipe ran, and in the great breast that held his heart. He belonged to John Gleason, the patriarch of the lonely hills, him and the treasured band of his progeny. Now he was going home, and he stepped as eagerly as he had when he started in the early day.

The sandy road ran straight to the narrow Gap, and there it turned so sharply to the right, before descending into the astonishing small world that lay a thousand feet below, that it seemed lost in nothingness.

Now as the girl rode into the Gap the deep valley was filled with dusk. She could see only the dim outline of the fields, the darker blots that were the trees where the willows grew beside Sweet Waters Creek, the tiny lights of the ranch house.

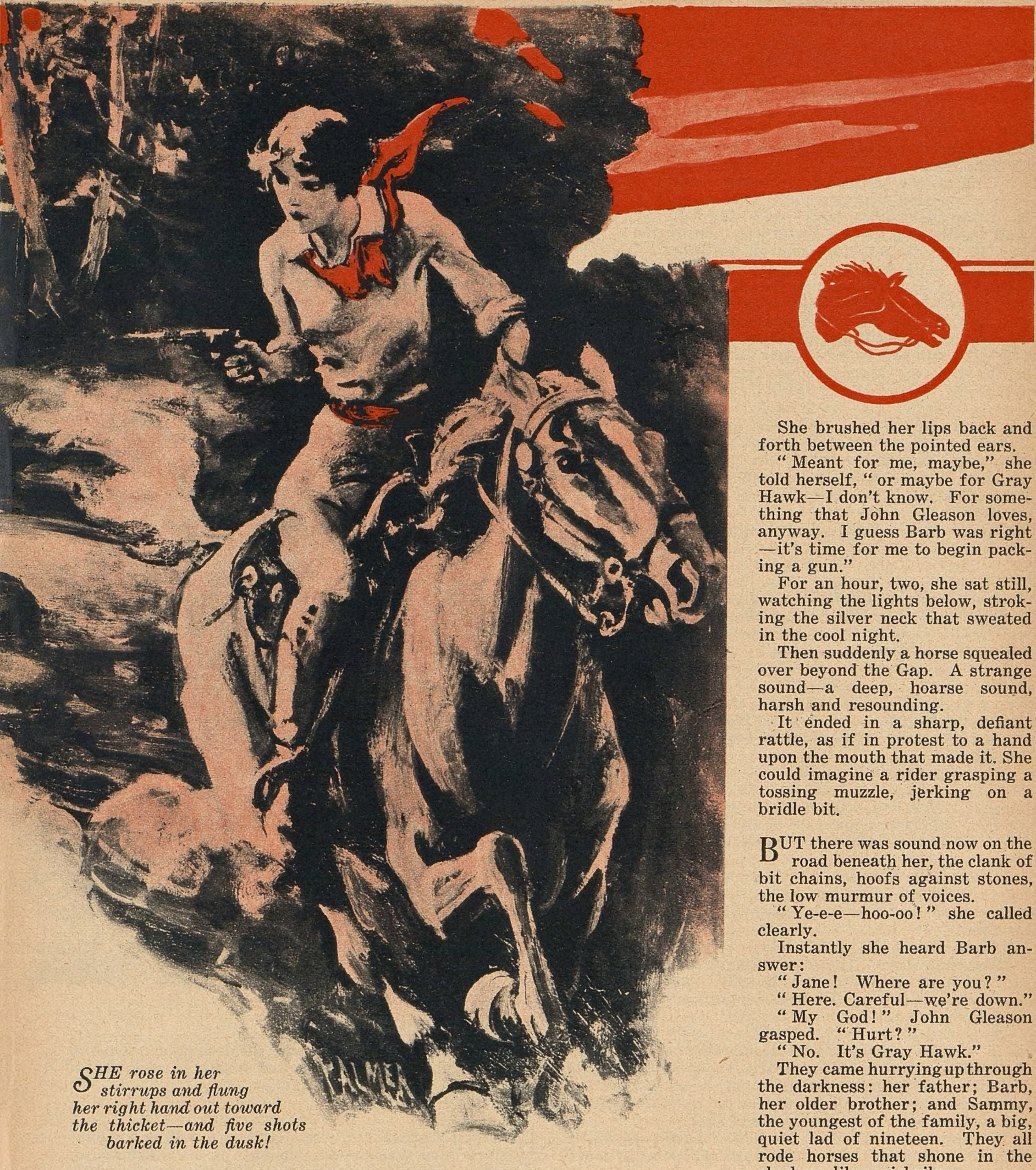
For a moment she sat still in the high opening, her hands folded again upon her pommel, her face smiling with the contemplation of the distant place. The stallion stood like a statue under her, the wind that was always blowing through the Gap lifting his mane along his neck, spreading his long tail fanlike behind him. Then she lifted the rein, a slight motion, and Gray Hawk turned on his broad heels toward the right.

Just as he moved, all the sound in the world seemed to crack from the left; and, with a spectacular pitching up of his great head, he fell, crumpling forward, to roll down the narrow road that hung on the face of the cliff.

JANE GLEASON was a born rider, trained in the hazards of horsemanship, and with the first shock and sinking of the animal beneath her she flung herself sidewise out of the saddle on the uphill side. The impetus of the fall sent her rolling to the road's very edge, her hands grasping for any hold upon the stunted brush which fringed it. She was up before Gray Hawk had stopped rolling, was down and at his head as he brought up against the bank, all four hoofs in the air, his beautiful neck stretched out, his head doubled back to the left, and a gush of bright blood pouring against her boot.

The big dark eyes gazed up at her with such a look of fright and wonderment that a bitter word escaped her lips. With the strength of a man she grasped a hoof and pulled, pushing his head around at the same time. With the aid of this leverage the stallion, striking against the wall, rolled over on his side.

But there was something wrong. Breathing heavily,



SHE rose in her stirrups and flung her right hand out toward the thicket—and five shots barked in the dusk!

he strove to lift his head and could not. From both sides of the neck just above the shoulders the blood was gushing. For a moment the girl watched, her lips set in a white line of fury. Then she grasped her shirt at the back of her shoulder blades and pulled it off. She tore it into strips and, squatting beside him, deftly packed the double wound. Then she sat down flat in the road, and taking the helpless head across her knees—no light task in itself—she bowed her face in the silken mane and talked in a low monotone, comforting him.

"Creased, fella," she said stiffly; "only creased, thank God! Hold tight and it'll be O. K. Maybe in an hour—maybe by daylight. Atta boy, atta boy, at-ta-boy!"

She brushed her lips back and forth between the pointed ears.

"Meant for me, maybe," she told herself, "or maybe for Gray Hawk—I don't know. For something that John Gleason loves, anyway. I guess Barb was right—it's time for me to begin packing a gun."

For an hour, two, she sat still, watching the lights below, stroking the silver neck that sweated in the cool night.

Then suddenly a horse squealed over beyond the Gap. A strange sound—a deep, hoarse sound, harsh and resounding.

It ended in a sharp, defiant rattle, as if in protest to a hand upon the mouth that made it. She could imagine a rider grasping a tossing muzzle, jerking on a bridle bit.

BUT there was sound now on the road beneath her, the clank of bit chains, hoofs against stones, the low murmur of voices.

"Ye-e-e—hoo-oo!" she called clearly.

Instantly she heard Barb answer:

"Jane! Where are you?"

"Here. Careful—we're down."

"My God!" John Gleason gasped. "Hurt?"

"No. It's Gray Hawk."

They came hurrying up through the darkness: her father; Barb, her older brother; and Sammy, the youngest of the family, a big, quiet lad of nineteen. They all rode horses that shone in the shadows like quicksilver.

"Be careful," Jane warned. "Don't turn on a flashlight. Someone took a shot at us. Got the Hawk in the neck—creased him. He's coming around; the shivering's dying out of him and he's moved his head twice in the last hour. But the dirty devil who did it is over by the Gap. I heard his horse squeal a little while ago."

John Gleason, a huge figure of a man in flannel shirt and corduroy pants tucked into boots, was already down on his knees beside the silver stallion, his hands expertly searching for the wound.

"Good girl!" he said. "You've packed it. Are you sure you're not hurt yourself, daughter?"

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WILD HEARTS
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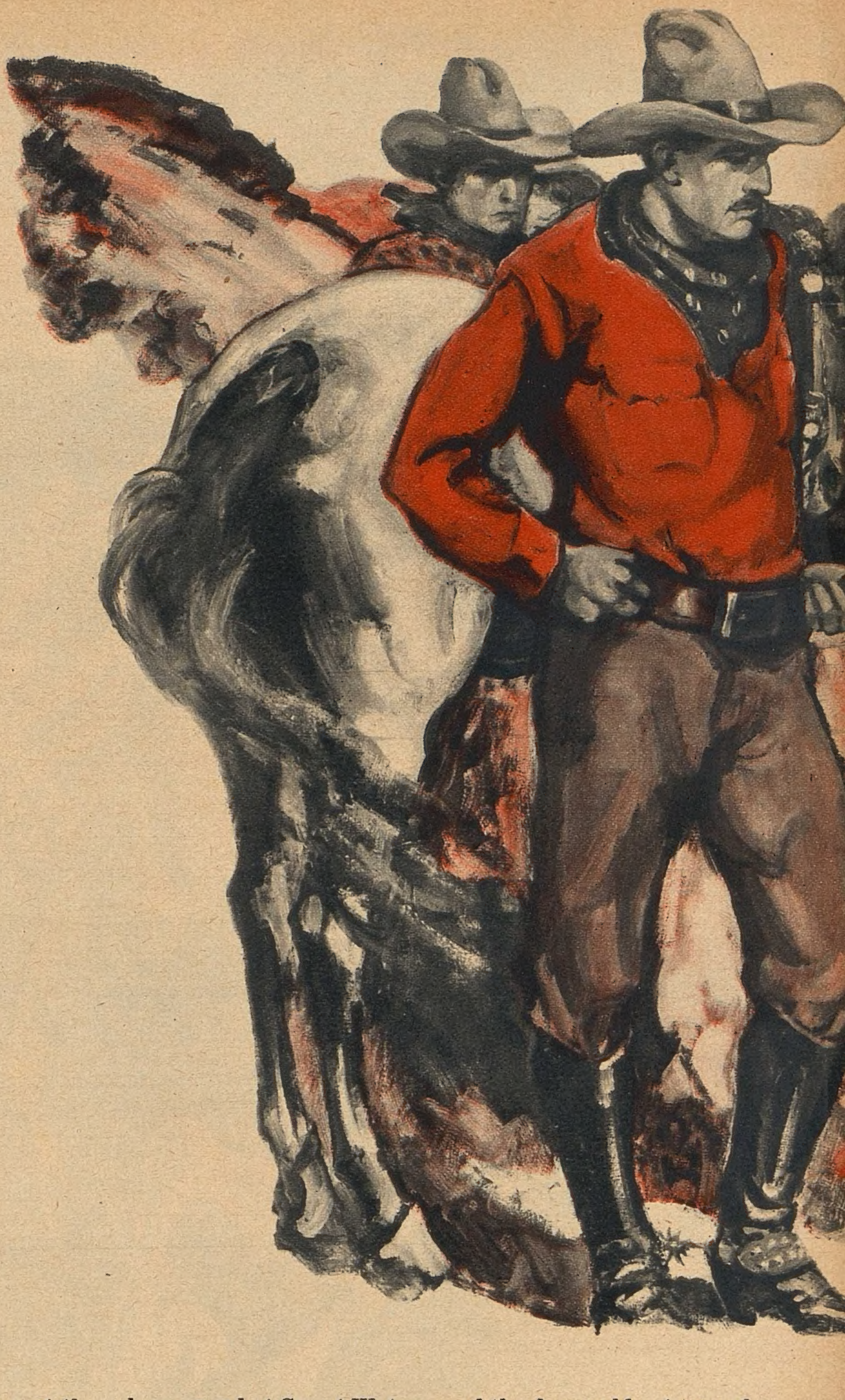


"Sure," said Jane. "I got clear, upside, as he fell. But someone's going to pay for this, John. I'd know the sound of that squeal a million years from now, and I'll know who rides the horse who made it or sure know why!"

The rancher patted her hand where it lay on Gray Hawk's head.

"Chip off the old block," he said. "And I guess you need your gun now. This proves it. Loose the saddles, boys—we'll stay here until the Hawk stirs of his own will. Think we'll be able to get him down by daylight. I've seen them this way before."

Barb and Sammy loosened the cinches on the two young geldings which they had ridden, and on the big mare, Starwind, who was the old man's favorite mount.

A wild man had John Gleason been in his youth—a Texas Ranger when that meant something. Now, long settled in this rugged Oregon country, the flame was flickering once more. War was on him and his. For himself it did not matter, or for his sons. They were men and a man must fight for his own. But when it struck at Jane it was another matter. Jane was the deep core of his heart—above his sons, or his horses, or his green alfalfa fields where the priceless water ran.

THEY were a contained family, these Gleasons, and they all sat silent on the narrow strip of road that clung along the wall of rock which rimmed the sunken valley; but they were all thinking.

Their horses were quiet, too. There was no stepping about, no fidgeting. Only the soft eyes luminous in the dark, the occasional rolling of a wheel in a half-breed bit, the breathing of the stallion, which was less labored now.

A late moon came up and cast a copper glow over the vast gulf of the valley. They watched it lift and sail across the heavens, watched the dawn come pale at the eastern rim. With the light Gray Hawk stirred, raised his head.

An hour later he reached out with his forefeet, heaved, failed, heaved again, and, with the men's hands at muzzle and tail, got to his feet.

"Good horse!" said John Gleason. "Steady him, boys. He might stagger, and we don't want him falling over the cliff. And you wait here a bit. There's something I want to do."

He walked up the road to the Gap, crossed it, and climbed among the tumbled stones that lay at the spine's foot. At a point some fifty yards back along the rock face and high among the bowlders he stopped and lifted something which he studied in his palm. As if satisfied he returned to the boys and Jane.

"A high-powered rifle," he said, "hard-nose bullet. Good thing it wasn't soft or the Hawk'd be gone by now."

He held out an empty shell.

"And a darned good shot, if you ask me," said Barb. "About ninety yards—downhill and nearly dark."

"Give that to me, John," said Jane. "I want it."

"What for?"

"A souvenir, sort of. I'll wear it on a string around my neck until I take my pay for what it did to Gray Hawk—and for what it might have done to me."

She held out her hand and her father laid the bit of brass upon it.

"Let's get going," he said, and they started slowly, edging down at the snail's pace which the stallion set upon his weaving legs.

It was noon when they all came slowly into the ranch-house yard at Sweet Waters, and the deep golden tones of Gabriel, the ranch bell, had just begun to sing across the fields to call the men to dinner.

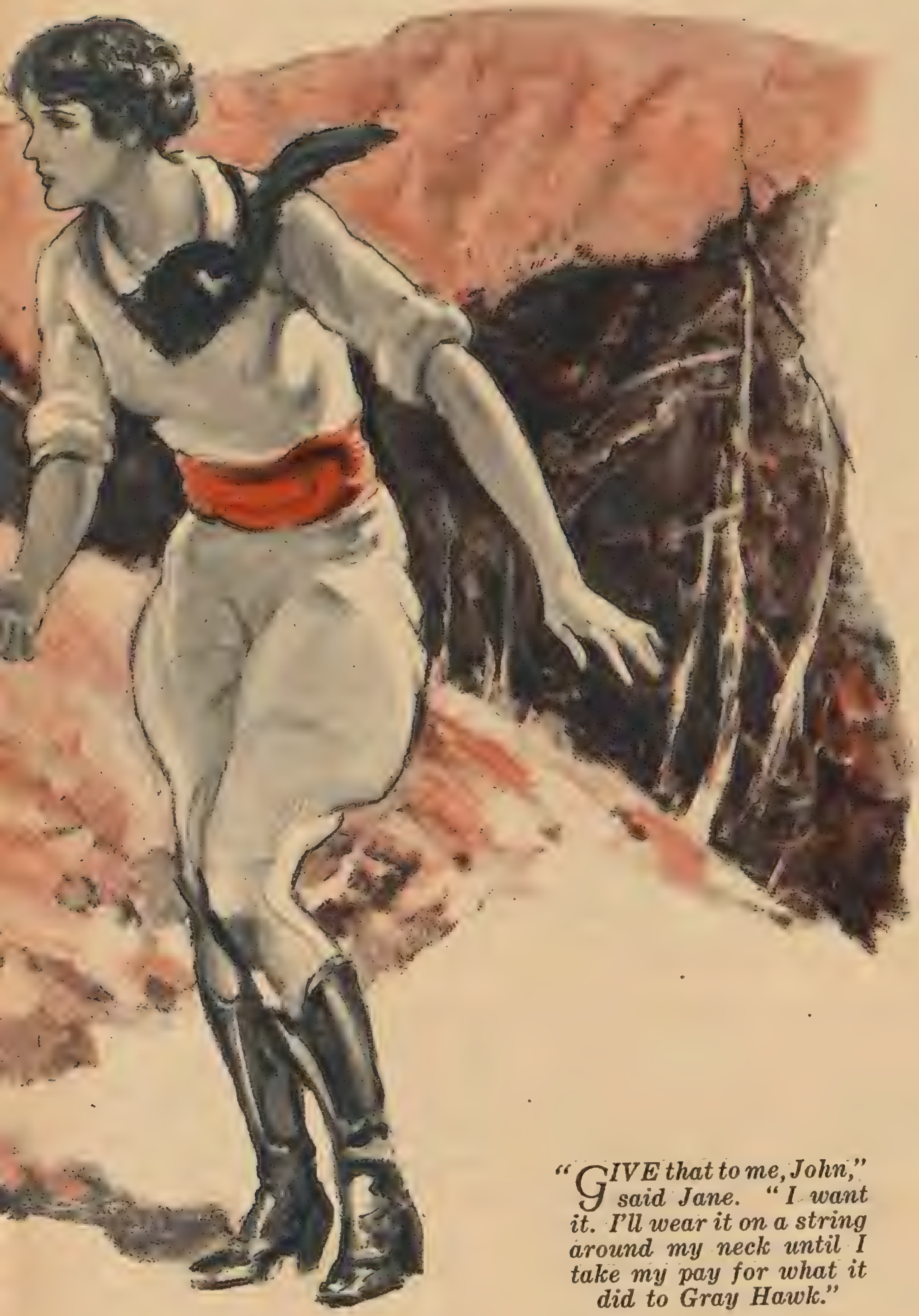
II

BARB GLEASON put Gray Hawk in a stall in the long stone barn that stood to the east of the ranch house. He bedded him deep, and dressed his wounds with antiseptic, and fed him lightly with sweet alfalfa hay.

His mouth was a grim line as he did so. While he was engaged at this task the three white men who worked at Sweet Waters came in.

They were Bob Salters, Steve Hurtling, and Benson Sask, all good riders and experienced cattlemen. Two Pomo half-breeds, Bill Jacks and Charlie Stilltongue, followed and stood silently against the wall.

"Might as well know, boys," said Barb, "things at Sweet Waters are going to be worse than they have been—and God knows they've been bad enough for five years. Someone took a shot at Jane in Sundown Gap. Hit the Hawk instead—creased him. It was too close a shave for



"GIVE that to me, John," said Jane. "I want it. I'll wear it on a string around my neck until I take my pay for what it did to Gray Hawk."

comfort. When MacDonald and his dirty gang take to sniping women, it's going to mean bloodshed for someone. They've tried to drive the boss out of Blue Sage Range ever since he came in here, and you know they've stopped at nothing but bloodshed."

"Barb," said Salters gravely, "how's Jane? Did it scare her much?"

"Scare? That kid? She asked Boss John for the shell he found in the rocks at the foot of the spine. Going to wear it around her neck, she says, until she gets square with the dirty rat that fired it. What hits the Hawk hits her, you know."

The men nodded.

The ranch bell rang again, two short taps to say that dinner was ready.

When they all gathered at the plain table in the dining room, Bob Salters' blue eyes went anxiously to the face of Jane. It was a quiet face, for the girl was quiet, like all of her blood; but the experience of the night had put something into it that had not been there before—a certain still hardness that showed in the set of her soft, full lips. Beautiful lips they were. They carried both lure and warning, a heady mixture for a man's beholding.

There were other disturbing things about Jane Gleason: the clear width of her forehead where the black hair hung in unruly blowing tendrils; the depth of her dark eyes; the slim grace of her long body.

Men had seen her and had come back; but she had looked at them with such eyes of childish friendliness that they had gone away abashed.

Now she sat at her father's right hand and listened to the talk of the men; for Boss Gleason shared his troubles with the men who did his work and took his pay.

"Boys," said John Gleason straightly, "you've all been with me quite a while—you, Bob, three years, and Steve and Ben two. I like you all and think you like me and mine. If you hadn't you'd have gone long back. We've had trouble on this job a-plenty, but you've all stood by me. That I have appreciated this you all know.

"With the drop in beef last year, the loss of stock, times are not as good as they might be with me. That's neither here nor there. The land is clear and mine, thank God!

"The point is this. It looks like more serious trouble, since either Jane or the Hawk was a target last night for the first shot fired at any of us direct. We're marked for the finish at last. It may mean death for someone. Therefore I am not asking any of you—*any of you*," he repeated pointedly—"to stay with me."

THE old rancher laid down his knife and looked round the table, his eyes lingering on the faces of his sons, his riders.

They passed over Jane with a flicker of pain, as if they could not bear the sight of her young beauty.

Barb was the first to speak.

"Me," he said briefly, "you don't have to think about."

"Nor me," said Sammy.

Jane leaned over and put her hand on his where it lay on the table beside his plate.

"I'm your son, too, John," she said, smiling.

"Count me in," said Bob Salters swiftly.

"Me too," said Steve Hurtling.

"And me," said Ben Sask.

John Gleason looked down at his blunt fingers spread on the table, his daughter's hand across them. For a moment he did not speak, and the young eyes watching his face saw the working of its muscles.

Then he looked up. "Don't think I don't appreciate this," he said, "nor what it means. To us Gleasons it means all we've got. Every dollar of my life's earnings went into Sweet Waters when I came here five years ago. As you know, I own outright fourteen thousand acres, hill and valley, cutting Water Valley square across the middle, with range permits for ten thousand more. It's the range MacDonald wants. I know now why I got this land at such a reasonable price in the beginning—he all but had Smith, the owner, broke. And scared as well. But I'll never leave my ranch alive, nor be whipped by a bunch of cutthroats."

"O. K., John," said Barb. "We may as well turn cutthroats ourselves."

"Not cutthroats, son," said John Gleason, "but defenders of our own. As for you boys"—he nodded toward his riders—"I owe you more thanks than I do my own, for you don't have to stay."

"We'd be yella dogs if we didn't," said Bob Salters calmly, "and I've never seen a yella streak anywhere in this bunch."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WILD HEARTS
Continued from page eleven

"Nor I," said Gleason.

They ate in silence of the plain and wholesome food, and at the meal's end they rose with a clattering of heavy boots on the bare boards of the clean-scrubbed floor.

"Tomorrow I'm going out to Maulin. I'll lay the whole matter before the sheriff, put my cards on the table, tell him we're prepared to defend ourselves and our possessions. Sheriff Henter's been in office for more years than I've been in the country, but I don't know much about him.

"From my observations, however, I don't put much faith in him. Don't seem to have much force. There was that killing over on the river the year after we came in, and nothing was ever done about it, though it was practically certain in the mind of every right-thinking man in the country that MacDonald's man Bissard did it.

VINGIE E. ROE

can lift you out of yourself with her stories of the West. She owns, and loves, fine horses. Born in Kansas, she seldom crosses the Mississippi, and does her writing at her Lost Valley Ranch, Napa, California. Some of her books are Bitter Laurel, The Splendid Road, and Vale of Paradise.

"Well, boys, we'll take a look at the steers over on the Roughs this afternoon, and two of you go up to Long Meadow and see how the dry stock's coming on. And don't forget your guns. Keep your heads but don't get yourselves killed. So long!"

When the men had gone, Jane Gleason went into the big, low-ceiled living room that was the heart of the house. A rough place, hard worn by daily living, it bore about it the very sense and seeming of home.

Its walls were roughly plastered over its pine logs; its floor was of mill lumber, two by six, carefully weathered before use, so that there were few cracks of any size, and polished to shiny smoothness by the boot heels of men.

It was clean and white, blooming with the soft, fair look which much scrubbing imparts.

There were rugs upon it here and there, woven blankets and shaggy brown bearskins. There were chairs and settles about the great place, made by hand from peeled and polished saplings, covered by bright blankets, made comfortable by deep cushions of coarse cloth stuffed with wild-goose feathers.

There was a round deal table, and two small ones which held pots of flowers, geraniums and a wild plant with a bright red blossom. Jane loved color. She touched the pretty thing now with tender fingers as she passed.

There was also in this room something else which Jane loved passionately—the ancient grand piano which stood in the southeast corner.

This was a patriarch of instruments, its rosewood case marred and dented. Her father had bought it for her shortly after their arrival in this new home and it had been her prized possession ever since. It had taken a herculean effort to get the ponderous thing down Hanging Road in safety; but once installed its marvelous voice, still in tune and clarion-deep, repaid that effort.

JANE GLEASON could not read a note of music, but she had no need for it. There was music alive in her. It came pouring from her throat in wild, sweet songs of her own, wordless and resounding. It rippled from beneath her fingers on the enchanted keys.

But today she passed by the piano and entered her own room, which opened to the south. Here she took off her riding clothes and put on a dress of cheap print, old-fashioned and pretty, with ruffles on the wide skirt and small puffed sleeves above her sun-browned arms. Her father liked her so, frilly and feminine. Clad thus, with a flower hung in her black hair behind her ear, she was at her best for him, for it was then that she reminded him most forcibly of her mother—her mother as she had been a full twenty years back on the lonely Texas plains; her mother, of whom she knew so little, of whom John Gleason would never speak.

She knew only that she had been a creature of great beauty, and that he had lost her early. That he had loved her very greatly was apparent by the white shade of pain that crossed his features at any mention of her, any thought of her. He had had her so short a time, lost her so soon—when Jane herself was but a toddling two-year-old, Barb three, and Sammy in the cradle. They had come fast, these young Gleasons, as fast as old Dame Nature could send them.

Freshened and rested after the vigil of the night, the girl went to the kitchen, where Pomo Belle and Sue were already at work preparing the vegetables for supper. They looked at her with shy smiles on their brown faces.

"Everything all right, Belle?" Jane asked after her habit.

"Ye-es," said Belle, with an odd hesitancy in her low voice.

"Eh?" said Jane.

"Yes, all right in house, Miss Boss," said the Indian woman. "But that Charlie Stilltongue, he look too long at Boss John's back when he go down trail to barn."

"What do you mean, Belle? Charlie's a perfectly good man. Fine worker. Good Indian as we've ever had."

"Um," said Belle. "Me—I Pomo too. No good, look too long at back of other man."

"Forget it," said Jane. "We're all strung up a bit, I guess."

III

EARLY the next morning John Gleason drove the twenty miles to Maulin in a rattling small car that seemed of too slight structure to carry his great frame. From time to time he looked up and around at the soft blue distance spread on every side. He thought of all his possessions, his range and his cattle, the beauty and speed of his silver horses. These things meant his life's work, the achievement of the goal he had set himself twenty years ago. Now it looked as if they would be taken away from him if he did not save them at no one knew what ghastly cost. That this cost might include the life of himself or his offspring he well understood, judging by what he knew of Black MacDonald and his gang.

A man of mystery was Black Mac.

A huge, hulking man, fierce-eyed, cold, such a rider that no horse of upland or valley had ever been known to throw him, a gambler for spectacular stakes whenever he rode into Maulin for a night's carousal, he dominated the whole country. What he did or where he went was nobody's business but his own, and he saw to it that no one made it otherwise. Or, if he did not, one of his lieutenants did. He lived in a rock-walled house high in the Cedar Roughs at the south of Sweet Waters Valley and ran his stock on government range beyond.

Whether or not he owned a foot of land no one knew for certain. Also none investigated—not since the finding of the bleached bones, a year after his disappearance, of Jed Barstow, who had tried it.

John Gleason drove into Maulin about ten o'clock—for no car, however good, made time on the uplands—and got out in front of the post office.

He had some trading to do for the ranch, and proceeded to get that off his hands first, stowing the things he purchased in the back of the car.

By the time he was through it was noon, and he ate his dinner in the dingy restaurant with paper roses hung on wires across its ceiling.

He had just begun his meal, with a certain distaste for the savorless stuff after Pomo Belle's excellent cooking, when there was the loud clatter of spurred boots on the worn boards of the walk outside and the voices of men. The door opened noisily and five men entered.

The first man in was Black MacDonald. Though Gleason had never met him he knew him instantly, for he had seen him from a distance many times. That MacDonald knew him was apparent instantly also, for he stopped in his stride and the arrogant hawk eyes beneath their arched black brows widened as they fell upon the rancher. Black eyes they were, rimmed round with black lashes, still extremely handsome after fifty years of a life so swift and fraught with chance that it would have read like a fairy tale had one known it all.

The men behind MacDonald stopped and stood stock-still.

For a full half minute this tense scrutiny held. Then Black Mac swung sidewise and rocked down between the tables of the little place on his booted feet. So close did he swing in that arrogant walk that his garments brushed the other's tablecloth awry.

The five men settled themselves at a larger table, and one of them pulled a flat bottle from his hip pocket and placed it before them.

The waiter bustled about them, so bent upon serving their slightest wish with eagerness and dispatch that Gleason, having finished his meal, had to stand waiting at the small cash register for several minutes before he could pay his bill.

As he left the place he heard hilarious laughter following him, insolent and open.

He went at once to the office of the sheriff, and found a sleepy deputy with his feet on the ancient desk.

"Make yourself comf'table, Mr. Gleason," he invited affably. "George'll be in shortly. He don't never spend much time to home. Good shur'ff, George."

Gleason nodded and sat down to wait.

True to the other's prediction, he had not long to do so, for directly after one o'clock Sheriff Henter came in.

"Sheriff Henter," said Gleason, rising, "how do you do?"

"How do you do, Gleason?" the other answered, taking the proffered hand in a grasp that seemed cordial enough. "Glad to see you. How's everything in your part of the country?"

"Not so good," said John Gleason simply, "and that's what I've come to see you about."

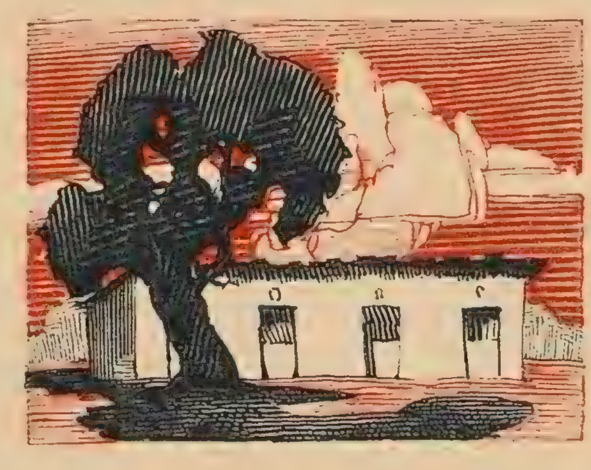
"Well, well, that could be better. Take a chair, Mr. Gleason. Somers, will you get another chair from the back room?"

"Could I talk with you alone, sheriff?" asked Gleason. "This is a matter of some importance—to me—and I'd like to make it confidential between us."

A sudden sharp gleam came in the sheriff's eyes.

"Well"—he hesitated—"a deputy's a deputy, you know. Everything that comes into this office is usually the business of the force. And as for being confidential, why, you can count on Somers."

Gleason looked at him closely, and at Somers. The latter was a short, round man of about forty, red-faced and of a jovial manner. Also that nothing around the sheriff's office escaped him was plain to Gleason.



"VERY well," said the rancher, and seated himself with his hat across his knees.

As he did so the end of his gun holster dropped beneath the edge of his blue coat. The eyes of both men went toward it.

"Yes," said John Gleason, "I'm armed. It has to do with the matter I've come to see you about."

"Ah—you know you must have a permit to carry concealed weapons," Henter said.

"It's not concealed. However, if you think best you can give me a permit. On second thought, guess you had better do so. Matter of self-defense."

The other hesitated. He seemed to be thinking fast.

"Suppose you lay the trouble out," he said presently.

"That's what I'm here for. And that's what you're in office for. As you know, I've been in this country five years last February. I bought the Peter I. Smith ranch on Sweet Waters. I bought the place outright for cash at what I thought then, and know now, to be a ridiculously low price. I started to run cattle that first fall. Also I breed a certain type of saddle horse which I ship East and sell at fancy prices, as of course you know too. Everyone in the county knows about the Sweet Waters silvers.

"Now, the very first year of my operations strange things began to happen. We found calves with their tongues split, so's they'd lose their mothers, and my brand blurred out with a running iron. We lost cattle outright. Run off the range. We saw the ashes of branding fires on our own land that we never made.

"And we lost the best spring on the whole of Blue Sage Range, which was on my land—the old Red Rock Spring, which they say around here had never failed in the longest drouth. Dynamited, spread all over the slope.

"And that isn't all. I lost five silver yearlings, all geldings I'm glad to say, which I was fixing up for the next fall's Eastern market. Someone came into my very yard and took them out at night—they were all gentle as kittens; the whole line is—opened the gate of Big Lot south of the barns, and led them away. They took them clean away, too. They're not in this country—not in two hundred miles—for my riders have scoured the land for over a year, off and on, looking for them. All this I've borne in quiet, always on the watch, hoping to catch the doers in the act. They're a slick lot and so far we've failed. But now things have taken a different turn.

"Night before last someone took a shot at my daughter in Sundown Gap!

"I've given my sons and my riders and the girl their guns, with instructions to protect themselves. I'm laying my cards on the table to you as the sheriff of this county, asking for your coöperation. Now you can give me that permit—and make it a blanket one for my outfit."

DURING this recital Gleason's eyes had never left the face of Sheriff Henter, and they had caught the changing expression which passed over it—a look of uncertainty, as if the owner had been caught in his own trap.

"Ah—ahem!" he said, clearing his throat and pulling at the ends of his long mustache. "Isn't this a little irregular? A permit is permissible under certain circumstances—say, when a man is going through strange country, or if he wants to hunt a bit—but to deliberately go gunning after human beings—h'm, that's another matter."

"It's human beings, so called, that are gunning after us."

"But might it not have been an accident?"

"Accident? With a man's footprints in the sand behind a bowlder at the foot of the rock face beyond Sundown, just where he could get a fine rest across the top, and a shell where he dropped it after the horse and the girl had gone down? It creased my silver stallion. Accident? Hell!"

John Gleason rose and set his hat on his head, pulling the brim firmly down above his piercing eyes.

"You can keep your permit, sheriff," he said. "I won't need it. And since I see I'm to have no help from you, I'll lay my cards on the table of the town, the county, the whole of the range country. Good morning!"

He turned to the door, and though the sheriff rose and called after him excitedly he paid him no attention but closed the door behind him and strode away.

He walked over to the store and entered. There was the usual small group of ranchers in for supplies, talking of feed and prices, a woman or two doing their week's trading, several hangers-on of the town itself.

"Men," said John Gleason clearly, stopping in the middle of the floor, "I'd like to speak to you all for a moment."

Surprised at his tone, the group turned toward him.

As briefly and clearly as possible he repeated what he had said in the sheriff's office, his request for a permit to carry arms as a measure of self-defense, and the fact of the sheriff's disinclination to grant it.

"I'm carrying them," he finished, "and so are my sons, my riders, and my daughter. We're going to defend ourselves and our cattle and our horses. I take you all to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WILD HEARTS
Continued from page thirteen

witness my words in case there is blood shed on Sweet Waters.

"We are peaceable, law-abiding people. We own our land. I run my cattle on government permit and pay strict attention to my own business. But no one is going to run me and mine out of this country, or to scare us so bad that we'll sell at a loss, like Smith sold to me. I'm laying my cards on the table of this county, and the sooner word of the matter gets about the better it will please me.

"I thank you for listening to me."

With a bow that came from Texas, the rancher turned and left the store.

Utter silence hung upon the group.

John Gleason climbed into his rattling old car and set out for Sweet Waters Ranch.

IV

"JANE," said Bob Salters, one night in the week following the foregoing events, "this is a whale of a fine evening. What you say we go for a run on the horses?"

Jane, sitting on the worn log step of the ranch-house veranda, looked up.

Bob was a fair sight to a woman's gaze, as young men go, tall and blond and iron-hard of muscle. He was tanned to a golden shade which set off oddly his deep-blue eyes and white teeth.

"Sure," she said; "I'd like to. While you're saddling I'll get into my other clothes."

She rose with alacrity, and Bob went clamping toward the stables, his legs just a trifle bowed from long association with the saddle.

Jane, who was quick in all her actions, soon came out clad in a soft gray flannel shirt, riding breeches, and plain cowboy boots.

Her head was bare—a shining black head covered with short loose curls that blew about in the wind that was coming up.

Always there was a wind in Sweet Waters Valley when the twilight fell.

Bob was coming toward her leading Gray Hawk and Blue Buck, one of the tall geldings, and when Jane Gleason looked upon the silver king in all his neck-bowed pride she forgot every other thing.

He came toward her, straining at Bob's hold upon his bit, his gaze fixed upon her face.

"My heaven!" she said to herself. "Is there another like him on this earth? Was there ever? Where did he get that *human* look? . . . Loose him, Bob!" she called aloud.

Bob let go his grasp, and with the feel of freedom the stallion struck into a swift lope and came to her straight as an arrow.

He nuzzled her hands, her shoulder, and putting his flaring nostrils against her ear drew in the scent of her hair with a long whistling breath.

From her pocket the girl produced a round peppermint lozenge which she gave him on her palm.

Gray Hawk would do much for love, but the lozenge helped a lot. It was his one weakness.

"You old devil!" said Jane, fondly rubbing her cheek against the lowered cloud of his foretop. "Fit as a fiddle, aren't you? All right, let's go. Stretch for Jane, mountain."

She touched his chin, and Gray Hawk obediently stretched, walking ahead several steps with his fore-feet only.

This lowered his back a full six inches, and Jane swung into her saddle.

It always fascinated Bob to see Jane Gleason go up a horse—she did it so easily, with so much grace in her long limbs.

But he had little time for admiration, for Jane flung out her hand with her rein swinging, and Gray Hawk, tired of confinement after his indisposition owing to the wound in his neck, was gone like a shot.

Blue Buck, his son, five years his junior and lean as a rabbit, sailed out after him, but do what he would he could not close the gap between them until Jane, far down by Signal Rock, pulled the stallion gently down.

THEY passed the bend where Sweet Waters Creek turned to the east, and went toward the vast low swell that was the beginning of Blue Sage Range, the horses at a running walk, their long pasterns giving like springs beneath them.

The pageant of the dying day intensified around them. Long blue shadows tinged with black crept up the slopes of Blue Sage Range, driving the rose and lavender and gold ahead.

Jane watched with somber eyes.

"Bob," she said presently, "there are heavy things ahead for John Gleason and his brood. I feel a premonition of disaster. MacDonald means to drive him out by any means, and he will stop at nothing, I believe."

"I wouldn't say that, Jane," said Salters soothingly. "I grant you that Black Mac wants the Sweet Waters ranges, but I don't think he means to run his head into a noose to get them."

"No? What do you think he, or his henchman, meant by that shot at me?"

"I think he meant to scare you—and to do just what

DETECTOGRAM

By H. A. Ripley

PROFESSOR STIGGINS is head of the department of criminology at a famous university. As assistant to the police in particularly puzzling cases, he has earned a reputation as a master of deduction and "alibi buster." These little problems, taken from his case book, contain every clue necessary for solution, and there is only one possible answer to each.

No. 9—A Yachtsman's Alibi

"I'VE often remarked," said Professor Stiggins, in an expansive mood, "how very difficult it is to fake an alibi without someone's assistance. A case in point is a messy affair we cleared up recently.

"I wasn't definitely suspicious of Picus when I happened to bump into him the morning after an acquaintance of his had been found dead under suspicious circumstances. I rather casually asked him where he had been and what he had been doing the previous afternoon about four o'clock, the apparent time of the man's death. He related the following story:

"'As it was a beautiful day yesterday, I took my sailboat out about noon. About three o'clock, however, when I was perhaps fifteen miles out, the wind died down completely. There wasn't a breath of air, and I knew that unless I could attract some boat I was in for an uncomfortable time. Remembering that the international distress signal is a flag flown upside down, I ran mine up the mast in that manner.

"'In about an hour the steamer Leone hove to, and I went aboard her after securing my boat with a towline. The captain said he had seen my distress signal through his binoculars and would put me ashore at the first convenient place. He did so, and a passing motorist gave me a lift back to town. Imagine my surprise when I read in the paper this morning that the Leone had been sunk in a storm after putting me ashore, and all hands had been lost!'

"While I knew," remarked the professor, "that the Leone had been sunk with all on board, after hearing Picus' story I immediately arrested him on suspicion of murder."

WHAT WAS WRONG WITH PICUS' ALIBI?

The solution will be found on page 45.

he did to Gray Hawk, or perhaps to kill the horse. He'd warned John by all his old methods, and his warnings weren't heeded. Now he's goin' to really hurt him—and we all know how the death of the Hawk would hurt him."

He leaned over and put his hand on hers. "Won't you keep yourself closer home, Jane dear, where such chances as you took the other night can't happen?" he asked gently. "It would help a lot, just to know you were safe, when we're out ridin' range and watchin' for trouble."

"Ho-o!" said Jane derisively. "Me sit home when John and Barb and Sammy and you and the rest are taking chances? The Gleasons aren't made that way."

She turned her hand palm up and curled her fingers around Bob's big ones.

She gave his hand a little shake and tossed it back toward him.

"Don't you worry about me," she said. "Anyone who gives me or this Hawk another bullet will get one back. Come on, let's let them out a bit."

FOR three-quarters of a mile they ran, glorying in their speed, the hum of the wind in their ears, the sounding thunder of the flying hoofs on the level earth.

At the distant bend of Sweet Waters Creek they drew up and rode back the way they had come, both a trifle quiet.

Bob was thinking of Jane.

She was wholly adorable, sane and ordered in her way of life, the best comrade it was possible to find, and he was grateful for her friendship.

Whether or not it would ever be any more for him he often wondered. . . .

Darkness was falling fast as they turned back toward Signal Rock, only the high tops of the saw-tooth catching the last of the light, to stand against the darkening sky like the last of a dead world sinking in the seas of eternal night.

A grandeur was on the land—a stark, stupendous glory that was awesome.

Both riders felt it as they went softly along, their eyes lifted, their lips silent. And into this vast hush of coming night there fell suddenly the high, coarse squeal of a horse—a chilling and disastrous sound.

It came from the right, where the willows grew thick along the stream, and was instantly broken as if a hand had grasped a muzzle.

At its shrill and startle both horses squatted, then leaped ahead.

For a little distance Bob Salters saw Jane ride.

Then she rose in her stirrups and flung her right hand out toward the thicket—and five shots barked in the dusk!

Did the bullets from Jane's gun hit the man they were intended for? Follow her adventures in next week's absorbing installment of Wild Hearts.

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they both buy this **Tooth Paste** *for the same reason*

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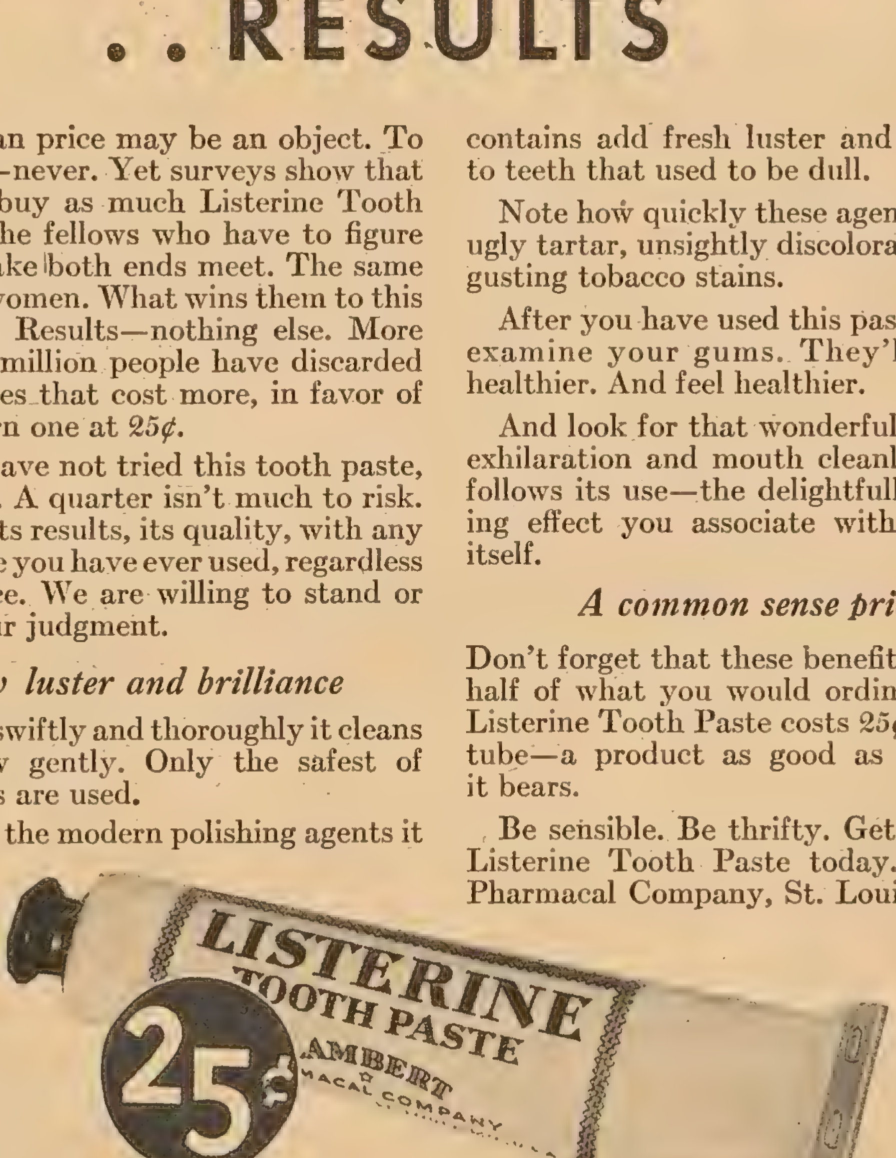
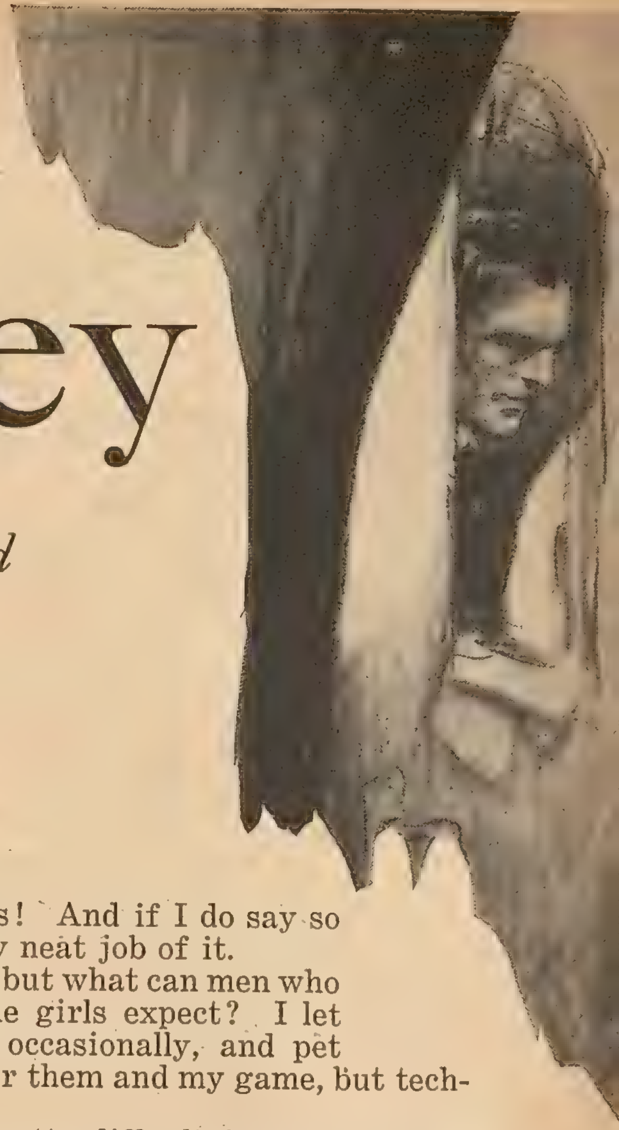


I *Knew Only* Men *with* Money



A Good-Time Girl Looks Back at Her Past and Decides It is Better to Give than to Receive

AS TOLD TO

MILDRED HARRINGTON

(Reading time: 8 minutes 25 seconds.)

I HAVE had my portrait hung on the line in the Metropolitan Museum. I have strutted across the stage night after night in big revues. As a mannequin, I have worn garments worth a hundred times their weight in gold. I have flaunted pearls that once belonged to a Russian grand duchess.

Yes, I have been an artist's model in Greenwich Village, a show girl on Broadway, a glorified clotheshorse in the smart East Fifties, and a good-time girl on Park Avenue.

Good-time girl!

A fast life but not always a merry one.

I was born in the wrong end of a dreary little manufacturing town in New Jersey. My whole childhood was one bitter song of poverty. My father was an unspeakable brute. I was glad when my poor mother died.

At fifteen I was on my own. I ran away to New York and got a job in a big Fifth Avenue department store. One day there was to be a style show. A favorite mannequin failed to turn up. I was hastily rehearsed and put in line. I loved it! They never sent me back to my veil counter.

From a mannequin it was but a step to a job in a revue. But I didn't like the show business. It had no meaning for me.

All this time I was sending money home. Just before my show closed, the sister dearest to me developed tuberculosis. If she was to live she had to be sent to a nursing home for a year.

I had to have money. I knew where to get it.

For months men had been trying to give me handsome presents. Money, too. I didn't care much for men. Or trust them. I remembered my father.

But now I made up my mind to get what I needed and let the men do all the paying. The idea being to get as much as you can and to give as little as the trade will stand for!

During the two years that I worked as a good-time girl —the phrase " gold digger " dates you; no self-respecting girl would think of using it today—I made it my job to know men with money. A very charming and wealthy man of fifty fell for my looks and my line and tried to make me. One rich man leads to another—if you are clever. Many of Stephen's friends had inherited big money or had made it. He himself had done both.

Stephen did not have a bulging waistline. He did not smoke or chew big fat cigars. He was long and thin and very distinguished-looking. He had the most beautiful manners in the world and he was very kind. He simply tried to play his game so well that in the end he would be the winner.

Stephen failed because I was a better player.

Oh, yes, I sang for my supper. Any number of songs for any number of suppers! And if I do say so as shouldn't, I made a very neat job of it.

It was a one-way racket, but what can men who run around with good-time girls expect? I let my men friends kiss me occasionally, and pet me as much as was good for them and my game, but technically I kept straight.

This was sometimes a pretty difficult feat. When the show-down came, as it inevitably did, it amused the men or enraged them, according to their temperaments.

Nine times out of ten masculine vanity saved the day for me. When a man finds he can't make a girl, he simply concludes she isn't worth the trouble. And maybe he's right at that!

When I went out of the business of singing for my supper I had acquired a modest bank account—between three and four thousand dollars, to be exact—a couple of handsome fur coats, and a large assortment of expensive hand bags, bracelets, and rings.

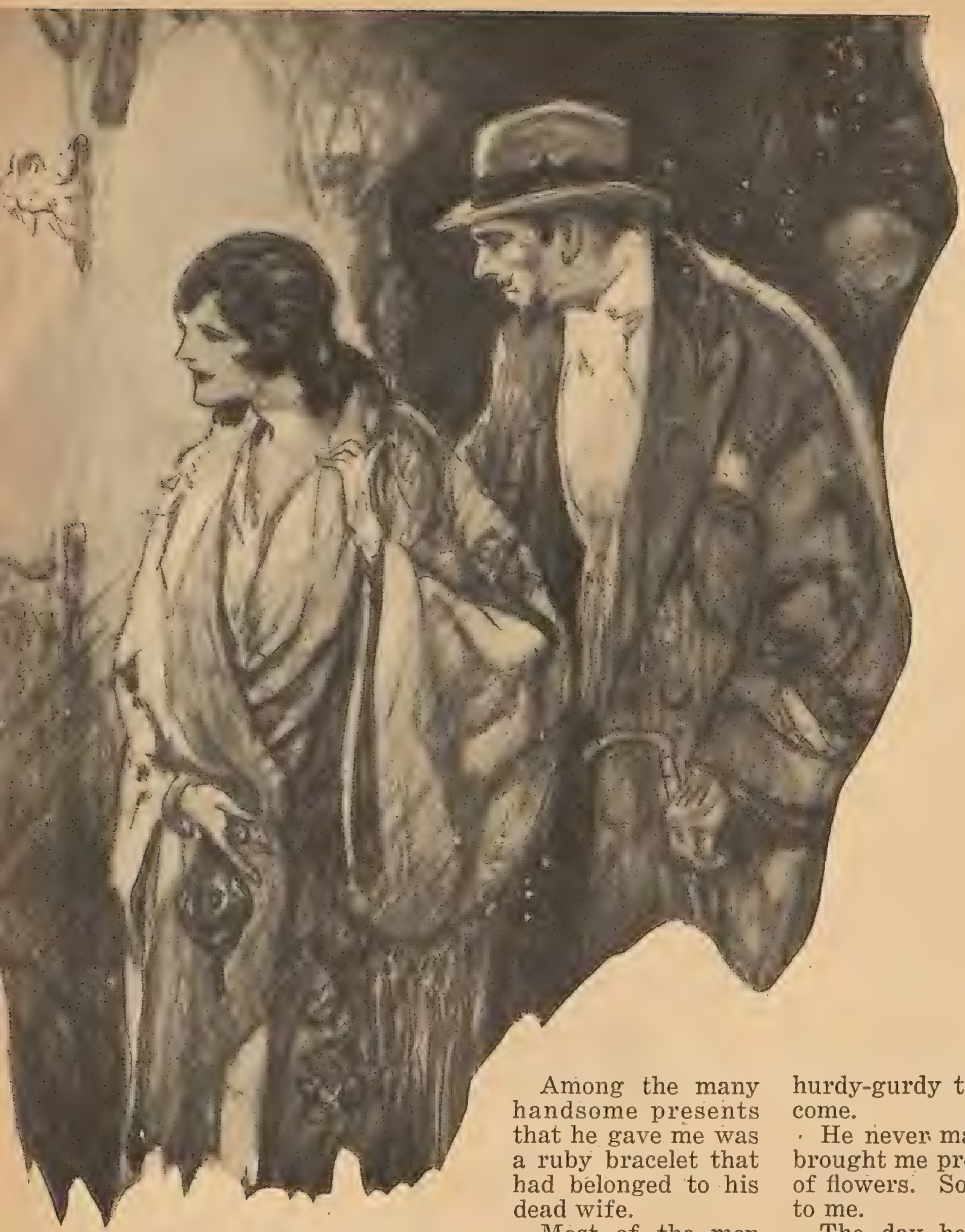
STEPHEN used to love to go hat-shopping with me. He had excellent taste in women's clothes, and buying things for me made him feel expansive and powerful.

Often he would order half a dozen hats, with the cheapest coming at sixty or sixty-five dollars. On occasions like this, I always made an arrangement with the saleswoman. " I'll take six if you'll agree to take back four in the morning," I'd manage to tell her. Usually I had a special salesgirl in my favorite shops, and when I made an extra good haul I slipped her five or ten dollars on the side.

How did I get money out of men without actually asking them for it? It was quite simple. In the first place, it was easy to separate the tightwads from the spenders. I never wasted any time on the former. And most of the latter did things very tactfully. Stephen's method was sweet and thoughtful. He would slip a hundred-dollar bill, or maybe two or three of them, into my hand. " You must have spoiled those pretty slippers tonight," he would say. " Get some new ones tomorrow."

Next to Stephen I think I liked Felix, my Russian prince, best. He, too, was in his early fifties. He was quite willing to pay for what I gave him—youth and companionship. An international character, Felix was not only wealthy but generous and terribly handsome into the bargain. He was six feet four inches tall, and he clicked his heels when he bowed.

We had awfully good times together. He loved to go around to new places to eat and drink. He was a fascinating companion when he was in the mood for it. But often he would sit for hours saying nothing, seeing nothing. Then I knew that he was thinking of his tall, handsome young son who had lost his life in the war.



We had awfully good times. He loved to go around to new places to eat and drink.

Picture by R. F. James

Among the many handsome presents that he gave me was a ruby bracelet that had belonged to his dead wife.

Most of the men who play around with good-time girls save their love for their wives. It is a pity more wives cannot understand this. Almost any man will run back to his wife at the first kind word or look.

Even when they are playing around most madly, men are often grimly faithful to the wives who won't take the trouble to keep them at home.

Men came to my apartment for all sorts of reasons. Some hoped eventually to get the better of me. Others came just to kill time. A few because it made them feel adventurous and wicked. But most of them came to be amused.

ERNEST, an important Wall Street man, thought I brought him luck. He never started to put a big deal in operation without talking over some phase of it with me. Then there was Bill. He was a big corporation lawyer with an immense family of wrangling in-laws at home. He used to come to my apartment just to lie on the sofa and let me rub his head, which ached most of the time.

Poor old Bill! His idea of heaven was quiet.

It was left for love to cure me of playing with men's lives.

I had got bored and had taken a mannequin's job during the rush season. One night I was appearing in a big fashion show—the kind where you parade across a shoulder-high runway. I had been up all night, dancing, the night before, and just as I stepped off the runway I fainted.

Tony picked me up. He was a reporter sent by one of the papers to get the human interest angle on the show

He carried me into the dressing room and poured water over my face and a three-hundred-dollar gown. When I came to and looked up into his eyes, I knew I had found my man.

But Tony didn't, apparently. "Snap out of it, young one," he growled. "What you mean by holding up the show?" He didn't ask for my phone number. He didn't even ask my name.

By calling up every newspaper office in town I finally discovered his last name. After waiting a week, I shamelessly telephoned and asked him to come up. "I want to ask your advice about something," I told him.

"Yeah?" said Tony coldly.

My heart sank. But I couldn't give up. It was already life or death with me.

One day, when I had almost given up hope, he came.

HE didn't have money to take me out to dinner often. I was glad of that. I would send him out for chops and broccoli and cook dinner at home. We ate on a card table pulled up by the fire.

When it got warmer we moved the table to the window under which a hurdy-gurdy told us that spring and mating time had come.

He never made love to me in so many words. Never brought me presents, except once or twice a cheap bunch of flowers. Sometimes he fetched along a book and read to me.

The day he told me he loved me I moved, taking nothing with me except the clothes on my back. Besides other handsome presents, I found I had sixty-two beautiful hand bags, worth from twenty-five to five hundred dollars each.

I bundled them all up, got into a taxi, and sold the lot to a secondhand dealer I knew. The same man bought my fur coats and my jewelry.

Of all the men who had showered costly gifts on me, only one needed money now. He had lost everything he had in the market and was ill. I sent him a cashier's check for what the loot brought, plus the full amount of my savings.

Then I borrowed ten dollars from Tony and moved into a furnished room. I divided my time between posing and working as a mannequin.

Of course I told Tony everything. He had already guessed. But in the hour it took me to tell him about it, I paid for all I had done.

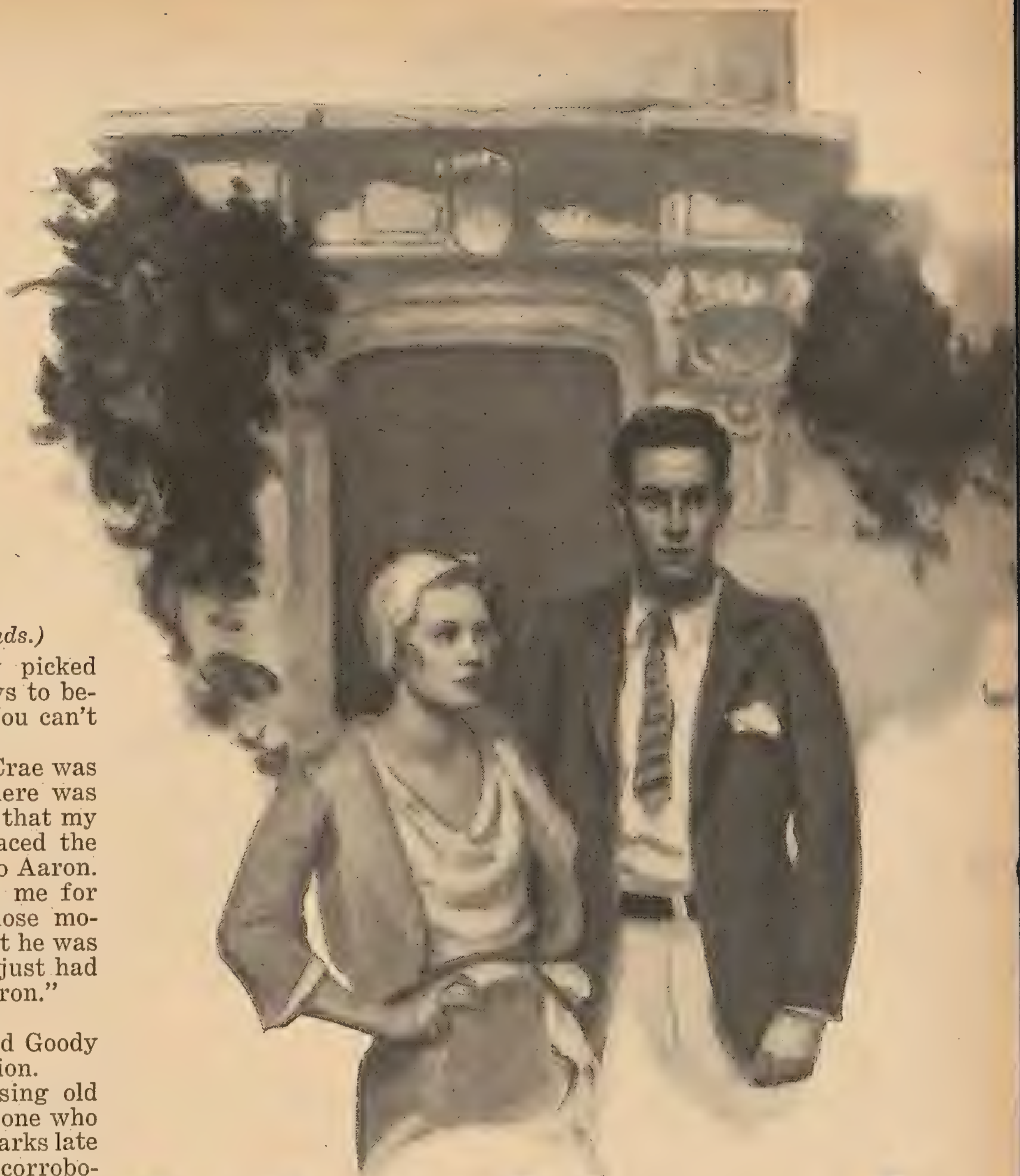
Tony understood. He loves me, though he hates what I did.

Oh, it's the real thing, all right. But we can't be married for a long time, maybe years. You see, Tony hasn't any money, and he has a wife. She would gladly divorce him if he could swing the thing financially. She is holding out for half of his pay check.

I have been waiting two years. Sometimes I think I'll be waiting ten years from now. But I don't care. I love Tony.

Do I mind being as poor as a church mouse? Not a nickel's worth!

THE END



Pictures by
MORTIMER WILSON, JR.

No Royalty

The Story of a Romantic Conspiracy an

By VALMA

(Reading time: 24 minutes 30 seconds.)

"MOTHER, of course, simply picked him up," Goody used always to begin the famous story. "You can't say she isn't a prime picker!"

The frivolous imputation Mrs. McCrae was wont to refute most urgently: "There was something so familiar about his face that my first impulse was to bow. But I placed the familiarity at once as a resemblance to Aaron. Naturally, with words jetting up in me for Aaron every hour of every day—those moments when I forgot to remember that he was gone—it was like coming home. I—just had to talk to a man who looked like Aaron."

But to go back to the beginning.

"We've missed our bus," announced Goody McCrae to her mother, with satisfaction.

Mrs. McCrae, who had been perusing old china with the painful absorption of one who has learned about glaze and potters' marks late in life, became abruptly aware of the corroborative cessation of a curiously insistent horn chatter, which had been filling the close little main street of Fontainebleau with its warning din. From the twilit recess of the curio shop she gazed at her daughter, posted in the brazen sunlight of the doorway, with horror. "You mean it's gone—without us?"

"Gone; totally departed," said Goody blithely.

"But we must go after it!" cried little Mrs. McCrae in a panic.

"Not a chance," shrugged her tall, rawboned, vivid young daughter.

"But whatever shall we do?"

"There are trains, I suppose. We can stay the night."

"But I thought you were watching the time:"

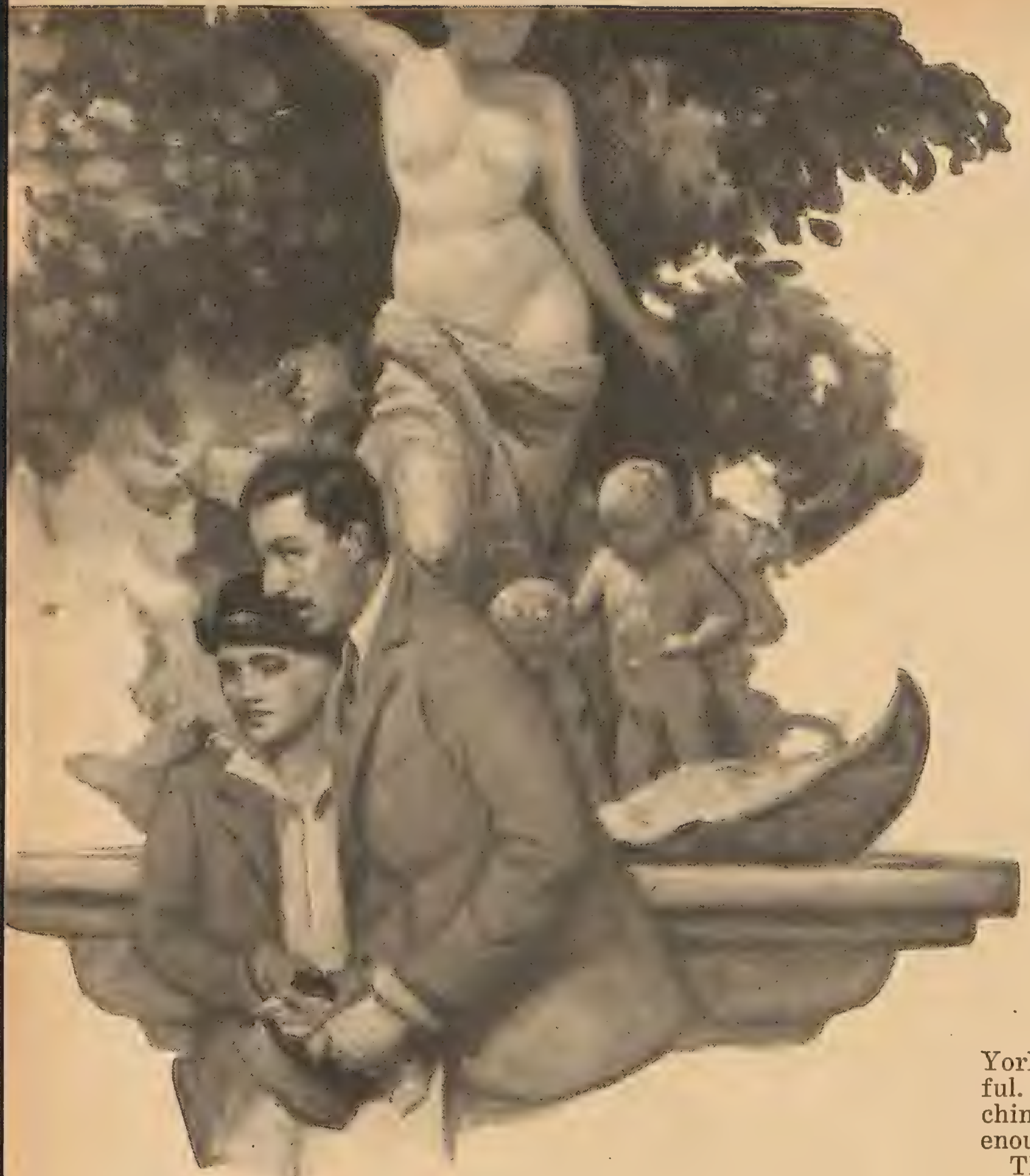
"So I was, darling. But my wrist watch must have stopped," smirked Goody.

Exasperation exploded in Mrs. McCrae. In one of her rare flashes of insight into her riddle of a daughter she realized that Goody's watch had stopped by arrangement; that they had missed the bus on purpose. Again she was Goody's dupe.

The child was engaged once more in some complicated game of having her own way. But what—*what* was her hidden motive? Why had the girl maneuvered Fontainebleau, in which she was interested not at all? And why had she maneuvered this European trip, when her whole passionate young heart was planted forever (the insistence upon the eternity of her latest love was Goody's!) on home soil, in the keeping of that objectionable waster, "Bat" Walch?

For the suspicion suddenly burgeoned in Mrs. McCrae that this jaunt to Europe, which Goody had seemed to resist, had been instigated by her. It was she who had suggested, after the funeral, to each of her five middle-aged and diversely successful brothers and sisters that they pool their resources and give poor mother the complete change of scene which she so sorely needed. It was she who craftily sowed the seed of thought that one way of keeping Miss Esther Goodloe McCrae out of mischief was to send her along. Mrs. McCrae had, of course, no proof of this transient suspicion.

Suddenly the pressure was too strong. Mrs. McCrae had to talk about the enigma of her youngest daughter. She had never been a great talker, except to her husband, Aaron. The children, when at home, had used to hear their voices going on far into the night. "What on earth do you two find to gas about?" they would wonder. "You six," Aaron would chuckle. But Aaron had been in his grave two months this twentieth of May, and



But Youth

n Accommodating Stranger Who Clinched It

LARK

THE gentleman bowed once, twice, thrice, as though he were taking his leave from a very formal reception.

Mrs. McCrae in the interim had had no outlet.

The little lady looked about her. The only possibility was the slim gentleman who had been browsing about the shop in her vicinity, occupying so much of the shopkeeper's attention that Mrs. McCrae herself might not have existed. Indeed, it was rather ludicrous, considering the man's unprepossessing appearance, the amount of worshipful respect that was paid him. But the light struck his face, and it was then the alleged resemblance to Aaron caught at Mrs. McCrae's heart. This was the same sad, generous-lipped, long-hound visage, with a remarkable ability of lighting up to gayety. That face loosened Mrs. McCrae's tongue at its roots. She tested him for English, and he passed. She said, making a shameless pretext, "Would you ask him the price of this covered jar?"

"But certainly," said the gentleman. He spoke in French to the shopkeeper, who himself spoke flawless English, and whose intelligent, bearded, goat face had dropped agape, as though to indicate that still another American had committed sacrilege, this time to an unprecedented degree. "He says the price is five hundred francs. He says it is Chantilly."

"Isabel says to look for the hunting-horn mark, and here it is. She says never mind Sèvres; an amateur can't judge it. But she has a customer for Chantilly. Isabel is my second daughter," Mrs. McCrae confided to the gentleman, "and she runs an antique shop in upstate New York. She's self-made and unusually successful. She gave me a sum of money to buy china for her. Do you think this is good enough?"

The gentleman gave the little covered toilette pot with its delicately colored Japanese figures his careful attention, and believed it to be genuine and quite good. Mrs. McCrae said, while the piece was being wrapped: "I suppose you're familiar here. I don't suppose you could recommend a nice, moderate-priced hotel for two women alone?"

GOODY seized the opportune moment to escape. She said: "I'll be in the palace, darling. Or in the park. You look up a hotel. We never could lose each other in this town." And she melted away, as though in answer to urgent summons from without.

Mrs. McCrae turned tears of exasperated helplessness upon her new friend. "There, she's gone! I'll have to go after her! Oh, what shall I do? I don't know anything about her: what makes her go or come, or what she's really thinking. I've brought her to Europe to get her away from an unwise love affair, but I don't know why she lets me! A younger mother might understand her. I'm too old—a different generation. All my other children are too old. She's seventeen years younger than the youngest of them.

"She's not like any of my others. They're all solid, sensible, reliable citizens, children to be proud of, a comfort. There's a physical resemblance, yes. They all have that same Scotch look, after their father, but they're fainter duplicates than Goody. Goody's hair is redder, her eyes are greener, her freckles are more splashing, her mouth is wider and stronger. She's got too much life. I don't," Mrs. McCrae concluded her heartfelt appeal, "know at all what to do with her." And she continued to look at this new depository of her maternal perplexi-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

NO ROYALTY BUT YOUTH
Continued from page nineteen

ties with misted eyes. Mrs. McCrae's children had always said that mother was the only pretty member of the family. She was a small, delicately modeled woman with an entirely false look of fragility; work had fined, not coarsened, her. Her hair had gone arrestingly silver, and her blush beneath it, still amazingly fresh, was more effective than when she was a girl. She wore moss roses on her hat. Her little tailored suit was of silver-gray whipcord, her blouse showed a bit of spidery tatting at the throat, her gloves were white cotton, and her shoes were the small, round-toed, sensible, trippers' variety.

The gentleman was either caught by her appeal or interested in collecting her point of view. Afterward Mrs. McCrae recalled that he said very little.

Together they walked out into the street. The goat-faced individual bowed them forth with genuflections—like a Buddhist doing reverence to his Buddha—but with that continued look of shock and horror upon his face as one who asked the world to witness this latest profanation of his idol by the barbarians. Mrs. McCrae, talking, was only vaguely aware of a second gentleman without, of puzzled mien, toward whom her gentleman threw a nod of dismissal; of a magnificent car, which he accorded the same gesture. It did occur to her that people, during their progress down the street, stared at them rather oddly, so that she wondered whether she had a smudge upon her face. And she did note that traffic was held for them to cross the street.

She said: “In the family we've always called her ‘Goody,’ chiefly because she's the opposite, I guess. Outside, they call her ‘that McCrae girl,’ not meaning anything bad, because she's a town girl and they understand her wildness is just exuberance. His given name is Bat, and if he's any other I've never heard it. They call him ‘that Walch boy.’ His family has come for fourteen summers to our town on Canandaigua Lake, and this boy has the fastest car and the fastest speed boat and the fastest reputation in our parts. When he isn't busy leading the town youngsters astray—half drowning them on a fancy surf board and teaching them roulette with a special wheel he's bought—he's rocketing over the countryside with hordes of visiting college friends.

“It was inevitable, I suppose, that he and Goody should clash, for they're both firebrands and both leaders in their own groups. If there's anything Goody's afraid of, I don't know what it is. At first I thought there was nothing to it but just war, Goody hated him so passionately. I hope,” deprecated Mrs. McCrae, “that I'm not taking your time?”

The gentleman smiled at her half sadly. “I have only time.”

“You mean?”

“I have lost my work.”

“OH. The trade depression,” nodded Mrs. McCrae, with entire comprehension. How to comfort him? “It is better,” she offered, “to have lost a job than a dear one. I have lost my husband. He—looked like you. An older man, of course.” She surreptitiously wiped away a tear.

VALMA CLARK

who wrote this story, lived in Rochester, New York, until 1929, when her family moved to Paris, where she has since resided. She has written many stories for American magazines.

They had arrived opposite the Palace of Fontainebleau. With an arm beneath hers, the gentleman guided her in the direction of a flagrantly white building behind an iron fence of freshly painted black bars with gold *fleur-de-lis* tips, bearing the words “Hôtel de France et d'Angleterre.” “You will have time,” he stated, “for a cup of tea with me.”

Mrs. McCrae made but the barest pretense of protesting his kindness.

They entered a small triangle of a garden with a diminutive display of formal flower beds as precious as an emperor's jewels, and crossed to an open terrace of tables. The effect of their entrance upon a staff of idle waiters was remarkable. Six menials flew to place them, and the proprietor himself emerged panting, discreetly reverent, to take their order. The gentleman who looked like her dear Aaron accepted all this quite as a matter of course, so that Mrs. McCrae, who was momentarily puzzled, could but do likewise.

The steaming tea, the attentive, listening smile which her companion turned upon her, thoroughly warmed Mrs. McCrae to continue her story.

“I first met and sized up the Walch boy, aside from swiftly passing encounters, when Goody had him to dinner. In himself he wasn't so bad, and, remembering that boys will be boys, I might have predicted that he would prove out in the long run if it hadn't been for the handicap of his family. He's far more handsome for a boy than Goody is for a girl. Has one of those dark-haired, vivid, sculptured-looking heads. His body, too, if you see it in a bathing suit, you'll remember. How that lad can lie on his spine and rest! He loafs just as energetically as he speeds in car and boat. Goody's the same way. Always sunning herself on the upstairs porch in no clothes at all, which, of course, I don't approve,” Mrs. McCrae earnestly assured the attentive gentleman, “except that I know where she is.

“THAT dinner had to be just so: a separate salad course for his highness, and no chicken dumplings because they were ‘common.’ The way those two carried on under Aaron's and my noses! The dinner might as well have been boiled skunk cabbage and Goody's new dress her gardening overalls for any notice the Walch boy paid them. The dining-room table was simply an arena. I will say Goody took the offensive. Those two seemed to have a genius for insulting each other.

“But I had to go to Goody when, late that night, I heard her sobbing away in her own room. Her new clothes were flung every direction. The tears were temper; I knew the signs from when she was a red-headed baby. But I sat on her bed and patted her. ‘Never you mind. He's a spoiled boy, and mother's glad her Goody doesn't care for him. He's not the lad for you. True happiness, dear, is built on some form of giving. For a real marriage you've got to work alongside your man. This boy's an idler, a waster—’

“‘I suppose,’ said Goody, ‘if he was the plumber you'd give me your blessing!’

“‘I do mistrust great wealth, dear. No good comes of aiming above your own circle.’

“‘Father did.’

“‘Goody!’

“‘Oh, it's just a part of your lovely regard for each other that you never admit it. But your family did disown you for marrying him. And father himself has told me that he wasn't even literate until you made him so. You know his joke: “If you want to be educated without going to school, just marry the schoolteacher.” He's always said it spoke volumes for the kind of tact you have that he scarcely knew when or how he learned to read or write.’

“‘Your father,’ I told her, ‘is a remarkable man.’

“‘Maybe Bat is, too. Oh, the snobbery of poor people looking down their noses at rich people is just as bad as the snobbery of rich people looking down their noses at poor people! You're equal snobs in opposite ways, you and Mrs. Walch.’

“Well, I assure you,” Mrs. McCrae smiled tremulously at the long, generous-lipped, sad-hound face that was bent her way with absorbed interest, “it was the first time anyone had called me a snob. The queer, back-handed flashes youngsters have. A road that looks straight to me looks only loopy to Goody, and *vice versa*.”

“It is the New Vision, the New Voice,” he nodded.

“And coming from your own child! If you were a father, you'd understand.”

“I am,” he smiled.

“How many?”

“Six.”

“Why, I have six, too! Four girls and two boys.”

“My children are four boys and two girls.”

“What a strange coincidence! You must understand my problem, then, for your children would be of Goody's generation. Don't you find," Mrs. McCrae groped to express it, "that they're like catboats responding to reversed stimuli: when there's a breeze they move not at all, but when there's no breeze they skitter right along?"

His flashing smile comprehended.

"Goody is so terribly scornful of many quite fine ideas, and so violently partisan of doubtful causes. I'm equally frightened of the things she cares about and the things she doesn't care about. She reverses the Golden Rule. In my day we were taught we had a duty to others: to our mothers, our fathers, God. Goody recognizes only an urgent duty to herself. If she were in Ruth's situation she would say, not 'Thy people shall be my people,' but 'My people shall be thy people.' And she would feel herself so right and generous in her offer, that somehow you would catch the contagion and question your own slow and hoary convictions."

The gentleman who resembled Aaron laughed outright. "Ah," he said, "it is the divine right of youth. The only divine right left in a fast-changing world," he added, saddening.

"I said to Goody: 'If it comes to snobbery, Goody, look into your own heart. Try to imagine this boy, Bat Walch, without his money.'

"'Why should I, when he's got it? If I marry him, that's going to be one of the reasons.'

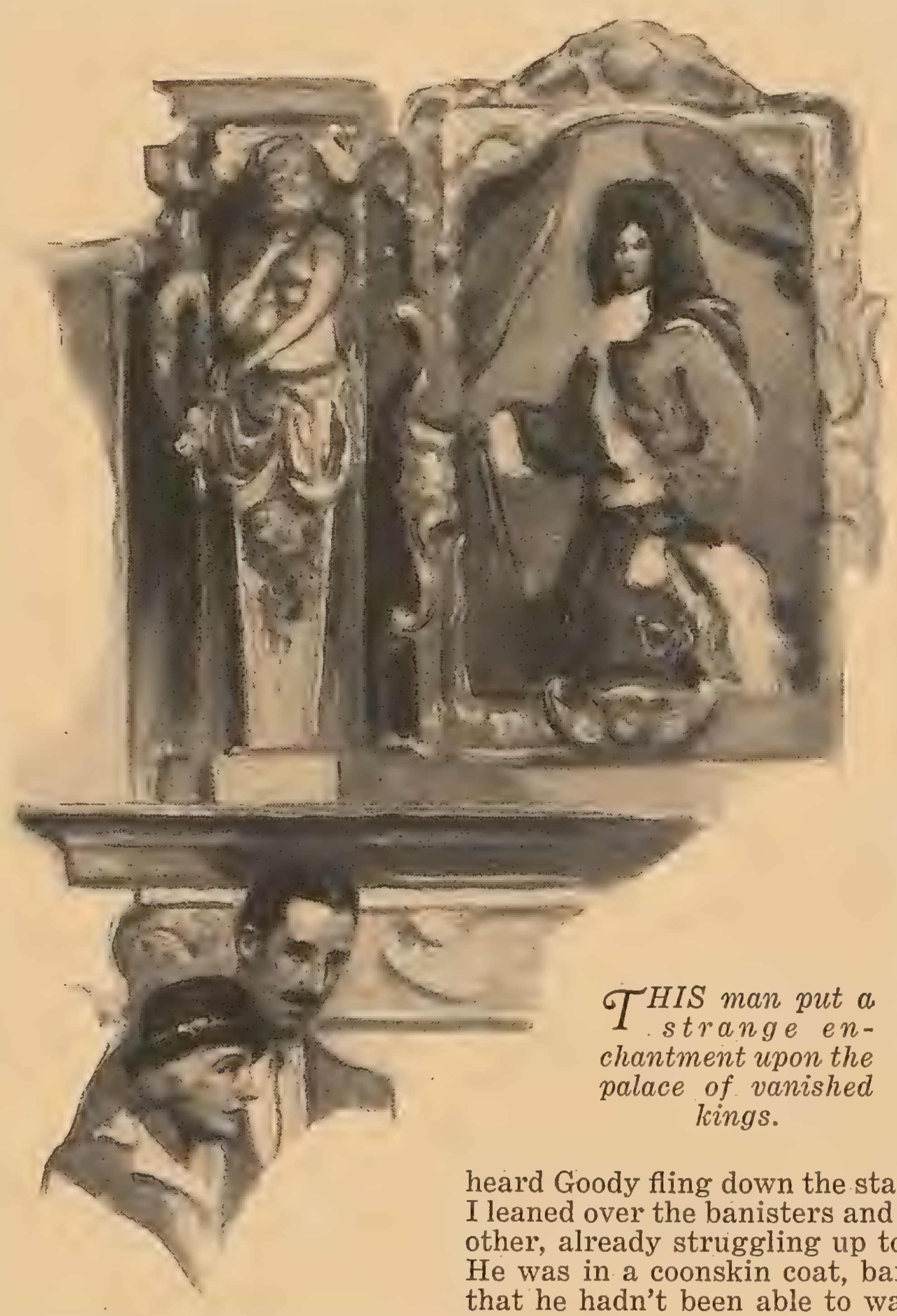
"I thought she was trying to annoy me. But their incalculable minds were running on marriage, all right, hers and the boy's. Two days later his mother came to call on me.

"Our disapproval of each other is mutual. Mrs. Walch is a tall, dark woman, with her son's good looks gone bored and neurotic. She has a young woman companion, just to keep her diverted. Myself, I've always been too busy to know whether or not I am amused at any given moment. This young woman waited outside in the car while Mrs. Walch stepped disdainfully up our front walk.

"THEIR house, which is kept up to the point of practically a wet-paint condition, is of the wood-and-Medina-sandstone era, to which the Walches have added, rather than subtracted, turrets and cupolas. An outrage upon the face of the lake. You could see, from the lift of her shoulders, exactly what she thought of our verandaed, paint-peeling house, which is one of the oldest in town and has a fan-topped door that antique lovers come for miles to see.

"She's much too spoiled to know about diplomacy, and she said at once, 'You may as well give up this idea of your daughter and my son, Mrs. McCrae. I've come to warn you.'

"'Do you think it's my idea?' I asked her, controlling myself and sizing her up. It was she, town rumor said, who was responsible for ruining the boy; the father took a firm hand with him in the rare moments when he wasn't too occupied with his business.



THIS man put a strange enchantment upon the palace of vanished kings.

"She said: 'It would be a notable match for your daughter, I fully realize—'

"I said: 'My dear Mrs. Walch, it would be the worst match in the world for my daughter. Your son is an idler. My daughter is susceptible to spoiling by luxury as few girls are. You and I are allies. I will fight such a marriage with every weapon I have.'

"She said nastily: 'You need not insult my son. You needn't hide your real ambitions under the honest working-woman's pose. His father will stand no more fooling. One more escapade, and he'll cast him off.'

"'And when he casts him off,' I told her proudly, 'let him come back to my daughter. Let her start where his father ends. But until then, you've got my coöperation in keeping them apart.'

"SHE was skeptical of my point of view; she was furious at it. With her it was a purely social objection, but with me it was a conviction of the soul.

"That was in September; the boy's college opened, and they left within the week. Letters came from him, but I hoped the affair would tail out. By December I was too worried over Aaron, who was sickening for his death, to notice whether it had or not.

"The week before Christmas I heard a familiar horn note, and heard Goody fling down the stairs past her father's room. I leaned over the banisters and saw them clutched to each other, already struggling up to the surface of a quarrel. He was in a coonskin coat, bareheaded. I learned later that he hadn't been able to wait till his Christmas holidays, but had simply walked out and driven the distance from New Haven since morning. It seemed he'd been on probation, and the flight from duty meant he'd surely be expelled. But this sequel came afterward.

"Goody flew past me for her coat, and I asked her where she was going, and she simply said, 'Out.' She did, and she was gone till dawn. I kept it from her father, but I couldn't keep it from the neighbors. She was just impatient with my need of an explanation. Seemed they'd been riding all over the countryside, probably wrangling. The Walch boy departed for New Haven before the sun was settled in the sky. Goody wouldn't sleep, she wouldn't eat, but she would be left totally and absolutely alone.

"She was past managing. I didn't know when he would take shape again in our front door, so I shipped Goody down to Texas to her eldest sister, Maude. Maude was expecting her third baby, and I couldn't leave Aaron. I thought the experience might make a woman out of Goody. These tarts," Mrs. McCrae broke off, "are delicious. Grace (she's my third daughter) teaches domestic science, and I'm collecting French recipes for her. I suppose the rule for this puff paste would be a secret?"

If so, the gentleman's most casual request elicited it. He spoke to the manager, and in a very short interval the chef's rule for puff paste reposed in a neatly folded paper in Mrs. McCrae's hand bag. The manager, the chef, the house, were honored, were proud.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

NO ROYALTY BUT YOUTH
Continued from page twenty-one

“But all Goody brought home with her from Texas,” Mrs. McCrae continued, “was the strong conviction that it was dead wrong to have babies without money—another argument for the Walch boy!

“When the children banded together to send me over here, I hadn't the strength to resist. Seemed like I couldn't handle all Aaron's belongings in another spring house-cleaning; like I couldn't wait for the June smell of Aaron's rose garden without him. So I just locked the house as it was and gave the key to my son Louis. Goody has been so—so good about it that I'm worried. No more talk of the Walch boy. He has been put out of college, and has been set to hard work in his father's manufacturing plant. Walch's Tools and Farming Implements, you know.

“But that's a town report; it wasn't Goody who told me.

“I must go find her now,” sighed Mrs. McCrae, drawing on the white cotton gloves. “I—I can't tell you how it's eased me to talk to you. I—it's been like talking to Aaron.”

“Thank you,” said the gentleman gravely.

“If you could feel your way to advise me—a man's advice,” suggested Mrs. McCrae wistfully.

He seemed, as they were bowed forth and as he accompanied her across the roughly paved, age-colored court of the White Horse toward the Palace of Fontainebleau, to give the matter his deep consideration. There was something about the man, his thoughtful dignity, that suggested a statesman or a cabinet minister in his prime. And though all he finally said was, “I believe your problem will resolve itself; no worry will either help or hinder,” Mrs. McCrae felt as though this was sifted wisdom, the final word. The fret dropped from her, and left room for a sudden haunted awareness to this pleasure ground of dead kings, which she had entirely missed in her tour of it, with the party, two hours previous.

In Next Week's Issue—

These Whispers about Mr. Hoover

By

Will Irwin

Frank answers to some personal questions, by a man who knows the President as well as any other American writer

Also stories and articles by
Achmed Abdullah—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—Diana Bourbon—Edmund Pearson—Conrad Richter—Lady Mary Heath

The gentleman approached the entrance in the toe of the famous Horseshoe Staircase with the assurance of a master coming home. Difficulties melted before him. It was not necessary for them to stand in line for the next conducted tour through the palace. The door was thrown wide, and the gentleman and his companion were free to browse at will. It occurred to Mrs. McCrae that her friend must be either a very honored citizen in this little town of Fontainebleau, or a director of the palace, if such officials existed. She followed him up to the small office which is preliminary to the great apartments of Napoleon I. There he paused to indicate to her a large yellowed map of the kings' hunt in the forest of Fontainebleau; he referred to this map as though he himself might have participated in those hunts.

He was no guide. He kept to his rule of speaking little: just a word here, a sentence there. But whatever he said illumined the object as no professional pilot's patter ever would. Mrs. McCrae, seeping it in, felt her wonder growing. This man put a strange enchantment upon the palace of vanished kings.

As she trailed him through rooms of faded tapestries and mellowed riches; through little mirror-painted anterooms of foliage, birds, and flowers so fragile with time that it seemed the designs would vanish with breath blown upon the glass; down long-vistaed, empty galleries of mosaic floors and ornamentations of painters and sculptors outdoing each other in a rivalry long dead; as she kept beside him, it seemed to Mrs. McCrae that the velvet hangings stirred once more, the dead clocks ticked, the precious china clinked, and the Beauvais chairs upheld skirts of the fine Lyons silk animated to the *froufrou* of gossip.

The ghostly palace, viewed through his eyes, played a trick on her and came to life. The Louis and the Henrys and the Francises, with their wives and their ladies (Mrs. McCrae, in preparation for the trip, had been conscientiously coached by her son Howard, the history professor, and in return was collecting for him sets of post cards for the visualization of his classes), breathed and moved about her.

Now, for the first time, was Mrs. McCrae pierced by sharp curiosity. Who was this man? His gaze was directed upon a portrait of one of the Bourbons, and Mrs. McCrae noted, with a shiver, that his long, generous-lipped face was not unlike the painted visage. In that moment it came to Mrs. McCrae that the man's total lack of ostentation was his most impressive quality.

She had forgotten Goody, but she was now startlingly reminded of her. A party, doubling back on its course, passed them, to the accompaniment of a purling guide. Members of the party, lagging back, stared curiously at those two free lances. Mrs. McCrae's gaze was drawn.

That dark, dissatisfied face, which was gaping not at her but at her companion, was unpleasantly familiar. “Mrs. Walch!” she breathed. The woman's eyes traveled from the gentleman to Mrs. McCrae and back again, with an expression as though their owner literally could not believe them. Mrs. Walch was struck down from her social heights. She was rooted, stunned.

Mrs. McCrae saw at once the whole dark plot. “I've got to find Goody!” she cried to the man who looked like Aaron. “She's not here. She's outside. Is there a little closed-in, private sort of garden that would make a retreat for lovers? That was Mrs. Walch, Bat's mother.”

“The *orangerie*,” he said. “This way.”

She accompanied him down the Horseshoe Staircase and through a passage to the right. The passage widened to a curveting path leading into a fairyland of spring greenery. Mrs. McCrae irrelevantly noted the silver leaf of an unfamiliar border plant, with the reflection that she must add it to the packets of seeds she was collecting for Maude; Maude had inherited her father's love of gardening. “Mrs. Walch,” she mused aloud, “must have brought her son to Europe to get him away from Goody, just as I brought Goody to get her away from Bat. But the two children formed a conspiracy.”

Town sounds—a dog's barking, street voices, tires upon pavement—were overlaid by the running water of a fountain.

A sculptured woman stood in the pose of hiding herself through a mist of leaves, and for the first time Mrs. McCrae owned that just a white statue and greenery did make a garden. It occurred to her, too, that nobody had properly grasped the miracle of spring who hadn't seen its first tender leaves against palace walls as old and gray as time.

There they were, black head curved over red head, above a stone bench upon which they had forgotten to sit. How long Mrs. McCrae and her companion stood there, powerless to break the spell of young love in its natural and unconscious expression, she did not know. Goody's lank, immature body held to his beautiful boy's body—this was like a pain in her heart. The very tradition of this spot was love: an eager, graceless flame that would not be denied.

Just when they were overtaken by Mrs. Walch—still a gaping, gasping Mrs. Walch—Mrs. McCrae could not say. But eventually Goody did break from him, her vivid face turned their way. “Look who's here!” she ejaculated.

“You and Mrs. Walch might as well get together.

Fontainebleau was the quickest we could make it. His mother would do an interminable motor trip up from the south of France. I've got him now and I'm keeping him. He'll tell you so."

But the boy, like his mother, was struck dumb. The object of his amazement was Mrs. McCrae's companion.

This gentleman bowed once, twice, thrice, as though he were taking his leave from a very formal reception. But he smiled warmly, intimately, into Mrs. McCrae's questioning eyes as he said: "Perhaps the hardest lesson we have to learn is that youth is right because it is alive." With a final bow he turned and left them.

Mrs. McCrae groped her way to the stone bench and sat upon it. Eagerly Mrs. Walch joined her. That that McCrae girl and her son had returned to each other's arms she failed to note. "Dear Mrs. McCrae," she bubbled effusively, "do tell me all about it!"

Mrs. McCrae's soft, blank gaze rested upon the other.

"I ask you!" said Bat. "The mater's learned about democracy from him!"

"Who?" asked Goody.

"That guy."

"What about him? I didn't notice him."

"But, my dear child," flung in Mrs. Walch, "didn't you know—didn't your mother know? That was the late-exiled King of ——, Alonzo himself."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the normal pulse beat of an adult?

2—Which is longer, a foot or a meter?

3—For what purpose is a transit used?

4—What novel includes the character Sydney Carton?

5—From what city does port wine get its name?

6—Which is the smallest of the Great Lakes?

7—What university was founded by Thomas Jefferson?

8—What is herpetology?

9—What are sacerdotal functions?

10—What is a picaroon?

11—What is a synod?

12—What state forms the western boundary of Alabama?

13—What is the lowest land in the United States?

14—What was the last state admitted to the Union?

15—What form of capital punishment is used in France?

16—How many degrees in a circle?

17—In what state is Lake Pontchartrain?

18—From what is codeine derived?

19—Angina pectoris is a disease of what organ?

20—What is the usual name for a carrousel?

(Answers will be found on page fifty)

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Lanky Bob

How Fitzsimmons Found His Sola
On to Become World's Champion—H

By WILLIAM

The Ring photo

Bob Fitzsimmons in 1891, after winning the middleweight title from Jack Dempsey the Nonpareil.

(Reading time: 24 minutes 35 seconds.)

SUNDAY SCHOOL is the last place in which a man would expect to find the deadliest punch in the fighting business. Yet it was in Sunday school that Bob Fitzsimmons accidentally discovered the solar-plexus blow, the awful punch that he used for years yet concealed from the eyes of all men.

It came to Bob's hand quite casually at a time of dire need. The hour was four o'clock of a fine Sunday afternoon, and the place was the Sunday school of the Anglican church in the little town of Timaru, New Zealand, whither Bob's parents had removed soon after his birth, June 4, 1862, at Helston, Cornwall, England.

Papa Fitzsimmons was a blacksmith, and Bob had arrived at the dignity of swinging the sledge.

Mother Fitzsimmons saw to it that Robbie was punctual and regular in his attendance at Sunday school. On the day of the great discovery he was well along in his sixteenth year, had grown almost to his full height of 5 feet 11¾ inches, and had as wide a pair of shoulders and as solid an arm as any man in New Zealand. The red of his crisp hair and the icy blue of his eye should have warned the world against abusing him, even though his ready laugh and quiet ways made him seem easy-going.

Portly Mr. Pritchard, the Sunday-school superintendent, felt sure that his tall son was the finest boy in the school and had the best memory; so he told the youngsters that on the following Sunday he would give a handsome prayer book with golden clasps to the pupil who would recite the greatest number of collects (prayers for special occasions). The Pritchard lad and young Fitzsimmons surpassed all the rest; but while Bob recited his collects without missing a word, Pritchard stumbled through his, often prompted by his father. Nevertheless, the proud superintendent handed his son the prize. For a moment Bob Fitzsimmons sat stunned by the cruel injustice. But only for a moment.

As the winner paraded down the aisle, Bob jumped up, exclaimed, " 'Ere, that's mine! " and snatched the prayer book. When the lad tried to grab it back, Bob pushed him away with his open left hand, but pushed so hard that he floored him.

The room rumbled as Father Pritchard ran to the rescue, shouting, " Order, order! " and waving his long arms. Bob clutched the prayer book in his right hand, dodged aside, and swung his freckled left fist up from the knee. Genius inspired that blow. It plunged deep into the cushiony spot below Mr. Pritchard's gold watch chain, and dropped him sitting beside his son, unable to move and struggling for breath. Long before either could rise, Bob Fitzsimmons had carried his prayer book away—his first boxing prize.

The young blacksmith loved to box, sparred every evening with his friends, and contented himself with outpointing them while he studied the art of timing. If one of them landed too many hot blows, Bob remembered the fall of Mr. Pritchard, gently slid his right foot forward, and shot his left fist upward to land on the tender mark just below the lower end of the breastbone. Thereupon the victim sat down hard and gasped, while Bob laughed and innocently inquired: " Eh, where d'ye suppose that came from? " He concealed the move so adroitly that no one ever guessed.

Practice made Bob perfect in the use of his new weapon. The element of surprise was the secret of its efficiency. The unexpected blow would land full over the solar plexus, that great network of nerves behind the stomach, and the victim, though fully conscious, would be unable to move a muscle.

When he was eighteen years old Bob Fitzsimmons felt sure enough of himself to enter the tournament for the amateur championship of New Zealand. He beat four good men and won the amateur title, and the next year he won it again, over five contestants. Then he turned professional pugilist, and in the next eight years beat thirteen of the best men in the Southern Colonies—for

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attles with Jeffries and the Latter's Career

NGLIS

little money and less glory. Rich America beckoned. So in the spring of 1890 Bob sold his blacksmith shop and embarked for San Francisco.

His first fight in San Francisco was with Australian Billy McCarthy, a chunky middleweight, full of fire, who dashed at the apparently indifferent Fitzsimmons as if he had no respect for him. In the sixth round he drove his right fist hard at Fitzsimmons' mid-section just as Fitz stepped in, and Fitz sank to the floor, writhing. His seconds carried him to his corner.

"Fitzsimmons wins on a foul!" the referee ruled.

"'Ere, Mister Referee, 'old up a bit!" the injured man protested. "'E 'it me as I was coming in: that's why it went low. 'E didn't want to 'it foul. I don't want to 'urt 'is reputation, and I'll be all right in a minute." Those who saw Fitzsimmons' swollen and blackened groin afterward knew what agony he had suffered.

Australian Billy ran over and shook hands as he thanked Bob for his generosity. After a minute's rest the referee started the seventh round, and McCarthy attacked as before. Fitzsimmons, seeming more indifferent than ever, loafed through that round and the next. In the ninth he drew closer to his man and pecked at his cheeks and jaw with light punches. The Australian was laughing—until the hidden torpedo struck him amidships and he pitched forward to the floor, out for long minutes. When the reporters asked Fitz how he did it, he laughed and said, "Aoh, just a lucky punch—kind of a fluke."

The explanation is very simple. Fitzsimmons focused the attention of his antagonist and all the others on his attempts to strike McCarthy's jaw, and while they were so engaged he slipped his right foot ahead and whipped up his left fist on the unprotected plexus. No one saw him do it, or even suspected him.

SOON after this, in New York, I first met Fitzsimmons. With those stooped shoulders and long grapeviny legs, he looked anything but a fighting man.

How such a shambling fellow could hope to lay a glove on a clever boxer was a puzzle; yet he modestly but persistently challenged Jack Dempsey for the middleweight championship. This was, of course, the original Jack Dempsey, so far superior to all others in his class that they called him the Nonpareil.

But Jack could do nothing with this long, gangling fighting machine, whose awkward cleverness kept him safe. Fitz slowly wore Jack down in the ring at New Orleans, and in the thirteenth round he begged the referee to stop the battle. "'E's a good man," Fitz pleaded, "and I don't want to 'urt 'im."

The referee said they must fight on; so Fitzsimmons carefully and gently crossed his right to the chin; then helped carry Jack to his corner and revive him.

For nearly a year Fitz lived at ease, touring the country with his troupe and giving exhibitions. He was persuaded that he was an actor, which was far from true; but thousands flocked to the theaters to see him.

© Brown Bros.

From Albert Davis Collection

Jeffries and Fitz shaking hands before their final battle, in 1902. At the left, Big Jeff as he looked earlier in his ring career.

Peter Maher, a broth of a boy, arrived from Dublin wearing the title of Champion of Ireland. He and Fitz met at New Orleans in what looked like a most unequal contest, for Peter was almost as tall as Fitz and outweighed him by more than twenty pounds. Also he was fast, and he had a right fist like dynamite.

During ten rounds Peter charged on the lanky red man to destroy him; but whenever he drove in his terrible right Fitz was somewhere else.

"The man's a divil. I can't hit him!" Peter growled to his seconds.

Nobody knew what struck Peter in the twelfth round—but down he dropped and lay fast asleep. He challenged again; but four years passed before the return fight came off in Texas, at the little village which Roy Bean, local czar of the plains, had named Langtry in honor of the Jersey Lily. This time Fitz, in his eagerness to finish the business, torpedoed Peter in the first minute of Round One.

On the night of the Corbett-Sullivan battle Fitz was at the ringside, and after the Californian's victory hastened to his dressing room to congratulate him. The door was locked, so Fitz nipped a telegram from a messenger boy and climbed to an open window.

"Eh, Jim!" he called to Corbett. "'Ere's a telegram for you. I'll fetch it."

"Drag that red-headed monkey out of there!" Corbett commanded. He was in the throes of reaction after a long nervous strain and a hard fight, and his petulance was quite natural. But as Fitz slowly walked off he wagged his red head and began to make certain plans. It was during his long wait that he beat Maher at Lang-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LANKY BOB AND THE BOILERMAKER]
Continued from page twenty-five

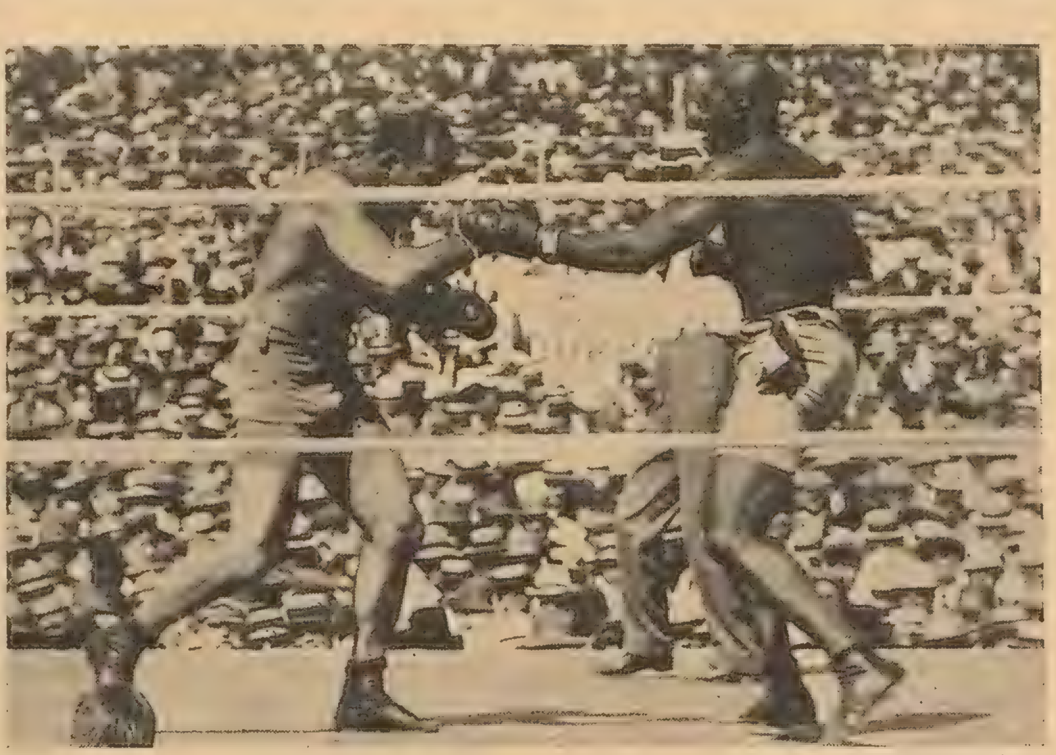
try and knocked out Dan Creedon in two rounds.

After his sensational knockout of Sullivan, Corbett ruled the world of fists, and no one dared to ask him for a fight until Fitzsimmons challenged for the title. Boxing was still an outlaw sport, and he had to wait a year. Then Dan Stuart, a daring Westerner, matched the two to meet in a vast outdoor arena he built at Carson City, Nevada, for the title, a purse, and royalties on the first moving pictures ever taken of a championship contest. The date, March 17, 1897.

While Corbett was making up for much inactivity by feverish zeal in training, the rugged Fitz regarded the contest simply as one more fight. He romped and played in his training and treated the whole business as a joke.

On the bright, sunny forenoon of St. Patrick's Day he helped his wife into an old-fashioned buggy and drove to the arena, seeming no more concerned than a farmer going to market. Mrs. Fitzsimmons was striving to hide her anxiety. As he sat on the rough pine couch in his cold dressing room, he embraced her tenderly.

" Go to your place, Rose," he said, " and when it's all over you'll be the wife of the champion of the world." Then he stretched his gaunt length on the hard planks of the couch and fell asleep.



Brown Bros. photo.

The end of Jeff's glory, at Reno, where Jack Johnson and seven years of idleness licked him quite easily.

As the two tall fellows drawn by fate from opposite shores of the Pacific faced each other at the call of the gong, every muscle, every shifting change in expression, was revealed in brilliant, blinding light. Corbett wheeled and flew as a hawk might whirl about its prey. Fitzsimmons stood fast, moving only above the knees, his ponderous arms, with their bulging muscles and great blotches of freckles giving them the look of pythons, weaving and swaying in defense. Of all known men in all the world, these two had in their hands the most destructive power. There was no sound but the whir of the moving-picture cameras and the creak of the rosined floor beneath Corbett's flying feet.

The story of the first six rounds has been told in my article on Corbett in this series. Too strenuous training following too long idleness had weakened the champion. He came out slowly for the seventh round, and from then on his energies dwindled. Even so, he was too elusive for Fitz to accomplish anything. " 'E's too fast; I can't get at 'im! " he complained between rounds. " I'll 'ave to coax him in."

THAT was a long process and called for wily tactics. It still looked as if Corbett was far in the lead, and Fitz artfully aided the illusion by hitting lighter and lighter and by his clowning.

At last, in the fourteenth, Jim lunged forward in a long left lead. As he was fully extended Fitzsimmons slyly stepped forward with his right foot and whipped up his left fist. It sank into the relaxed abdominal muscles over the unguarded solar plexus with all the might that Fitz had been concealing.

I close my eyes now and see again poor Corbett on hands and knees, striving with all his will to arise while the referee counts, but unable to command his limbs. His right foot convulsively seeks to grip the canvas, but always slides back useless. His countenance, facing the camera, writhes with the agony of rage and despair.

At last partially restored, Corbett tossed aside the crowd that had swarmed into the ring and demanded another fight. Fitz said, " I'm through with the ring." " Then I'll lick you whenever I meet you in the street," said Corbett.

Never can I forget the menace in Fitzsimmons' high-pitched voice as he shook his long, thick forefinger in Corbett's face and said: " If you ever lay a 'and on me, I'll kill you! " Then seconds dragged Jim away.

Escaping from his frantic admirers, Fitz bent over the lower rope in his corner and kissed his loving wife. Soon afterward, carefully dressed and the only calm man among thousands, he handed her into the old-fashioned buggy and shook up the reins beside her. " We'll go 'ome now, Rose," said he as the horse jogged along, " and Sam'll cook us a good dinner with plenty o' heggs."

ALL the money Fitzsimmons got out of the fight was less than sixteen thousand dollars. He did not add much to it by playing the hero in a drama built for him, and in less than a year he accepted the challenge of Jim Jeffries, a gigantic young boilermaker from Los Angeles who had been one of Corbett's sparring partners.

" Jeff!—why, Jeff's the fellow that hoed up the Rocky Mountains! " That was Homer Davenport's description of Jim Jeffries, and I don't think it can be bettered. When you looked at him in action you were prepared to believe the sagas about Norse heroes.

I had my first look at Jeff near Carson, where he was helping Corbett train. From the top of his massive head, covered with shaggy black hair, to the tips of his small ring shoes, he looked the ideal fighting man. He was still unpolished, but he had already knocked out three big men in San Francisco and fought draws with Joe Choynski and Gus Ruhlin. Corbett jolted and jabbed him generously, especially in the midsection; but the boy grinned and kept coming in for more, meantime hitting respectfully at his boss.

" Keep coming—keep close to me as you can! " Corbett ordered, and Jeff obeyed with speedy footwork such as I had never seen in a man of his size. Another excellent thing the big youngster had was a swift hook blow with either hand. He whipped those blows across so fast that Corbett needed all his skill to dodge them.

Jeff had seen enough in the training camp and the ring to convince him that he had a chance with any man, and a few months later he beat Joe Goddard in four rounds and the renowned Peter Jackson in three. Tom Sharkey gave him a hard tussle, but Jeff won in twenty rounds. Then William A. Brady brought him to New York and challenged Fitzsimmons.

Though Jeffries stood two inches over Fitzsimmons, outreached him by the length of a hand, and weighed fifty to sixty pounds more, the old magician had one gift that might stop him—the ability to live through a long storm of hard knocks and then crash his torpedo fist on the solar plexus for a knockout. Tommy Ryan of Syracuse, who was welterweight champion, claimed the middleweight title, and was one of the cleverest boxers of the day, suggested that if Jeff would bend far forward with his long arms well extended, meanwhile drawing in his midsection as far as possible, he could fight all night without exposing his solar plexus to danger.

Brady gave Ryan the job of coaching Jeffries in this novel defense. I was on vacation on the Jersey shore, and I dropped in occasionally to see the boilermaker practicing his new art on little Tommy Ryan, big brother Jack Jeffries, and Ed Dunkhorst, the famous Human Freight Car. All these assorted hitters tried their best to hit Jeff's plexus, and not one could get within a foot of it.

Fitzsimmons drove down to Coney Island from his home at Bensonhurst, that June day in 1899, as cheerful and unconcerned as he always was before battle. But a shocking surprise concocted by the astute Brady was waiting for the old red fox. When the referee came to tell Jeffries how he would interpret the rules, Brady suggested that they go into Fitzsimmons' dressing room and talk it over together. They did, and the fighters shook hands and smiled in friendship at each other. Presently the talk came around to whether a man would be permitted to hit as he came out of a clinch. By way of illustrating the situation, Jeffries threw his thick, hairy arms, powerful as the grasp of a grizzly bear, around Fitzsimmons. The champion's ribs bent in.

“NOW, when I say ‘Break away!’ you must step back without hitting,” said the referee.

“Oh, I won't hit him,” Jeffries said, smiling; “but this would be all right, wouldn't it?” Whereupon he flung Fitzsimmons away as lightly as a boy would toss a ball. The champion flew across the room and banged against the wall with a crash that knocked the breath out of him and made his head ring. Jeffries, still smiling, seemed not to guess that he had done anything out of the ordinary in illustrating his point, but it was plain that Fitz was doing a lot of thinking.

Yet Jeff was doing some on his own account. I happened to be the last one to shake his hand before he went up the steps into the ring. His hand was cold, although only a few minutes before he had been shadow-boxing in his dressing room. As he sat in his corner awaiting the gong, he looked like a novice about to appear on the stage and for the hundredth time saying over his lines.

Luckily for him, he came out slowly, crouching so that he seemed shorter than Fitz, and with his long arm flung far out on the defensive. The champion dashed in at him with a volley of swift jabs, hooks, and swings that would have rattled a nervous man; but Jeff stood pat behind his fortifications and grinned at him. Fitzsimmons charged again and again, bustling about, leaving tempting openings, doing everything he knew to throw the youngster off balance; but not once could he draw Jeff's fire. Thus it went to the end of the round, Jeff intently studying every move the champion made.

During the second round Fitzsimmons continued to attack. Now Jeffries was timing him, anticipating his rushes and blocking them, though he purposely delivered his own left leads slowly and with poor aim. He was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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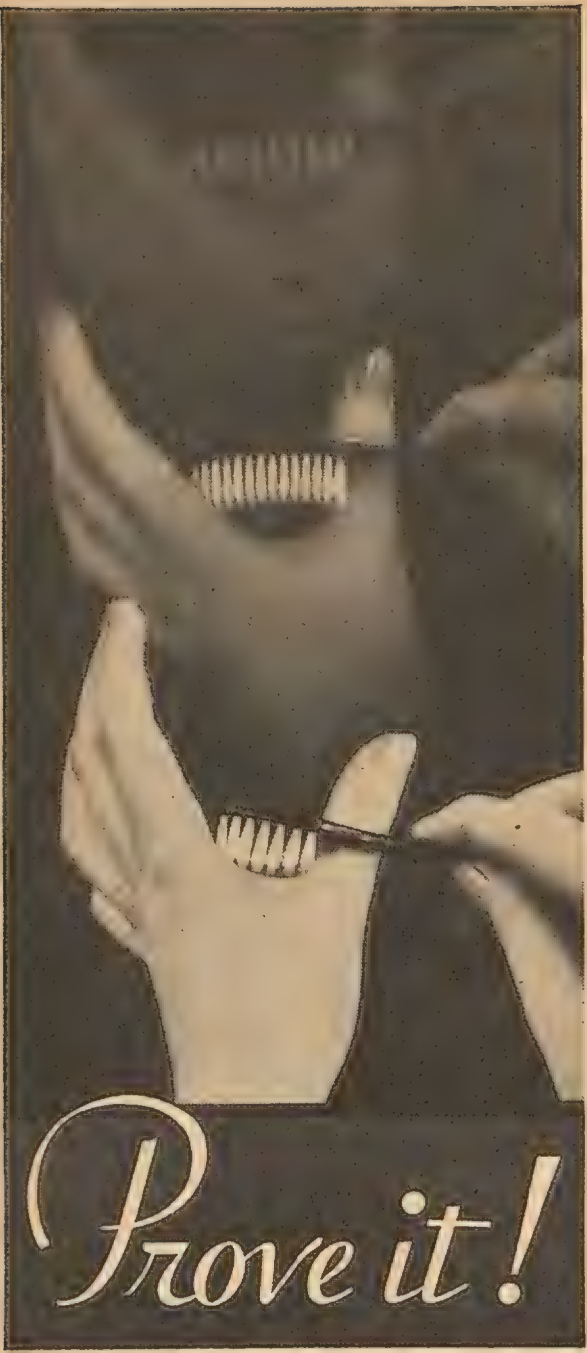

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LANKY BOB AND THE BOILERMAKER
Continued from page twenty-seven

coaxing Fitz into carelessness. As the lanky fellow leaped in for the third round, Jeffries suddenly whipped his left fist across in a hook that caught Bob on the jaw and sent him sprawling face downward.

No other man than Fitz could have stirred; for it is well known that when they fall face downward they stay down. But the extraordinary vitality that was to keep Fitz in the ring well past his fiftieth year now came to his rescue. In five seconds he had arisen on one knee. Four seconds after that he was up and fighting!

With what courage and skill Fitz fought you can guess from the fact that it was not until the eleventh round that Jeffries hewed him down. Again and again, as the giant cut loose on the offensive, Fitz countered on his jaws; but it was like hitting the bows of a battleship that came on unheeding. The knockdown had robbed Fitz of stamina, but for half an hour he fought on his nerve and great heart.

In the next few months Fitz bewildered such good men as Jim Daly, Gus Ruhlin, and Tom Sharkey, drove in his left fist to the solar plexus, and stretched them on the canvas of various rings.

He fought Champion Jeffries again in July, 1902, in San Francisco, and Jeff told me the old fellow—he was forty then—hurt him more than anyone else ever had; but Fitz broke his knuckles one by one on Jeff's iron jawbone and at last fell before him. When the broken bones knitted, the indomitable old blacksmith returned to the ring, the most profitable trade he knew. He fought several times a year with dwindling success, and battled for the last time, at the age of fifty-two, to a draw with Dan Sweeney, an obscure pugilist.

It was his simple, wholesome way of living that kept the blacksmith hale and hearty twenty years past the age when most fighters are retiring, their energies exhausted by their hard life in the ring—and out of it. Pneumonia ended his career when he was fifty-six, far from home, in a hospital at Cincinnati.

AS for Jeffries, many good judges believe that he was the best man that ever fought in the ring. Certainly he was the biggest and strongest that ever held the championship.

"Suppose," I said to Mike Donovan one day, "that Jeffries and Sullivan could be matched, each in his best condition; wouldn't Jeff beat John L.?"

"Hah!" Mike snorted. "If those two were to fight, each one at his best, all Central Park wouldn't be big enough for Jeff to run around in. I don't mean to disparage Jeffries, but there never was anyone in the Big Fellow's class. He blasted men to bits. There'll never be another John L. Sullivan."

Up to now Mike's prediction has held good, though some day doubtless as good a man as Sullivan will arise. May I be there to see! At all events, neither Jeff's great height nor his power meant anything to Tom Sharkey the Sailor but another chance to fight for the championship. Not quite 5 feet 9 and only 180 pounds to Jeff's 220, the Sailor was compact and tough as an oak. He had a keen eye for the dollars and knew the title would earn him a lot of them, and he would fight anything in shoe leather. The Sailor fought Jeff a few months after Jeff beat Fitzsimmons.

Jeffries was badly handicapped that night. A few days before he had tried to stop a heavy medicine ball thrown by his husky brother Jack. The ball had flown wide and as it struck Jeff's outstretched left hand the shock had wrenched his elbow severely. Delaney had soaked the arm in hot water, but the joint was badly inflamed and whenever the champion hit with his left fist he suffered torture. Jeffries felt sure that he could win with one hand; so they did not ask a postponement.

THAT was why all through the fight the fellow waited for Sharkey to attack. He pretended to jab and hook with his left, but the blows were all bluffs and he did his work with straight right-hand drives. Hundreds of electric bulbs that lighted the ring for moving-picture cameras made the place hotter than a stokehold. The fight was a sad spectacle, with Sharkey always boring in and the giant hurling him back during the hour and forty minutes it lasted. Tom was still making the pace when the gong clanged the end of the twenty-fifth round.

Referee George Siler declared Jeffries the winner, and the crowd howled at him. I believed he was right. I was soon to see proof. Without a mark on him, the champion strolled off and took his friends to supper. Sharkey had to be helped out of the ring. When the last of our dispatches were off the wires I went around to the dressing room to see my friend Tom. On the rubdown couch the Sailor lay in a stupor, flat on his back, both eyes closed and swollen. White styptic powder to stop bleeding gave his battered face a ghastly hue. His right arm hung limp.

"You made a wonderful fight, Tom," I said, and took his hand. It was inert. Not a word from him. I tiptoed out, and presently Dr. Butler was called in.

"Two of Sharkey's ribs are fractured," the doctor said, "and two have 'green-twig' fractures. At the spine two or three ribs seem to be knocked out of their sockets, but the flesh is so swollen and painful that I cannot fully explore."

The referee was right.

Tom was never at his best after that awful pommeling, though he did knock out several good men.

In spite of his punishing power when he was at work, there was nothing ogreish about Jeffries out of the ring. He was an overgrown, modest boy, embarrassed by the admiration of the crowds. With his tremendous energy and simple habits, it looked as if he could keep the championship as long as he liked. He had beaten the best contenders, twice each for good measure.

Manager Brady hit upon a scheme. No actor on the stage could present the character of Davy Crockett as vividly as Champion Jeffries. He was a true woodsman, a mighty hunter. Brady had a play written and rehearsed with a good company, and Jeff was letter-perfect in a part that fitted him like his skin. As an added attraction, after the play the champion in ring togs boxed three rounds with a sparring partner. He did this with so much vigor that the partner was tottering at the end of the bout; so he needed two, working at alternate performances, to make the bout interesting to the public.

The play was a success on the coast and in New York. But before long Jeff grew tired of it all. " What's the championship? " he demanded, one night when I was with him. " There's no one to fight me, so I've got to act. A lot of yaps run after me to pound me on the back. They don't give a damn about me! I'm nobody. They're yelling for the champ. Well, I'm sick of it, and I'm going home in a few weeks. I'm through."

JEFFRIES was a man of his word. He abandoned Davy Crockett while it was still drawing crowds, and went home to his adored California. When the reporters asked him what about his title, he laughed.

" There's nobody to fight me," he said; " I don't care what becomes of it."

The champion came down from the heights in July, 1905, to referee the battle between little Jack Root and bulky Marvin Hart at Reno, Nevada. When Marvin knocked Jack out in twelve rounds, Jeffries declared him champion of the world. For all the authority he had, Jeff might as well have proclaimed Marvin king of Roumania!

In 1908 Tommy Burns, a light-heavyweight, knocked out Marvin Hart and took away his doubtful crown. Jack Johnson, a six-foot black man from Texas weighing 220 pounds, knocked out little Tommy at Sydney, Australia, and came home calling himself champion of the world. Sports writers, promoters, ring fans, and soon a large part of the American people began to clamor for a " White Hope." Tournaments were held, but out of the crowd of ambitious fellows no one was good enough for the job.

Men began to speculate about Jeffries. He had lived temperately, he was not yet thirty-five years old, his simple, rugged life had kept him in splendid health. He was the man to take the crown away from the black. Jeff's best friends, who knew the wasting effects of years without battle, urged him not to fight; or, if he must, to fit himself for the struggle

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Don't lie to me!
Who is he?"

"NO, I'm *not* crazy! You're spending my money to buy shirts for another man. And I can describe him exactly. He's four feet six inches high—got arms a foot long—and a neck the size of my wrist . . . . What am I driving at? Look at this shirt! It's been laundered only twice and it's shrunk like a wool sock. I tell you, woman, you're either in love with a midget—or you need some expert advice on how to buy shirts."

* * *

Shirts that shrink are a waste of money. Thank your lucky stars you need never buy such shirts again. For every Arrow Shirt is shrunk by Arrow's own Sanforizing Process—the only process of its kind—a process that guarantees *permanent* fit no matter how often the shirt is laundered. And by perfect fit, we mean *perfect* fit. Carefully tailored shoulders—correct arm lengths that show the proper half-inch of cuff below the coat sleeves—and a collar that makes other manufacturers turn green with envy.

For the secrets Arrow has learned in making four billion collars give Arrow Shirts the best-fitting, best-looking collar that ever graced a neck. And the collar is the part that the world sees—that makes or mars a shirt's style. Only Arrow Shirts have Arrow Collars. For a better fit—and a permanent fit—get Arrow Shirts. And remember, if it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't an Arrow Shirt. Try the Trump—Arrow's specially-woven broadcloth shirt at $1.95. With collar attached, or neckband for starched collars.

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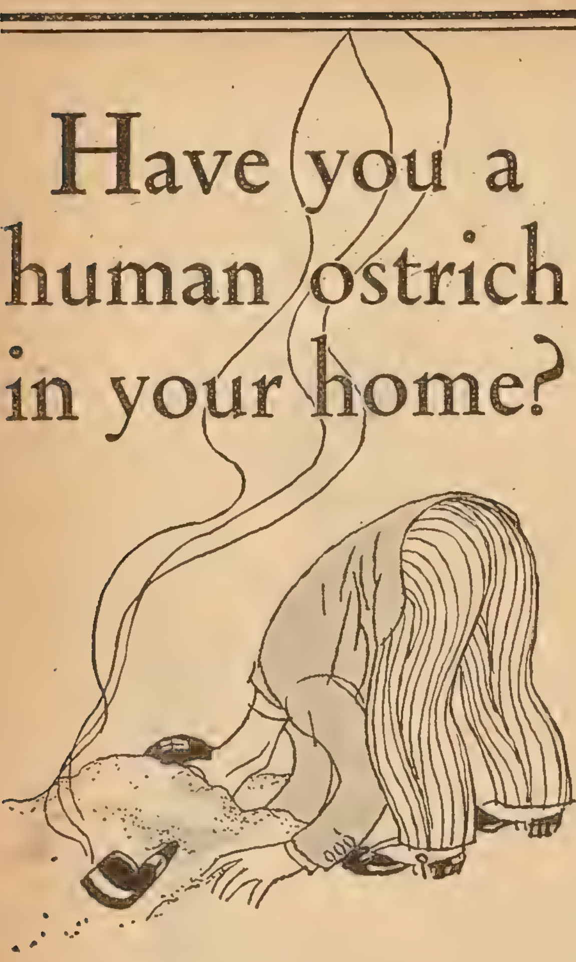
ARROW SHIRTS SANFORIZED SHRUNK

Guaranteed to fit you PERMANENTLY — *or your money back*

Have you a human ostrich in your home?



A HUMAN ostrich is a man who smokes an odoriferous crankcase he calls a pipe. Oddly enough, such men go through life thinking no one gets the deadly vapour of their facial volcanoes.

If you know any human ostriches, put them wise to the *mild* tobacco that has stepped into the front rank in three years.

It's called Sir Walter Raleigh, and it's worthy of the noblest name in tobacco history. It's a marvelous blend of Kentucky Burleys. It behaves so well in a good pipe that experienced smokers are turning to it by thousands.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
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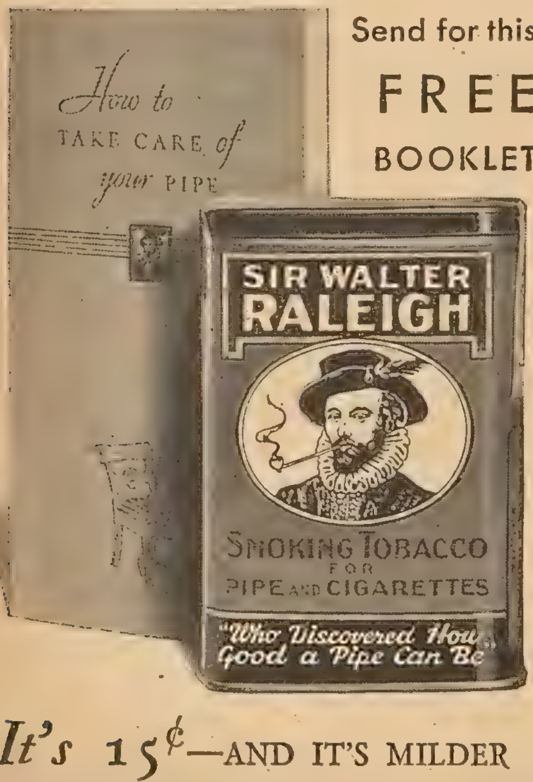
Send for this FREE BOOKLET


How to take care of your pipe
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTES
"Who Discovered How Good a Pipe Can Be"

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

[LANKY BOB AND THE BOILERMAKER
Continued from page twenty-nine]

by battles with second-raters. Jeff laughed at the idea.

When he was in his prime Jack Johnson had begged him to fight; but the champion hated the drudgery of training.

“Here,” he said to the Negro; “I'll go down in the cellar with you right now, and whoever is able to walk up will be the winner.”

“Oh, no, Mistah Jeff,” Jack replied. “I'm no cellar fightah. I want a reg'lar fight.”

“If I don't knock you out I'll give you ten thousand dollars,” Jeff mocked.

Johnson went away unsatisfied.

The public, always hungry for a spectacle and knowing nothing about the game, were murmuring now against Jeffries. Was he too lazy to defend the honor of the white race? Was he afraid of the big Negro? Newspapers found good circulation in the subject and published columns about it. Reporters haunted the big woodsman and wanted to know when he would fight. He began to take the question seriously. After all, he would get $100,000 or more. At last, early in the spring of 1910, he met the promoters in New York.

TEX RICKARD took the floor. He would pay $101,000 for this fight, he said. It was the biggest purse ever offered. Jeffries accepted. Johnson came to the meeting late and alone. His step was slow and hesitating, his manner humble.

“Want to fight, do you?” Jeffries growled.

“Yes, Mistah Jeff,” Johnson replied meekly.

“Then sign your name there,” Jeffries ordered; and the black man sat down and signed.

Rickard arranged to hold the battle in California, but at the last minute, with the arena half built, the governor forbade the fight and Rickard had to transfer it to Reno, Nevada. In spite of this drawback, a big enough crowd turned out on July 4 for the battle to yield more than $270,000. Men were there from all the world. The betting was three to one on the old champion.

The odds were foolish, as usual. Jeffries had done nothing to make up for seven years without battle practice. On the day before the fight he went far up in the hills alone, to fish and think. He was moody and silent when he left camp, and when he returned his friends could not break through the gloom that hung over him. He ate little supper and his sleep was broken. He was haggard when he started for the ring.

JOHNSON, humble no longer, came in grinning and waving to his few friends. It was Jeffries who worried. Yet he began the attack, made the pace, and hit Johnson often. But the old force was not in his blows and the Negro tied his arms in wearying clinches and struck him many times in the body. Johnson's ripping right uppercuts jarred the iron jaws that Fitz could not hurt. In the midst of the unequal struggle, Jim Corbett shouted: “Now you've got him, Jeff! He's weakening!”

“Mistah Cawbett,” said Johnson, settling himself comfortably in a safe clinch and grinning amiably—“Mistah Cawbett, soon's I finish Mistah Jeff, you c'n come in here and I'll fix you, too.”

In the fifteenth round Jeffries fell exhausted, and he was counted out. Rickard and the moving-picture people paid him $117,000, but nothing could repay him for the humiliation he suffered.

He returned to his home and the hills, and there he lives today at peace and reasonably content.

An article on Jack Dempsey, to appear in an early issue, will conclude this series by Mr. Inglis.

Liberty now offers $100 to $500 Apiece *for* Short Short Stories

THEY should be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 2,000 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be the minimum price paid for any accepted and published. Five hundred dollars will be the maximum. Each story is to be judged solely on its merits.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

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And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, LINCOLN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

Before Ten Thirty

A Short Short Story

By

ORVILLE WESTON

(Reading time: 5 min. 29 sec.)

EVERY night for nearly two months he had worked on it. Now, at last, it lay on the table before him—finished! Boris stood back and regarded it with a critical eye. He picked it up; it was exactly the right weight. He shook it gently; it gave forth no sound. He held it to his ear, listened attentively; he could hear nothing.

"Good," he muttered. "It will do."

It was two hours past midnight. Plenty of time. Boris worked slowly.

On the table were a sheet of heavy paper, a ball of cord, a cardboard box. Boris put on a pair of gloves. He placed the thing he had made in the box, slipped the cover on. He wrapped the box in the paper and tied it with the cord. With a pencil he wrote on the package:

FOR MAYOR MAC SWEENEY
HAPPY BIRTHDAY—FROM A FRIEND

This done, he looked at his watch. Ten minutes past two. He slumped into a chair. There, under the flickering gas jet in his dilapidated room, he waited.

He waited until three o'clock. At three o'clock he arose. He pulled on his overcoat and turned the collar up. He put on his hat and turned the brim down. He lifted the package carefully and stole out into the darkness.

The streets were black, silent, deserted. He walked, furtively, six blocks north. He walked, even more furtively, ten blocks west. There, in the dark, he stopped. Before him, its outlines vague in the murk, was a house.

Slowly, with infinite care, he approached the house, reached it. Steps, leading to a porch, loomed hazily before him. He climbed them, making no sound. He crossed the porch on tiptoes. He felt his way, one slow step by one slow step, past a window. There, in the shadows before the door of Mayor Patrick MacSweeney's home, he left the package.

Then he stole back to his room, and went to bed. . . .

The day so strangely begun by Boris Stanislov—a Sunday in November—was the birthday of Patrick MacSweeney, the best beloved mayor the little city had ever known. Every year the newspapers called attention to the approach of that birthday. Tomorrow's editions would feature it, with the usual interviews and the list of "Mac's" many gifts and his guests throughout the day.

Or would they? *Would* the newspapers feature that "happy event"?

Boris Stanislov did not think so.

Six years ago—when MacSweeney was district attorney—Boris had knifed a man. He was then, as now, a cook—a pastry cook—at a downtown hotel: the Imperial. His associates knew him as a man of violent temper: surly, vindictive. To the police he was known as a Russian, a radical, a suspect in a number of murders where explosives had been employed; a hard man to handle. MacSweeney had sent him up for five years.

And Boris still hated MacSweeney.

Lying on his bed, he stared into the dark, thinking of MacSweeney—and the package on MacSweeney's porch.

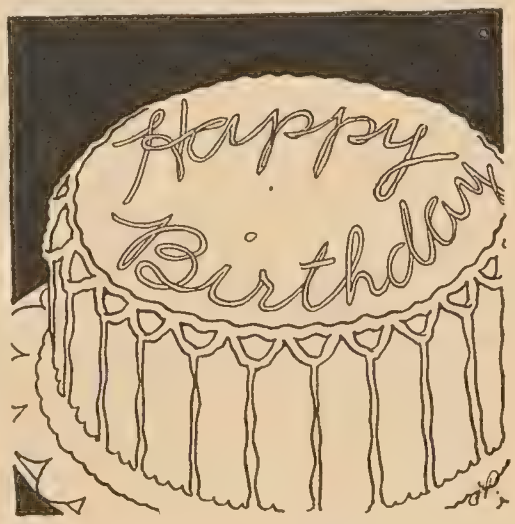
After a time he went to sleep.

In the package on MacSweeney's porch was a cake, just such a cake as Boris Stanislov produced by the score every day in the kitchen of the Hotel Imperial: a glittering white beauty—large, and smooth, and round—across the top of which, in letters of heavy pink frosting, sprawled the words: Happy Birthday.

Beneath those words lay a light metal container, six ounces of nitroglycerin, and a time clock.

Three hours later, while he was dressing, Boris Stanislov was arrested. He was taken to headquarters. He was booked, charged with murder—a crime of which, to his vast relief, he knew nothing.

He was led to a cell, locked in. In the cell were a cot and chair. The cell was dark. Boris drew the chair up to the grating and sat down.



On the wall of the corridor, where he could just see it, was a clock. Boris—nervous, vibrant with expectancy—watched it. From time to time new arrivals were led past, locked in near-by cells. Boris, eyes on the clock, gave them not even a glance.

Eight thirty. . . . Eight forty-five. . . . Nine. . . . How slowly the hands of the clock moved! . . . Nine fifteen. . . . Nine thirty. . . . *Patrick MacSweeney had just one more hour to live!* . . . Nine forty-five. . . . Ten. . . . Ten fifteen. . . . At last the time was approaching. . . .

The door at the end of the corridor clanged open. Two men walked in. The shorter of the two spoke. His voice was hard, ironic. "Well, pals"—he addressed the cells in general—"you're a lucky lot of stiffs *today!*"

"Oh, yeah?"—this from the other end of the room.

"Ye-*ah!*" The newcomer laughed. "MacSweeney's havin' a birthday. So you babies get a swell feed—right from the old boy's house." Boris' eyes left the clock; he listened.

"You wouldn't kid us, brother!" from another cell.

"Nope, sweetheart. Straight dope. Mac got a batch of birthday grub wished on him, an' the missus just sent the whole damn' shebang here. Ought to see it—turkeys, an' cakes, an' chickens, an'—"

Boris leaped from his chair. Cakes! *Cakes!* And from MacSweeney's house! He shot a frenzied look at the clock. *Ten twenty-five.* In exactly five more minutes—

The two men, moving slowly, were nearing his cell. "Here, *you!*" Boris hissed. "Come here, quick!" He glanced toward the clock again. Nearly a minute gone!

The taller of the two strolled up, regarding Boris curiously. "What's eatin' *you,* bo?" he inquired.

"Those cakes!" Boris' voice was hoarse from terror. "Those cakes from MacSweeney's! *One's a bomb!* It'll blow us to hell right away! Get them *all* in water, *quick!*"

The short man came over. "Blow us to hell?" he repeated. "What makes you think so, my friend?"

"I know! I know!" Boris screamed. "Get them in water! Get them *all* in water! *Run! Run! Run!*"

The tall man smiled. He spoke slowly: "How come you're so interested in *bombs,* brother? You're supposed to be a *pastry cook,* ain't you?"

Boris clutched frantically at the bars. Perspiration streamed down his face. "I made it!" he gasped. "I made it! I did it—to get MacSweeney. Now run—run like hell, for God's sake!"

"Why hurry?" drawled the short man. "We *thought* one of you babies we yanked down here this morning might know somethin' about that 'cake.' It's been soakin' for about four hours."

THE END

A GIRL
Ca

By
ROSAMOND DUJARDIN

(Reading time: 29 minutes 5 seconds.)

LYNN ROGERS lay face down on the davenport and wept till her handkerchief was a small sodden ball and her eyelids all puffy and her nose quite pink. No sound disturbed the morning quiet of the rambling old house but Lynn's stormy sobbing. She was quite alone. Thank Heaven for that, thought Lynn miserably. And then startlingly, impossibly, a very matter-of-fact voice directly beside her exclaimed, "My dear child, whatever is the matter?"

Lynn gasped. She sat up so suddenly that she almost bumped into a very slim, beautifully dressed woman with the blackest eyes and the whitest hair and the smartest hat Lynn had ever seen. "Oh—why—who—"

"Wait," said the very smart lady in a calming sort of voice. "You're quite incoherent. I suppose I did startle you. But it's all right, really. I rang and rang, and no one came—possibly the bell doesn't work. And the door was unlocked, so I walked in. Have a cigarette? I find it helps considerably when I feel that way."

"I don't smoke, thank you." Lynn waved away the proffered case and continued to regard this unexpected apparition with amazed incredulity. "But—who are you?"

"I'm Sabina Russell. I suppose you're Lynn, so that makes me your Aunt Sabina. But what's wrong?"

Lynn said "Oh!" in a very small voice indeed. She knew quite well who Sabina Russell was, although she had never seen her before. Sabina Russell was the black sheep of Lynn's mother's family. Sabina had been married four times and had a great deal of money and lived in a penthouse in New York. Occasionally she wrote long, rather disjointed letters to her sister, but the bonds between them had worn very thin with the passing years.

How she happened to be here now Lynn couldn't imagine. She knew that her parents disapproved of Aunt Sabina entirely. Personally, she had always entertained a secret notion that she might be interesting. Not admirable, of course, but—interesting. So now she regarded her aunt curiously.

Sabina Russell was ugly in the same sublimely self-assured manner that a French fashion drawing is ugly. She had a thin aristocratic nose and a wide humorous mouth and very long jade earrings. Under Lynn's direct gaze, she selected a cigarette, lit it, and sat down calmly on the opposite end of the davenport.

Lynn became suddenly conscious of how she must look. She tried to smooth down her crumpled linen frock, and Sabina remarked cheerfully, "Don't bother. You look ghastly, but I don't mind. Isn't Louise at home?"

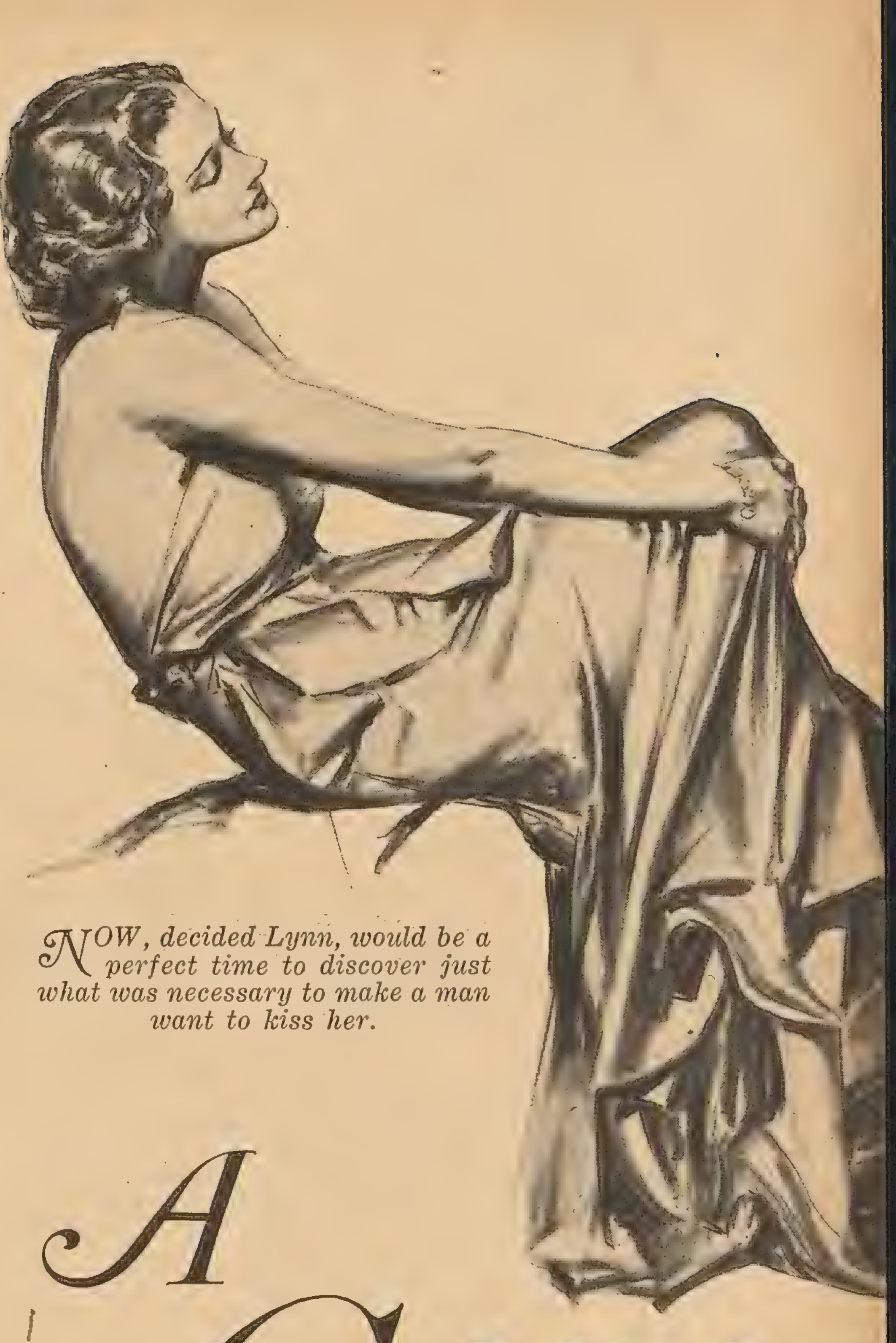
Lynn remembered her manners.

"Mother and father left early this morning for Colorado," she explained regretfully. "On a vacation. I'm here alone, but—I'm very glad to see you."

"Never mind," said Sabina Russell knowingly. "I can well imagine just how glad you are to see me—especially at the moment. You needn't bother to be polite about it. You see, I had no intention of coming, only I saw this sign. I was on my way home from a terribly dull house party—at my age I should have more sense than to go to house parties—and right through the car window I saw this sign that said, 'Hinsville—15 Miles,' so it seemed a shame not to drive over. But, Lynn, I don't want to appear inquisitive—although, of course, I am—but you must have been crying about something."

"Oh, yes," Lynn admitted uncomfortably. "I—I don't cry like this often."

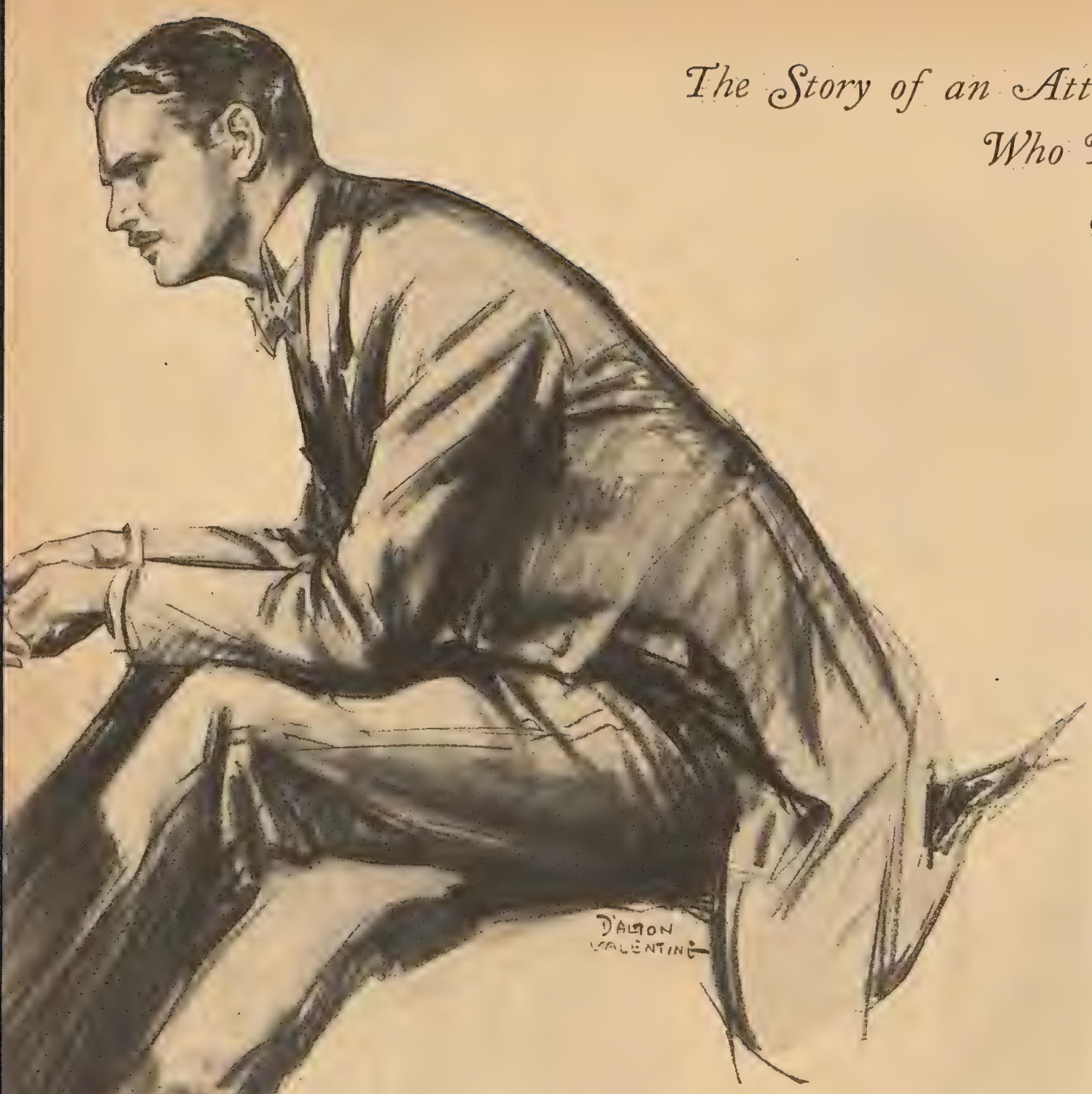
"I should hope not," said Sabina. "It wouldn't do at all. I can see that. But why are you now?"



NOW, decided Lynn, would be a perfect time to discover just what was necessary to make a man want to kiss her.

Lynn raised her eyes rather wistfully to her aunt's face. Sabina looked very serious. She seemed actually sympathetic. It really mattered to her that a girl she had never seen until that minute was unhappy And, realized Lynn suddenly, it would be nice to confide i someone, to unburden herself completely to someone, especiall someone she would, in all probability, never see again There was something almost fatalistic about it. She wa miserable. She was alone. She wouldn't have admitted he unhappiness, her humiliation to anyone she knew. And then— suddenly, almost miraculously—here was Aunt Sabina. An there was no use whatever of dissembling. Sabina had see the worst. She might just as well know what it was all about It would, now that Lynn thought about it, even help a little bi to talk about it. And what difference could it possibl make?

The Story of an Attractive Young Woman Who Buried Her Conscience and Found Happiness



Pictures by
D'ALTON VALENTINE

Can Be Too
eful

Lynn said very low, rather hesitantly, “You'd—really like to know?”

“My dear, I'll almost surely die of curiosity if ou don't tell me. I'm horribly inquisitive.”

“Well, it's about a man,” said Lynn, looking down at her rumpled handkerchief and swallowing very hard. “His ame's John Thorpe, and he's terribly handsome and very in-elligent. I—I l-love him. We've known each other—that is, e've sort of gone around together—for five years.”

“Five years?” said Aunt Sabina with an odd rising inflection. Lynn looked up at her sharply, but she didn't appear amused.

“Five years,” Lynn went on firmly. “He—I'm quite sure e admires me, Aunt Sabina. He's often said I have the finest ind of any girl he ever knew. We're—on the same plane entally. He's awfully interesting.”

“He must be,” said Sabina Russell dryly, but she still didn't look amused. “You're engaged?”

“Oh, no,” said Lynn in a little wailing tone. “Our—our friendship has always been on a more mental plane, if you know what I mean. But—it seems like—after five years—well, I—I rather wish we were engaged.” Lynn blushed faintly when she admitted this. “But John's never said anything about—being engaged or—or getting married. He's never kissed me, or anything like that. In fact”—Lynn spoke suddenly through set teeth—“I've never been kissed at all.”

“How old are you?” asked Sabina, but still she didn't look amused.

“I'm twenty-three,” admitted Lynn morosely. “I'm—I know I'm not very attractive—and I never cared what m-men thought about me till I met John. And then—it seemed as though everything was going to be all right. But lately—well, five years is quite a long time, and I thought—oh, I was shameless, I know, but I thought maybe if I—sort of helped things along—”

Lynn paused in evident confusion, and after a moment's complete silence Aunt Sabina said gently, remindingly, “Yes?”

“So last night,” Lynn went on hesitantly, “it was simply marvelous. Stars and a moon—and we sat in the garden near the honeysuckle bushes, and we could hear some awfully soft music from somewhere far off, and—” Here Lynn's voice almost failed, but after a moment's hesitation she went resolutely on: “I—oh, I know it wasn't nice and I've never acted that way before, but—the night and everything—anyway, I felt so funny. I—I said I was cold, and when John offered to get me a wrap I told him not to bother, and I sort of put my hand on his arm and—and moved a little closer to him on the bench where we were sitting, and—he went right on discussing Proust as though I wasn't there! He wasn't even conscious of what I was doing. It would have been such a marvelous night for a p-proposal. I've felt awful ever since! And this morning, when mother and father left and I was all alone, I just couldn't keep from—from crying.”

“IT was a good opportunity,” admitted Sabina. “And then I had to come barging in on your privacy. But I'm not sorry, really, and I do appreciate your telling me all about it. But—I don't quite understand. You feel there was something—wrong about your actions last night?”

“But I never did it before, Aunt Sabina,” Lynn assured her earnestly. “I've never—felt that way before. It was just—”

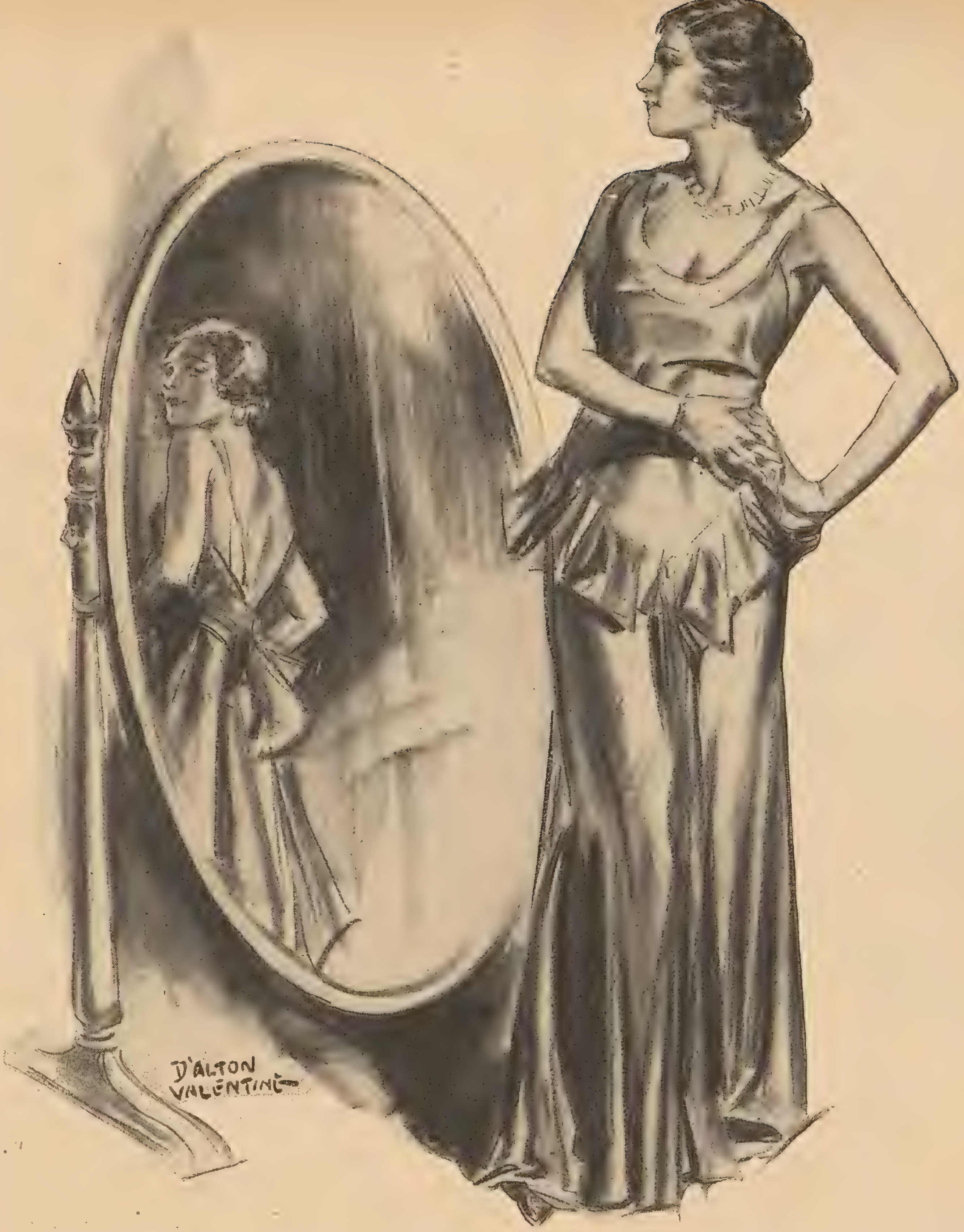
“Wait,” requested Sabina, staring at her niece in a very peculiar manner indeed. “I'm not asking for explanations, my dear. I'm just rather incredulous. I thought—but, anyway, don't imagine for a minute that I blame you. What's wrong with this young man, anyway?”

“Oh, it isn't John,” insisted Lynn loyally. “John's really wonderful. It's just—well, the trouble is, I'm not the sort of a girl a man loves, I guess. Or why—”

“Nonsense!” exclaimed Aunt Sabina angrily. “My dear child, you have the most virulent inferiority complex I've ever encountered. Who says you're not attractive? Any woman can be attractive, more or less. And I'd say, offhand, that you were very good raw material. It's the way you've been brought up that makes me angry. What can Louise have been thinking of?”

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A GIRL CAN BE TOO CAREFUL
Cont'd from page thirty-three



Lynn had difficulty in believing that it was her own image she was regarding.

"Oh, but mother and father are awfully sweet to me, really," said Lynn, rather on the defensive. "Of course they—well, they don't approve of a lot of things that girls do nowadays."

"I suspected that," said Aunt Sabina in a decidedly exasperated tone. "And you have that meek sort of disposition— But it does seem a shame, when you want this young man—although he doesn't sound so promising to me—"

"I guess," said Lynn in a fervent voice, "it's just that our friendship is more platonic."

"Platonic!" said Sabina Russell in what almost amounted to a snort. "But what I want to know is, what are you going to do while Louise and your father are away? And, by the way, how did they ever happen to leave you alone?"

"OH, but I'm not going to stay alone," said Lynn. "They wouldn't have dreamed of leaving me alone! But I did want them to go, and I'd been to Colorado a couple of years ago with some girls, so—I'm going to stay with the Merriwells."

"Who are the Merriwells?" inquired Aunt Sabina coldly. "And why couldn't you just as well stay with me? I'm your own aunt, you know."

"With—with you?" gasped Lynn. "Why, it wouldn't occur to them to leave me with you—I mean they hadn't seen you in years. The Merriwells are an elderly couple—"

"That settles it," said Sabina firmly. "An elderly couple, indeed! I simply won't hear of it. Pack your things at once, and we'll explain to this elderly couple that you're going to New York with your aunt instead— You'd like to visit me, wouldn't you?" she broke off sharply to inquire.

"Why—why, yes," Lynn said in a thrilled tone. She was trying to remember what else she had heard about Aunt Sabina besides the four husbands and the penthouse. "I'd love to go. But really—"

"Fine," said Sabina cheerfully. "And listen. Do you realize how much good a little absence will do this John person?"

"Do you really think so?" asked Lynn hesitantly.

"I know it. A woman, unless she is a congenital idiot, can't be married four times and not pick up a little general knowledge of men. It will do him worlds of good. John has been taking you for granted—he sounds exactly like the type that would take a woman for granted. And another thing. All this bosh about your being unattractive! You're not unattractive. You just haven't developed your possibilities. Your eyes are good, and your nose. Your mouth isn't bad at all. And there's a man in New York named Georges—he could do wonders with your hair. And then, with the right clothes, you could be rather lovely, my dear."

Lynn regarded her aunt with suddenly shining eyes. Aunt Sabina seemed entirely serious and even practically sane. She was very much in earnest. Lynn heaved a tremulous sigh. If there was someone in New York who could do marvels with her hair, if her mouth wasn't bad, if her eyes were really good, if she could be rather lovely—why, it would be simply flying in the face of providence to refuse this unbelievable invitation. And if a little absence would make John more aware of her— She had never cared a great deal for the Merriwells anyway. . . .

ALL the way to New York Aunt Sabina made plans. She was like a worldly-wise, white-haired child with a new plaything. Lynn, sitting there deep in the cushions of Aunt Sabina's luxurious limousine, her rather dazzled gaze resting on the chauffeur's well tailored back, had difficulty in realizing that this was all actually happening. There was an enchanting air of impossibility about the whole matter. Nevertheless, she listened enthusiastically to all Aunt Sabina's plans—although she felt sure that she was a great deal too confident.

"I always knew I was making a mistake in not having a daughter," Sabina Russell admitted. "But you will more than do. What fun I'm going to have! I feel like the fairy godmother with just a dash of Svengali thrown in. Because we're going to change your whole personality, my dear. Do you mind?"

It seemed Lynn didn't. She had never cared a lot for it, anyway.

"You have too many inhibitions. Of course, clothes will help a great deal."

"Mother has always paid rather a lot for my clothes," Lynn pointed out.

"What has that to do with it?" Sabina wanted to know. "You should never wear tweeds, if you don't mind my being frank. That suit you have on—it may be an expensive suit, but it just isn't for you. Yours is a romantic temperament; you should dress the part."

Lynn's eyes grew quite round with astonishment. She said, "Romantic? I?"

"Of course. You have dark eyes, dark hair. You're rather tall and very slim. Of course you're the romantic type."

"I'm glad," said Lynn happily. "It sounds lovely, to hear you say it."

"And make-up," went on Aunt Sabina. "What you have to learn about make-up! And color. I can picture you in a deep wine red—"

LYNN closed her eyes and tried to picture herself in a deep wine red—and failed completely.

"But clothes aren't all," Aunt Sabina informed her solemnly, and Lynn opened her eyes with interest. "As I said before, you have inhibitions. You're too careful. Just being with you this short time, it is perfectly evident to me. Careful people may be safe enough, but they never have fun. And fun, my dear, is much to be preferred to safety."

"Yes?" inquired Lynn in surprise.

"Of course. Oh, I don't mean the idea should be carried too far; but a conscience, at least a conscience as highly developed as yours, can be a terrific nuisance. We must," said Sabina very firmly, "do something about your conscience. The very idea of your being ashamed of putting your hand on a man's arm and telling him you're chilly! Yes, indeed; a conscience like that must be squelched!"

"But—" began Lynn.

"I have it!" exclaimed Sabina. "We'll make a rule for you to remember. Whenever you have an opportunity to do a thing, and you feel definitely that you shouldn't—you must do it! For instance, if a man says, 'Lynn darling, you're beautiful. Let's go out on the terrace,' and you feel you'd better not—go out on the terrace by all means."

"Fancy," said Lynn dreamily, "a man saying that to me."

"And you need confidence," said Aunt Sabina. "A great deal of confidence. Why on earth shouldn't a man tell you you're beautiful? When we get through you will be. Let's see, today's Tuesday. We'll be home in an hour or so. We can shop this afternoon and tomorrow and—well, by Friday at the latest we should be ready. I'll give a dinner Friday night and you can meet people. Men—young men."

"Aunt Sabina," said Lynn, with an earnestness that was really touching, "if you can help me, inprove me, so that John will—will want—"

"That's right," said Sabina, a shade regretfully. "I had quite forgotten John. It's really too bad. I know some awfully charming men— But, anyway, you'll want to meet them. You need practice, lots of practice, and when a woman is practicing ways and means to get a man, the very best objects to practice on are men. I know I'm going to have the time of my life! I can feel it." . . .

It was Friday night. For two days Lynn had been swept along in a mad rush of preparation. She had been manicured; she had had facials; she had been massaged; she had been fitted; and she had had her hair done by Georges. It had all been quite heavenly. And now she

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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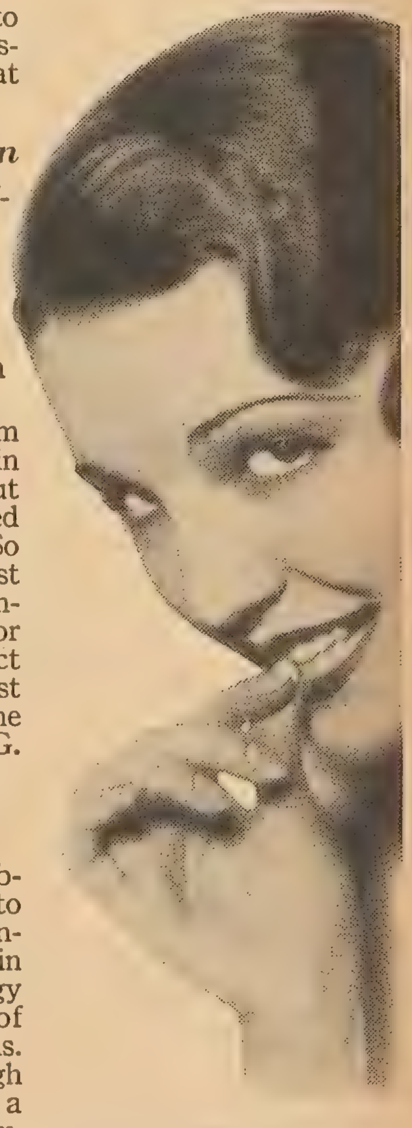

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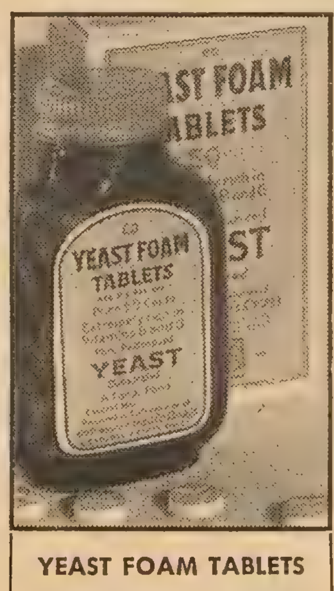

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A GIRL CAN BE TOO CAREFUL
Continued from page thirty-five

stood before a long mirror in the green-and-ebony vastness of her bedroom and viewed the result. The result was heavenly, too.

The only trouble was, Lynn had difficulty in believing that it was her own image she was regarding. There was something uncanny about it. For instance, she was certain her lashes had never been that long before, nor her eyes so deeply, mysteriously dark, nor her mouth so provocative. It was really remarkable, reflected Lynn, what could be done with the contents of the various jars and bottles on Aunt Sabina's modernistic dressing table. As for her gown, it was a deep, rich wine color, just such as Sabina had described, and it had practically no back and no more front than was absolutely necessary, but a great deal of gracefully flaring skirt.

"Didn't I tell you?" queried Aunt Sabina with an air of positive smugness. "You're beautiful, my dear, and don't think for a moment that no one will notice it. And I just want to remind you once more—"

"I know," said Lynn. "When I'm in doubt what to do or say, I'm to look at the man through my lashes. Like this?"

"Exactly," said Sabina approvingly. "Only don't waste it on me. And remember about your conscience—"

"Reversed decisions," said Lynn firmly.

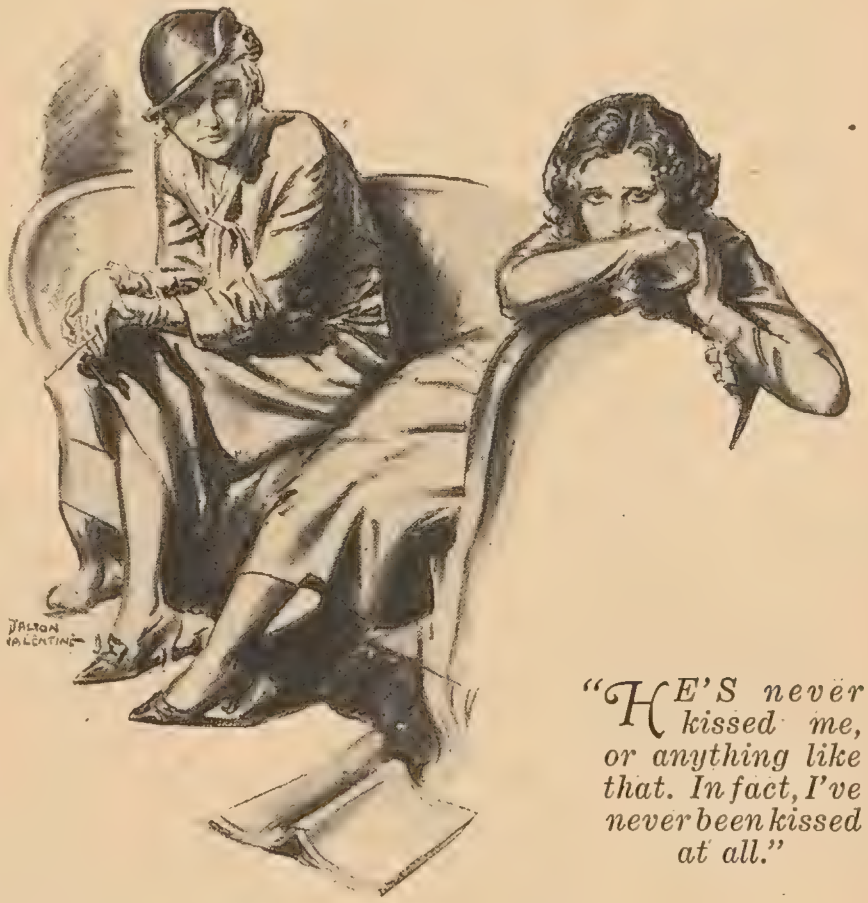
"OH, yes, and there was one thing more," said Sabina. "I almost forgot to warn you. Don't practice on Jerry Prentiss."

"Why?" inquired Lynn wonderingly. "Who's he?"

"He's dynamite," said Sabina succinctly. "That's why I'm warning you. Very handsome, if you care for the long, lean, dangerous-looking type. Very attractive. Wealthy. But nothing for inexperienced little girls like you to play around with. You might get singed. I can't describe just what it is about him. He seems to love wisely but not well enough. Lots of women who have prided themselves that they were exempt have started out with the avowed intention of merely adding Jerry's scalp to their collections, and then—blooey! The next thing you know, Jerry's left for the South Seas on his yacht, ostensibly to get over it, but in reality he's being big-hearted enough to fade out of the picture till another brokenhearted female gets over it. So, anyone but Jerry, my dear; and in case you don't catch his name I'll kick you—in a perfectly ladylike manner—when I introduce him."

Lynn said, "Oh." . . .

Lynn's ankle still ached slightly when she sat down to dinner. After all, Aunt Sabina needn't have been quite so thorough about that kick. And it was too absurd, anyway.



"HE'S never kissed me, or anything like that. In fact, I've never been kissed at all."

Maybe he was dynamite, but he wasn't half so handsome as John. His nose wasn't nearly so distinguished. He was too tall. He had a nice smile. Lynn glanced across the table at him and he was using it on a little brunette who seemed to be enjoying it immensely.

A very blond young man named Curt Baldwin sat on Lynn's left, a red-headed young man named Peter Mack on her right. Lynn was getting on very nicely. Both the young men were already openly adoring. They seemed to have difficulty in keeping their eyes off Lynn. Lynn liked it. Not being remotely aware that Sabina had artfully placed her between the two most susceptible men at the table, Lynn felt flattered. A wave of sublime self-confidence and assurance swept over her. Which was exactly what her aunt had counted on. A feeling like that could help a girl a lot, she knew; hence the harmless strategy. Unless Sabina was very much mistaken, Lynn would manage nicely now.

Lynn seemed to be doing so. All through dinner a sort of inner glow warmed and enveloped her. Perhaps the cocktail had something to do with it. Lynn had known perfectly well she shouldn't drink that cocktail, but working on Sabina's advice she had taken it. And actually she had never felt better. Light and airy and frivolous and fascinating. It was pleasant to have two such charming young men hanging on her slightest word, too. They were good-looking young men, but not—oh, not by any means so good-looking or so charming as John. Dear John! . . .

With the entrée, Peter Mack invited her to go to the Follies with him. Lynn looked searchingly at his open countenance and felt certain that it would be quite all right to go to the Follies with him; so she refused—in a perfectly alluring way, of course. But when, with the dessert, Curt Baldwin told her about a new night club in Harlem that was terrifically amusing and asked her if she'd care to see it, Lynn shuddered inwardly—and accepted. Aunt Sabina had been very specific in her instructions, and it did seem like a good system.

They had coffee in the drawing-room, and Lynn sat in a deep chair and fascinated several other young men. Since Peter and Curt remained true to her, she had quite a court. It was fun. And then suddenly the circle that surrounded her was augmented by another figure, very long and lean and correct, and with—yes, Lynn decided, now that she saw it at closer range—quite a nice smile. She experienced an intoxicating little thrill of triumph as she smiled back at him across Peter's shoulder. Even though Aunt Sabina had said positively, "Hands off," there was a certain undeniable achievement in having annexed him, no matter how fleetingly. Not that he seemed to have any immediate intention of fleeting. That became evident almost at once.

LYNN felt more elated than ever, because surely there could be no danger in such a perfectly discreet flirtation as this, surrounded as they were by an insistent sea of other males.

Gradually, and in a quite inexplicable manner, the other males began to evaporate. Whether it was because they resented such keen competition, or whether they merely perceived the hopelessness of sticking around when Jerry Prentiss had no intention of going, it is hard to say.

However, before very long Lynn found herself stranded with Jerry—if you could call it stranded. Once, when she was very young, she had got into the fireworks that were stored up for the Fourth-of-July Sunday-school picnic. Nothing at all had happened, since Lynn had no matches and would have been too terrified to use them if she had. But her sensations now brought it all back so vividly.

"I have spoken very severely to Sabina," said Jerry Prentiss solemnly, the while he regarded Lynn with an odd expression in his unexpectedly blue eyes. "But she claimed that she had only just discovered you herself, so perhaps I should take back some of my choicer epithets."

No one had ever said anything like that to Lynn before. She really hadn't the faintest idea what to answer. The oblique glance she gave Jerry beneath the dark screen of her lashes was a masterpiece of its kind. Sabina Russell, observing it from the other side of the room, choked slightly over her cigarette and shook her head urgently at Lynn. But Lynn wasn't looking at Sabina. . . .

She had tea with Jerry Prentiss the next day, and in the evening he happened to be at a dinner Sabina and she attended, so Lynn went on to three night clubs with him afterward.

"But I warned you," said her aunt reproachfully the following morning. "I said specifically that Jerry wouldn't do."

"But my conscience," Lynn pointed out reasonably. "It simply curls up its toes at the mere thought of Jerry—so I have to disobey it."

"Yes," said Sabina, with a little frown; "but doesn't your conscience react at all where anyone else is concerned?"

"Oh, yes," Lynn assured her. "I have a date tonight with that Curt Baldwin. Another night club. In Harlem."

"That's better." Sabina was obviously relieved. "Curt is much better for you to practice on. Do you like him?"

"Do I have to like them?" inquired Lynn in surprise. "I think they're all very nice, but—I only really like

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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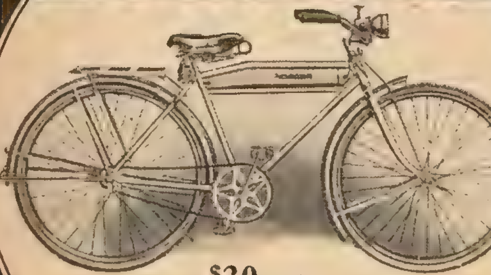

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[A GIRL CAN BE TOO CAREFUL
Continued from page thirty-seven]

John. Tomorrow I'm having luncheon with Jerry."

" I hate to sound auntish," said Sabina, practically wagging her head, " but—I feel you're making a mistake. You mustn't see too much of Jerry. It's not safe."

" Safe? " inquired Lynn, quirking an expressive eyebrow. " But, Aunt Sabina, nothing could be safer. And it's such wonderful experience for me. I feel as though going around with Jerry is the equivalent of a liberal education. And that's absolutely all I'm interested in him for—what he can teach me."

ROSAMOND DUJARDIN

author of this story, is a young married woman, mother of two children, and lives in Chicago. She has been a contributor to various publications since her high-school days.

" And what he can teach you! " pointed out Sabina. " Well, don't say I didn't warn you."

" But you don't understand," said Lynn earnestly. " Jerry doesn't fascinate me at all. He's not handsome, like John. I think I'll have to have John bring me to New York for our honeymoon, Aunt Sabina, so that you can meet a truly fascinating man. And John's so intelligent."

There was no use in arguing with her. And after all, Sabina realized, if the child felt like that about Jerry, he could amount to a liberal education.

Lynn had a marvelous time in New York, but when she had been there two weeks she decided that she wanted to go home.

She had some very effective clothes, she felt ever so much wiser than when she had arrived, and—she missed John.

The last night of her stay, she and Jerry Prentiss stood on the impossible terrace of Sabina's penthouse, that was thirty-eight stories above the street, and looked out over the city. Below were lights and above were stars and there was a soft little breeze and it was all unbelievably wonderful. Lynn said as much.

Jerry said, " Is it? I hadn't noticed."

THERE was something in Jerry's voice— Now, decided Lynn, would be an absolutely perfect time to discover just exactly what was necessary to make a man want to kiss her.

" It is quite wonderful," said Lynn softly. " You should be more observant."

" Observant? " repeated Jerry. " You have no idea how observant I am. For instance, you have the loveliest dark eyes and quite remarkable hair and—there is a spot just at the base of your throat, right there "—Jerry touched it gently—" that I've wanted to kiss for—longer than you'd imagine."

Lynn's conscience, in a sudden furor of activity, spoke very severely indeed. Lynn's conscience said, " Say something. Say something at once. Say anything! "

Lynn said nothing. She merely regarded Jerry Prentiss quizzically and tilted her head back ever so slightly. It surprised her, rather, to find out how little was necessary. Jerry's lips brushed the little spot very tenderly, and then Lynn found herself crushed in a close embrace and he was kissing her mouth—rather hard, not unpleasantly, in fact quite wonderfully. For a moment Lynn couldn't think at all, and then it occurred to her how much more wonderful it would be when John did it.

" You're so beautiful." Jerry's voice was oddly husky, more serious than Lynn had ever known it to be. " I—I'm mad about you. Did you know that? "

Lynn said, " No."

" Well, now you know it," Jerry informed her. " I love you, Lynn. What are we going to do about it? "

" WHAT? " repeated Lynn, although her conscience was beginning to trouble her again. He sounded awfully serious. If Sabina hadn't told her about the South Seas and the heartbroken ladies—

" D'you know what I want to do—more than anything in the world? " Jerry was still holding her very close, still talking with his lips against her hair. " I'll tell you, darling. Couldn't we—run away? Just the two of us? I've an old yacht I've had forever— Wouldn't it be heaven? We'd sail south, and we'd see such dawns and such sunsets—I can't do justice to it with words. But—would you, Lynn? "

Lynn said, " Sorry, Jerry. I'm—afraid not."

" You mean," said Jerry Prentiss in an oddly humble tone, " you—don't like me? "

" Oh, I—I like you," admitted Lynn. " But—"

She wondered why her voice sounded so thick, why her throat felt so funny.

And then there was a discreet cough at her elbow, and Jerry released her with a positively murderous look at the butler who stood there.

" A Mr. Thorpe to see you, Miss Rogers," said the butler.

" Mr. Thorpe! " exclaimed Lynn in glad surprise. Why, this was too wonderful. John here—now! " Oh, send him out here, Everts. I'll wait. Hurry."

Everts departed.

" And that—lets me out, I suppose? " Jerry's tone was curiously ragged.

" Did you—have to sound quite so pleased to see—this Thorpe? I'll be going. Good-by, Lynn."

He held out his hand and Lynn put hers into it. He—he did this awfully well, she thought. He made her feel ashamed, almost, for not being willing to go with him on this idyllic if quite unconventional cruise. It was funny, in a way. Lynn winked her eyes very fast.

Some women would find him almost irresistibly appealing as he stood there for a long moment, crushing her hand in his, and then without another word turned and left. She wouldn't see him again.

"G-good-by, Jerry," said Lynn very softly.

And then there was John looming up beside her in the darkness. Dear John!

"This is so marvelous," said Lynn, hoping that John wouldn't notice how quavery her voice sounded. She gave him her hand—the same hand.

"Well, Lynn." John shook the hand decorously and released it. "It's fine to see you."

Lynn observed, rather to her surprise, that John was frowning at her. She glanced down at herself to discover the cause of this disapproval. There seemed to be no cause. Her white satin gown fitted her like a shining sheath. A trifle guiltily she patted her hair into place with deft fingers.

Then she raised her eyes to his once more and regarded him for a long moment beneath the dark crescents of her lashes.

"And—how are things in Hinsville?" inquired Lynn politely.

"Just the same," said John in a rather cold tone. "But—you've changed, Lynn. And did you know your father and mother are very worried about you?"

"Worried?" repeated Lynn. "But I wrote them all about my coming here, and about Aunt Sabina."

"Exactly," said John. "And you know what they think of your aunt. They have never approved of her. They are seriously alarmed about your seeming so—so completely under her influence. They wired me. So I came to find out—what was going on. Naturally, the influence your aunt is exerting wouldn't be the right sort. You seem so different, Lynn. I don't like it at all. I want you to come back to Hinsville with me. I want you to be my wife."

"And—was that all?" inquired Lynn in an odd tone.

SHE came a very little bit closer to John Thorpe. She let her head tilt back ever so slightly. John's arms closed around her, John's lips met hers—and Lynn pushed him away frantically and a little breathless sob caught in her throat. When she spoke, in answer to the look of dumfounded amazement in John's face, her voice was light, flippant almost, but with a curious little tremor underlying its frivolity.

Lynn said, "Sorry, John—my mistake," and without another word turned and left him.

There were people inside. There were always people around, it seemed to Lynn. And she didn't want people. She wanted to be quite alone. She had to think.

She slipped through the drawing-room as unobtrusively as possible; she snatched up a little velvet wrap; she rang for an elevator.

A taxi was as good a place to think in as any. Lynn hailed one. She told the driver to drive around, and he did.

He drove through Central Park, and Lynn decided definitely that the only possible course was for her to go back to Hinsville as soon as possible.

They drove along a noisy, brightly lighted thoroughfare, and she knew she couldn't go home.

They stopped for a traffic light, and she realized that she'd have to go home—there wasn't anything else she could do.

The light flashed green, and Lynn leaned her head against the back of the rather shabby seat and two tears squeezed themselves from beneath her lashes.

IF only she didn't have a conscience! If only she didn't have to think. If she could just obey her heart—But she couldn't. She thought till she couldn't think any more. Her head ached; there was a lump in her throat.

She sat up and gave the driver an address.

After that she didn't think at all. Her mind felt numb. There was no use fighting any longer. She had to go to Jerry. All her life she had been careful—she had never done anything rash or reckless—and now she was running amuck. But there didn't seem to be anything she could do about it.

She should have been warned when she felt so—so—well, the way she had felt when Jerry kissed her: that she'd been singed. But it had taken another look at John, and his kiss—

"This is the place, miss," the taxi driver informed her.

Jerry opened the door to her himself. Jerry said, "My God, darling, what's the matter?" Jerry drew her inside and shut the door behind her and stood there regarding her hungrily, haggardly.

"I love you, Jerry," said Lynn, clinging to him. "I—I just found out. When I kissed John—I knew. I can't help it. I don't care about—anything but you! I'm—so miserable—"

"Darling!" Jerry gathered her into his arms. Jerry kissed her again and again. "But what are you miserable about? I think it's wonderful."

"I'll—we'll go on your yacht," said Lynn, burying her face against his shoulder. "Just the two of us. Dawns—sunsets—"

"You're so sweet," murmured Jerry softly. "And—you'll marry me in the morning? I'll take you back now and we'll tell Sabina—"

Lynn went suddenly rather limp in his arms as the true import of his words struck her.

With a little shudder she realized just how close she had come to being—too careful.

THE END

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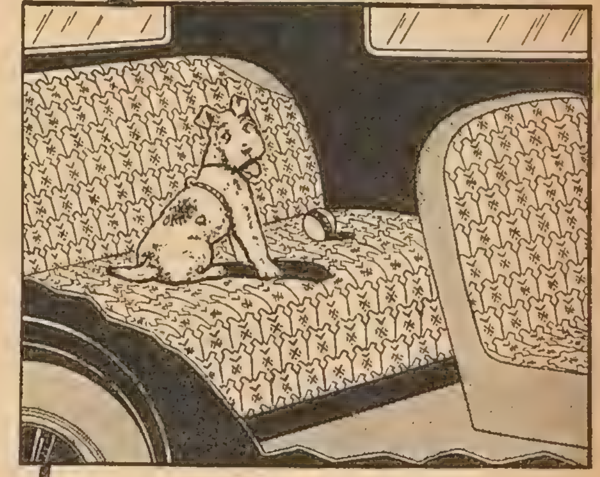

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Lilian Harvey in Congress Dances, a picture made in Germany.

Ricardo Cortez and Irene Dunne in Symphony of Six Million.

Something *EUROPE*

By FREDERICK

(Reading time: 5 minutes 55 seconds.)

CONGRESS DANCES, the film success of Berlin, Paris, and London and the leading foreign screen hit of the last two years, is about to be released to all America.

In the leading rôle you will find Lilian Harvey, an actress widely popular with German film audiences. Oddly enough, Miss Harvey was born in London in 1907. Her father is German, her mother English. They were visiting in Berlin in 1914 when the World War broke and they were forced to remain through the bitter years that followed.

Miss Harvey went to German schools, studied dancing, and, after the war, made her stage début. It was a short step to motion pictures.

Miss Harvey is of Marguerite Clark proportions, being exactly five feet one inch in height and weighing eighty-five pounds. She looks much taller, speaks and sings perfect English, and is a tabloid Jeanette MacDonald.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ CONGRESS DANCES

CAST

Christel	Lilian Harvey
Prince Metternich	Conrad Veidt
The Countess	Lil Dagover
Czar Alexander	Henry Garat
Uralsky	Henry Garat
Bibikoff, adjutant to the Czar	Gibb McLaughlin
Pepi	Reginald Purdell
The Café Singer	Tarquini d'Or

Directed by Erich Pommer and
Eric Charell.
Produced by UFA Films.
Released by United Artists.

The title of this Berlin-made talkie in English may be misleading to Americans. They hardly can be blamed, in view of recent events in the halls of Congress. But this superbly made musical romance presents another Congress—that of Vienna in 1814, when, Napoleon having been disposed of at a cost of two million lives, the kings and diplomats of Russia, Austria, France, Prussia, and England met to dine and dance, plot and plan for the future. It was the last glittering stand of divine right.

A little glove salesgirl is arrested for tossing a bouquet into the carriage of Czar Alexander. The Holy Emperor of all the Russias intercedes for her—and the two slip away to a wine garden. The Czar has a double who takes his sacred place when the affairs of state grow dull and thus the romance can move through its bitter-sweet moments. In the end the Czar drives off in the royal coach. Word has just come that Napoleon has escaped from Elba and the kings dash home to prepare.

Told with charm of atmosphere and music, the little story becomes a gay and delightful fabric of love and intrigue. Lilian Harvey is captivating as Christel, and Henry Garat neatly differentiates the rôles of the Czar and his dull double, the latter given to embroidery and liquor in his off-the-throne moments. Conrad Veidt's Metternich is a vivid figure, too.

You should see Congress Dances to keep up with the best in European picture production.

★ ★ ★ THE MOUTHPIECE

CAST

Vincent Day	Warren William
Celia	Sidney Fox
Miss Hickey	Aline MacMahon
John	William Janney
"J. B."	Ralph Ince
Miss De Vere	Noel Francis
Smith	Morgan Wallace

Directed by James Flood and
Elliott Nugent.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

Suggested by the brilliant, tragic career of William Fallon, New York criminal lawyer, this savors a bit of The Street of Chance. Unfortunately, its cold, ruthless central figure is tangled in a false and sticky sentimental story. You are asked to believe that shrewd, conscienceless Vincent Day crosses a big racketeer to save the sweetheart of a little stenographer and thus goes down before the guns of the gang.

The film, however, hits high interest when Attorney Day uses his uncanny wiles upon susceptible juries. I recommend the moment when he boldly drinks Exhibit A, a bottle of poison, wins a speedy acquittal for his murderous client, and then dashes away to a stomach pump.

Second honors go to Aline MacMahon as his faithful office aid.

Sidney Fox and Warren William in The Mouthpiece.

The personable Elissa Landi lends interest as the star in The Devil's Lottery.

Good From

A Berlin-Made Musical Romance in English, and Three Other Films of Gunmen, the Ghetto, and Gambling

JAMES SMITH

★ ★ ½ SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION

CAST

Felix	Ricardo Cortez
Jessica	Irene Dunne
Hannah	Anna Appel
Meyer	Gregory Ratoff
Birdie	Lita Chevret
Magnus	Noel Madison
Miss Spencer	Helen Freeman

Directed by Gregory La Cava.
Produced by Radio Pictures.

Fannie Hurst wrote this study—of a poor East Side Jewish boy who becomes a great doctor—in the mood of her own Humoresque, which traced a ghetto youngster to violin virtuosity and fame.

The early part of this picture, sympathetically directed by Gregory La Cava, has humanness and humor in its detailed and understanding picture of a struggling Jewish family headed by a hard-working, excitable, chess-playing sweatshop tailor.

But Miss Hurst's story goes on less convincingly to trace Dr. Felix Klauber upward from happy charity-clinic worker to bored specialist to wealthy neurotic women. Pushed on by his ambitious family, he loses himself and his ideals. In the end he throws everything aside to return to the ghetto and his own people.

Ricardo Cortez is effective as the tenement boy who grows to surgical fame, but it seems to me that the best performances are those of Gregory Ratoff and Anna Appel as Papa and Mamma Klauber. This film narrowly misses screen greatness.

★ ★ DEVIL'S LOTTERY

CAST

Evelyn	Elissa Landi
Jim Meech	Victor McLaglen
Stephen Alden	Alexander Kirkland
Beresford	Paul Cavanaugh
Maitland	Ralph Morgan

Directed by Sam Taylor.
Produced by Fox Films.

Wherein you see what happens to the lucky holders of winning tickets in a lottery. The moral of the melodrama is that unearned money brings unhappiness, a doubted and unpopular thesis these days, I am afraid.

Elissa Landi lends interest to the rôle of the frail winner, but somehow the melodrama limps along erratically.

Do you know that—

The next screen epidemic will be a rash of films showing Hollywood from the inside?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

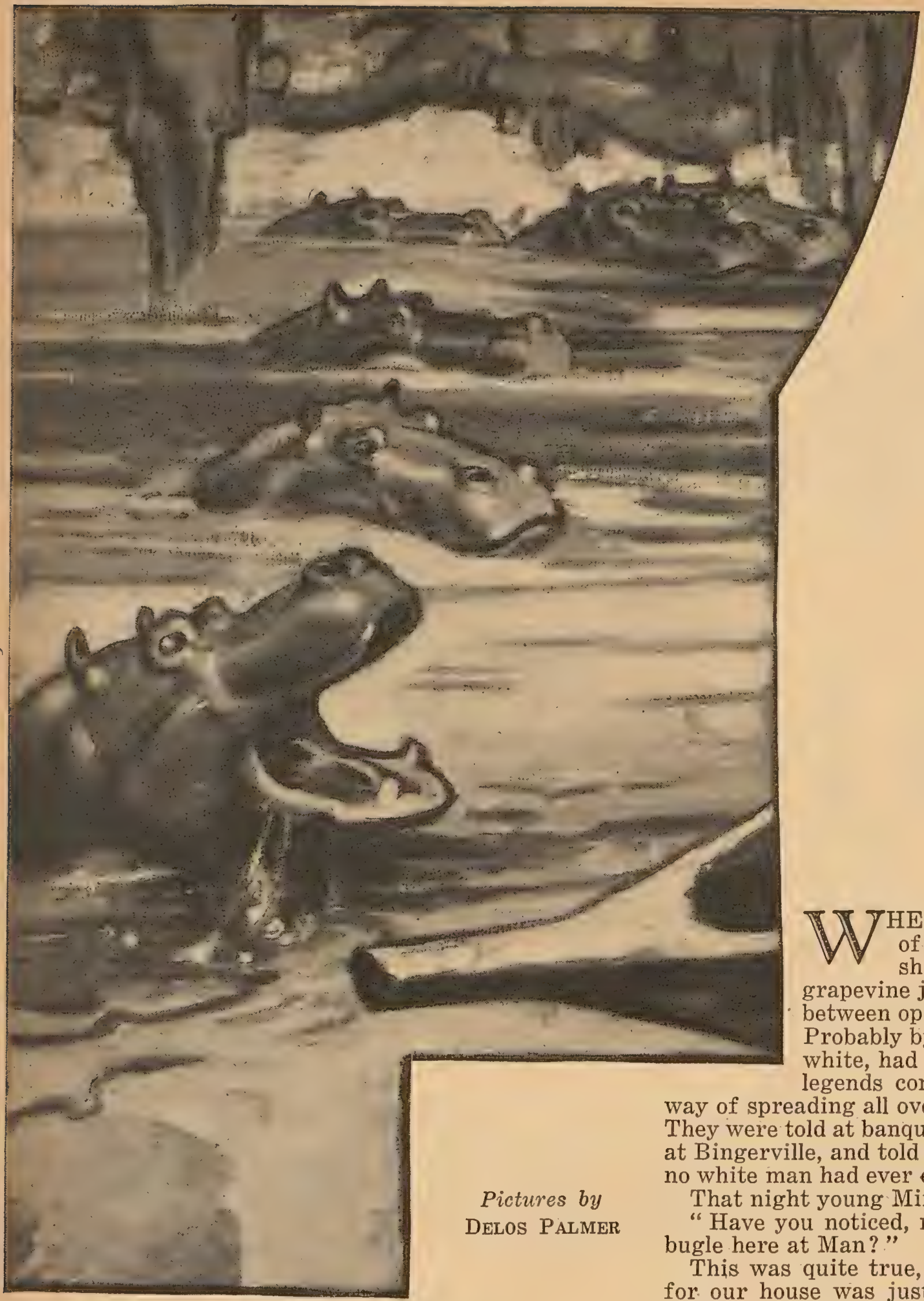
★★★★—One Hour with You, Shanghai Express, Broken Lullaby, Dance Team, Emma, The Champ.

★★★—The Wet Parade, But the Flesh Is Weak, Are You Listening? So Big, The Crowd Roars, The Beast of the City, It's Tough to Be Famous, Tarzan, Lost Squadron, Polly of the Circus, A Waltz by Strauss, Road to Life, The Man Who Played God, Tomorrow and Tomorrow, Arsène Lupin, The Greeks Had a Word for Them, Lovers Courageous, High Pressure, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Mata Hari, Tonight or Never, Hell Divers, Private Lives, Sooky, Stung, Ether Talks, Double Decoy, Arrowsmith, Frankenstein, Strictly Dishonorable, Blonde Crazy, Way Back Home, The Yellow Ticket, The Sin of Madelon Claudet, Susan Lenox.

The DA OF HIP

Further Adventures
Overalls, the Bizarre
of

By WILLIAM



Pictures by
Delos Palmer

(Reading time: 14 minutes 5 seconds.)

IN Liberty for April 30 Mr. Seabrook, noted explorer of the tropics and author, told of his meeting and a subsequent adventure with Monsieur Briolle, the Administrator of Man—an important forest town in the Ivory Coast region of French West Africa. Before reaching Man, he had heard of Briolle merely as an old-timer in point of service and as "chief executive and sole authority in a jungle metropolis of 20,000 blacks." On his arrival, after dark, he was met at Briolle's compound gate by an unkempt little white man in overalls and an undershirt, who showered him with insolence, making him feel anything but welcome—and who turned out to be Briolle himself.

But on further acquaintance the Administrator proved more hospitable and exceedingly interesting: cantankerous and impish, yet able; a holy terror to white tourists and neighboring officials, a strong and sometimes fatherly governor of the jungle Negroes.

Mr. Seabrook accompanied him on a visit to the military post of Guglio, and there Briolle willfully scandalized the big and pompous Commandant Guerin, and upset the gravity of everyone else, by attending an Armistice Day celebration in a voluminous shirt that Guerin had lent him, but neglecting to tuck in the tail of it!

WHEN we returned to Man the story of Briolle and Commandant Guerin's shirt had preceded us, perhaps by grapevine jungle wireless, perhaps by gossip between operators over the official telegraph. Probably by both, since everybody, black and white, had heard it. Adventures, anecdotes, legends concerning Monsieur Briolle had a way of spreading all over the Ivory Coast in record time. They were told at banquets down at the governor's palace at Bingerville, and told around fires in forest huts which no white man had ever entered.

That night young Mireillet, the surveyor, asked me:

"Have you noticed, monsieur, that one never hears a bugle here at Man?"

This was quite true, and on reflection extraordinary, for our house was just opposite the jail and barracks. Briolle had a whole platoon of black soldiers, and black soldiers all love bugles, but it was true that I had never heard a bugle in Man.

"Do you know why?" continued Mireillet. "Well, the bugles finally got on Monsieur Briolle's nerves. He wrote to the governor about it, and when nothing was done, he made his house boy climb into the barracks one night and steal the three bugles. He poured melted lead in them and then had them hung back on the wall. Next morning at sunrise he hid behind a rosebush over there in his garden, and watched them nearly burst their lungs.

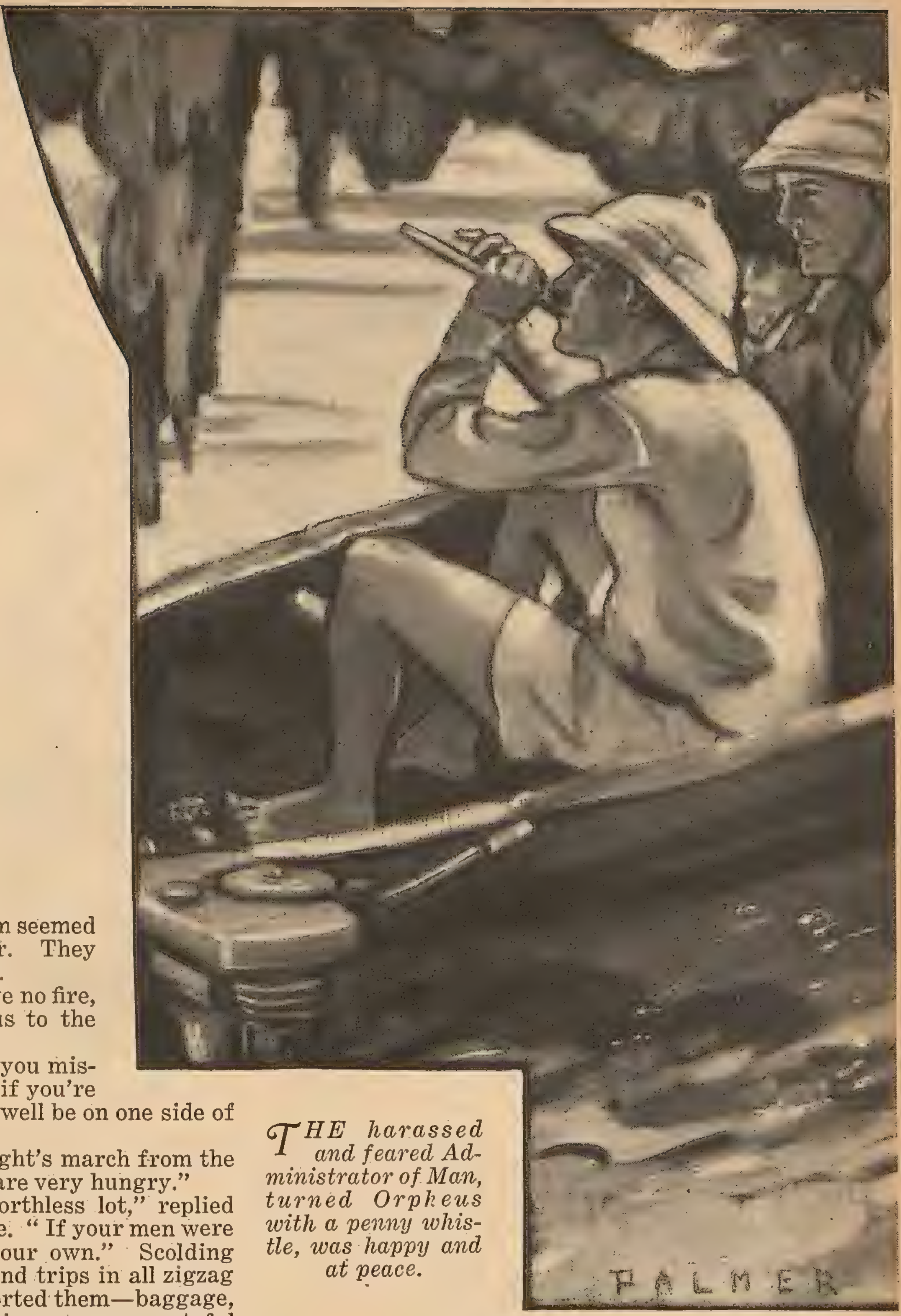
"One never knows, not even the natives know, what he will do next or how he will do it. They are all afraid of him, and with reason, for what happens isn't always comedy. They like him, but they're all afraid of him. They have their own names for everybody. They call him *Dyala Bamba* [Colonel Crocodile]."

Indeed, there was a streak of iron, almost wickedly hard, in Briolle's make-up. Yet one evening when I was with him at twilight, tired from a day's trip up the Sassandra River in a dugout, and with two more hours before we could reach camp, this same Briolle, responding to cries from the river bank, nosed closer and found an itinerant household of Malinke forest people, men with their spears, wives with their baggage, grandmothers,

NCE *THE* POS

of a King in Administrator Man

SEABROOK



THE harassed and feared Administrator of Man, turned Orpheus with a penny whistle, was happy and at peace.

children, babies, dogs. Some of them seemed to know the terrible administrator. They shouted to him, joyful yet pleading.

" Help us, Dyala Bamba! We have no fire, no food, no shelter. Please take us to the other side."

" Bah! " answered Briolle. " Do you mistake me for a ferryman? Anyway, if you're as badly off as all that you might as well be on one side of the river as another."

" But our village is only a half night's march from the other bank," they pleaded, " and we are very hungry."

" One can see that you are a worthless lot," replied Briolle in his high, complaining voice. " If your men were any good you'd have dugouts of your own." Scolding them and cursing (making four round trips in all zigzag across the swift current), he transported them—baggage, yowling dogs, crying babies, grinning women, grateful men; a whole ambulant village they seemed—to the other bank of the river.

" *Barika, barika,* Dyala Bamba [Thank you kindly, Colonel Crocodile] ! " they shouted back from the trail.

THIS episode occurred on the memorable occasion when Briolle was taking me to visit his family of tame wild hippopotami. He had a permanent hunting camp at a native ferry village on the river bank, accessible by road, about forty miles northeast of Man. We drove there in his truck one morning, accompanied only by his cook boy. We carried camp beds, mosquito nets, filter, his tool chest, and a heavy-duty outboard motor, but no provisions except coffee, sugar, salt and pepper. We would feast like kings, he assured me.

His camp, when we reached it, was a typical small native compound, two thatched mud huts, and a sort of terrace inside a light bamboo fence, set beneath tall trees on a promontory of the river bank, only a little apart from the tiny village. He had no caretaker, nor were there any doors, locks, gates. In plain view were fishing nets, lines, ax, buckets, tools, cooking utensils, valuable rough camp gear accumulated for years. Apparently no one ever thought of stealing from Colonel Bamba. In the tall trees were parrots and green pigeons. In the thick tangle behind the camp monkeys chattered.

After we had set up our beds and the boy had started a fire beneath an iron pot in the yard, Briolle went down to the ferry with a casting net, while I, following his instructions, sat on the veranda and potted green pigeons with a little .22-caliber American rifle. They are as tender and delicate as quail. I rested the rifle in a crotched stick, as Briolle had taught me. Villagers who heard the popping came and asked me to shoot them some monkey meat. I managed to kill several before Briolle returned with his fish. A woman had come to pound millet for us, and with the fish and pigeons we made a delicious late luncheon as well as having provided good meat for the little village.

After a nap Briolle took me for a social call. He took me by an easy foot trail a short distance down the river bank to visit Kei the hunter and his family. The old man was seated beneath a great tree outside his huts, surrounded by wives, a grown son, daughters, slaves, and brats. A big iron pot, evidently not food, was simmering, stinking, and frothing. Kei, the jungle savage, was making gunpowder. Various pots, shards, and calabash bowls

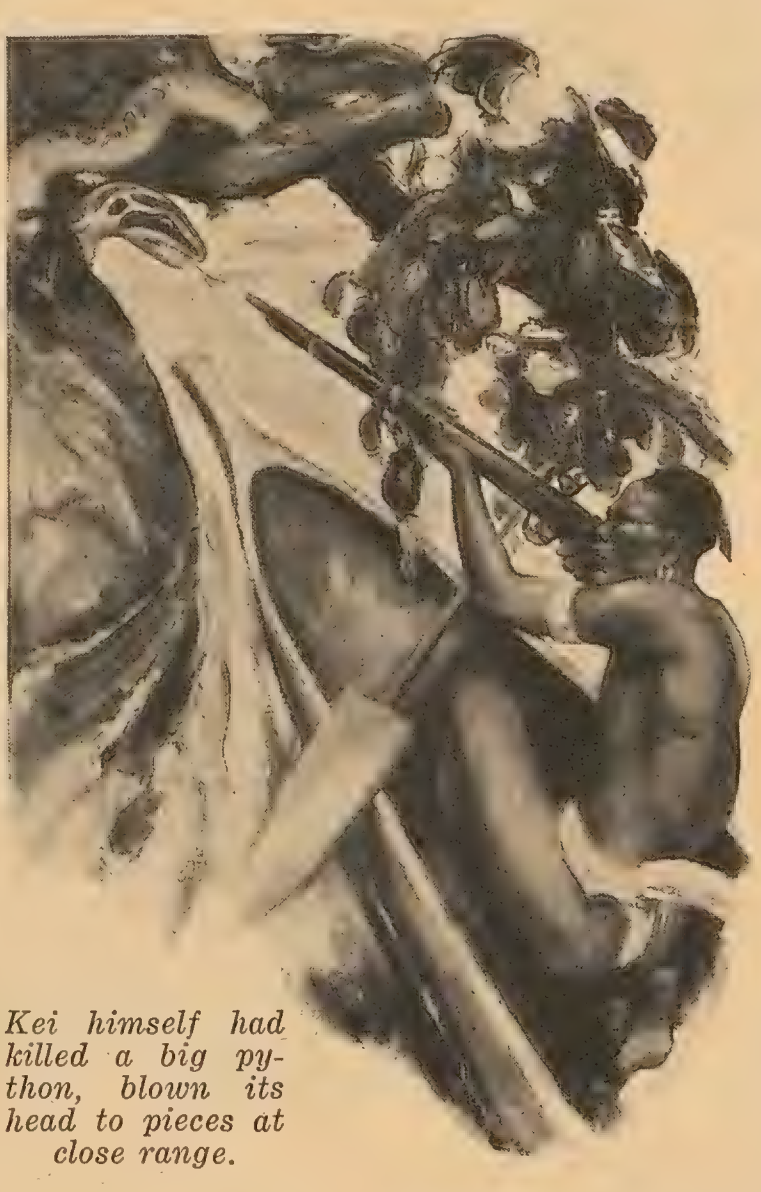
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE DANCE OF THE HIPPOS
Continued from page forty-three

were ranged about him. Others of the family were helping, watching, or engaged in tasks of their own. The old man wore an old felt hat of Briolle's. The others were mostly naked except for beads and loin cloths. Their upper front teeth were filed to points, Malinke fashion. A beautiful girl with her hair in a permanent coiffure shaped like a classic helmet of Achilles was cleaning fish.

Two boys, who had been taught how to do it by Briolle, were making a casting net. He was proud of them all, and they were very proud and happy to see him. I was interested about the gunpowder, wondering if Briolle had also taught them that. He said not. Kei sent a boy to fetch his gun for my admiration. Its possession made him a great man in a territory where most natives had only traps, spears, bows and arrows.

It was an old flintlock, fully six feet long, its barrel wound with rawhide—obviously a century-old relic of slave-trading days before the French made the West Coast a colony. He molded his own bullets, but had to depend on getting lead from the Dioula peddlers. When it lacked, he used iron scrap, even sometimes hard pebbles.



Kei himself had killed a big python, blown its head to pieces at close range.

Kei and Briolle gossiped of local happenings. So-and-so had trapped a panther last week just behind the village. Did Briolle want the skin? Another had caught a catfish weighing about eighty pounds. Another's hunting dog had been gobbled by a crocodile at the river's edge. Kei himself had killed a big python, blown its head to pieces at close range, but the python had been on a limb overhanging the water (he had shot from his dugout) and, falling, had sunk and been carried away by the current. Kei was the first human being, white or black, I had ever seen Briolle treat with unaffected reciprocal friendliness—as a friend and equal.

Next morning at dawn, in Briolle's own big native dugout, but propelled by the outboard motor, we started down the river, looking for the hippos. There were just the two of us. He sat in the stern, tinkering with the motor and steering. I sat in the bow with a shotgun loaded with *chevrotines,* which are bigger than the biggest buckshot. He had brought his rifle, but it lay on the floor, and he told me that if we saw anything to be shot at I must do the shooting. Often he cut off the engine and let the current carry us silently, close along the jungle bank.

HOWEVER, we saw neither python nor any great beasts—nothing but birds and apes; but a little later we had a misadventure which filled Briolle with disgust, rage, and a subsequent fit of sulks.

Suddenly, as we were drifting downward with the current, a monstrous head began to emerge from the water. It was close off our left bow, scarcely a canoe length distant. It was as big as a barrel, blunt-jawed, a hideous dragon head, incredible, like a giant Chinese devil mask. I sat, popeyed and paralyzed, not in any conscious fear but in utter astonishment.

"Cayman! Cayman! *Mais tirez, nom de Dieu* [In God's name, shoot]!" hissed Briolle. But as I still sat staring like a paralyzed idiot, the monstrous head disappeared silently without leaving a ripple.

No more was seen or heard of the cayman, but the silence was broken by literal screams of disappointed rage from Briolle. He called me every insulting name he could think of, but, finding none of them adequate, finally muttered, "Man of letters!" which to his mind fitted the case exactly.

He explained savagely that it was one of the largest caymans he had ever seen; that, poor shot though I was, I could easily have blown the entire side of its head off; that its meat when dried would have supplied the ferry village for an entire season; that the white ivory armored scales of its belly would have been worth at least a thousand francs—in short, that I was a fool and an idiot whom he wished he had left at home.

(This was the first and only time I ever laid eyes on the great African cayman. It is of the same family as the crocodile, but more monstrous, with horrible blunt jaws instead of long tapering ones.)

Briolle, sulking and muttering, started the engine noisily and on we went down the river.

Soon he steered again a little toward the shore.

"Do you see anything there? No, of course you wouldn't."

AS we got closer I saw wallows, deep through the mud of the shelving bank and up through the broken underbrush, as if made by tanks or caterpillar tractors. Signs of hippos, he said, but several days old. While talking of them his good humor came back, and when presently he asked me to light him a cigarette I knew I was forgiven.

Later we landed on a flat, bare island where he showed me fresh hippo signs. "They only come out of the water at night," he said, "but we'll find them. I don't know whether these are mine or not, but the family is usually around here at this season."

Presently, after winding our way through a turbulent rocky shallow, we slid into a fine wide stretch of open water. Soon, some fifty yards ahead, an object that might have been mistaken for a submerged log—except that it was too pale a shining reddish yellow—poked itself up from beneath the water. It was about the size of a beer keg, and on looking closer one saw that it had little ears and eyes. It was the first head of a hippopotamus I had ever seen outside a zoo. Its pale color was totally different from the dirty pigskin darkish tone they take on in captivity. And it had a shining, pinkish translucency in the sunshine, like thin wet, rose-colored porcelain held against the light. It was the blood showing against the sun through the wet skin.

"It's a big bull," said Briolle, "but not of those we're looking for. Do you want to take my rifle and shoot it—since you were afraid of the cayman—so that you can tell people how you killed big game in Africa?"

"Good Lord, no," I answered honestly.

"Well," he snapped, "I wouldn't have let you if you had wanted to."

"There's a fly biting your leg," I said. "I hope it poisons you. But don't all hippos look the same?"

"So do all Americans, and all Chinese, and all Negroes until you get used to them."

The hippo stranger had meanwhile lazily disappeared.

"Do you see four heads over there?" asked Briolle, pointing toward the far left shore. "I think you'll see two more heads in a minute, making six. Yes, there they are. That's my family."

He turned left, almost at right angles to our course, heading toward them. I asked if the noise of the motor wouldn't bother them. "They know it well," he said;

"it's the only one on the river. They may even come to meet us."

And, believe it or not, they did. But first they snorted and vapors came out of their nostrils. They snorted like stallions, they neighed and whinnied like yearling colts in springtime. And then they began swimming, just under water, to meet us.

On the floor of the dugout were two big sacks, like coal sacks, filled with cassava and banana bread. Briolle cut down the motor, and following his instructions I tossed some of the big bread chunks into the water. A head, then several heads, bobbed up and gobbled them. Often this happened within a few feet of us, and I have never seen such gullets or such teeth. They were blunt for grinding and like pillars of ivory. As for the red gullets, imagine your own throat in a looking-glass but magnified to the size of a sewer.

They followed us like a school of ponderous porpoise, except that only their heads emerged from the water. They swam so close that it seemed a miracle they didn't overturn the dugout—even the two young unmarried ladies of the family weighed several tons—but I had a friendly feeling that even if they did upset us they would take us on their backs.

Heading toward the distant bank where we had first seen the hippos, we tied up beneath leafy branches which projected far out over the water, affording us pleasant shade and likewise a sort of aërial anchorage. Most of the bread had been chucked overboard and devoured, and the hippos were again invisible beneath the surface.

"Now you are really going to see something," said Briolle. Out of his tool box he fished a shining tube wrapped in a dirty rag. It was a tin flute, or whistle, or flageolet (whatever you choose to call it)—the sort one buys in childhood for a nickel or a dime at the nearest toy store. Seating himself astraddle the midboard he kicked off his sandals, spit once or twice, trilled a couple of shrill arpeggios, and then began a lively rendition of *Malbrouck s'en va t'en guerre,* the old nursery tune which we know better in America as "The pig [or, sometimes, the bear] came over the mountain."

Soon one great head emerged from the depths, then a second and a third, until the entire hippo family, the six of them, closing in toward us in an attentive semicircle, swam slowly to within about thirty feet of the boat. Just the six huge heads floated there, poised on the surface, the ponderous bodies completely submerged and invisible. Furthermore, as the shrill rhythm continued, Briolle drumming with his bare foot on the bottom of the dugout, the hippos began wiggling their ears. Presently the big bull snorted, and then they all began to neigh and whinny again. It was surely these farm noises, rather than anything connected with their monstrous strange appearance, which caused the ancients to name them hippopotomi—river horses.

BRIOLLE stopped, out of breath, and laughed. "The one who just snorted," he said, "is Monsieur Joseph, *père de famille;* the three other big ones are his wives, Marie, Céleste, and Angélique; the two small ones, as I told you, are his young unmarried daughters. They grow slowly, the young ladies, but I knew them when they were tots. I've known them for several seasons. They are all very fond of my music. They don't forget."

He played nursery melodies, marching songs, scraps from La Traviata, and the Marseillaise, while the entranced hippos continued to wiggle their tiny pink ears in the sunshine. A swarm of white butterflies came, fluttering in the branches above us. The harassed and feared Administrator of Man, turned Orpheus for an hour with a penny whistle, was happy and at peace with all the world.

THE END

Solution of Detectogram on page 14

As Picus said there was no breeze, the distress flag would have hung limp against the mast, and the captain could not have told whether or not the flag was upside down.

Another Detectogram will appear next week.

How to Lose Fat—a Pound a day on a full stomach

SHE'D BE ATTRACTIVE IF SHE WEREN'T SO FAT

Do Just These Two Simple Things —Inches of Fat Melt Away

Modern science has recently made important discoveries in fat reduction by which the normally overweight person can lose from four to seven pounds weekly ON A FULL STOMACH. Hence, it is now foolish to stay fat. WITHOUT A SINGLE HUNGRY MOMENT you can now see yourself grow thin day by day, see the coarse lines of overweight replaced by the refined ones of slenderness, safely and comfortably.

You just do two simple things: Keep your system free from waste matter, toxins and depleting poisons by taking a teaspoonful of ordinary Jad Salts in a glass of water a half-hour before breakfast every morning.

Then do this about eating. FILL YOUR STOMACH—eat your fill of lean meats, vegetables like spinach, cauliflower, cabbage, tomatoes, etc., and lots of salads. Eat a lot. Eat all you can hold. Don't go hungry a minute! Cut down on fats, sweets and desserts, bread. Eat any fruit for dessert.

4 to 7 Pounds Gone in Week

If you are a normally overweight person, you may show a weight difference of as much as three pounds the first day. For the Jad Salts in themselves will reduce the MOISTURE-WEIGHT of your body that much. FOR REMEMBER, SOMETHING OVER 70% OF YOUR TOTAL WEIGHT IS MOISTURE. That puffy, "too-tight-in-the-clothes" feeling you have will also go at once.

Then EAT WELL of the foods outlined above. Soon you'll be free from the embarrassment of being called "fat". And do it all ON A FULL STOMACH. Your health, too, will be better. You'll feel peppier than you have for years.

If in doubt about the safety of this way, ask your doctor. He will tell you it is safe. For it performs two necessary and important functions:

The Jad Salts clears the intestinal tract and system of the excessive toxins most fat people have. The change in diet—THE FILLING OF THE STOMACH TO ITS LIMIT with foods that turn to strength and energy instead of fat—decreases the weight day by day. The salts clear the system and cut moisture-weight. The change in food takes off the fat. Clip this out for the diet. You can get the Jad Salts at any drug store.

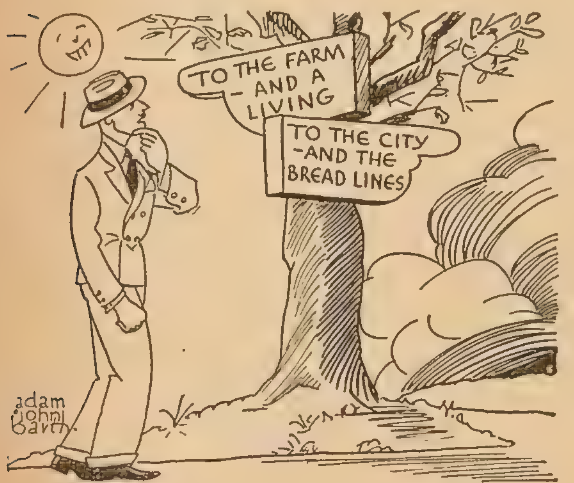
Note particularly—you are urged to take Jad Salts purely as a poison-banishing agent—not a reducing. The change in food does the work.

Vox

Living on the Soil versus Starving in the Cities

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—In your editorial, "Artificial! Artificial!! Artificial!!!" you discussed a back-to-the-land movement.

I have gone into the subject of farming from the standpoint of the man who has lived throughout his youth in the city and entered upon some one of the usual white-collar occupations or professions. It has been my endeavor to see if it were possible for such a man, married and with a growing family, to find a new life and new opportunity by going back to the farm.


TO THE FARM - AND A LIVING
TO THE CITY -AND THE BREAD LINES

It is my observation that the venture would be practicable if one is satisfied to make only a bare living, with the hope that, in time, productivity will increase to the point where it will provide more than the necessities of life.

It should, however, be evident at the beginning that there is no such thing as "money" in farming. At least not in the sense that one expects to make money in business or in the professions. We are dealing, rather, with the idea of making a living and providing shelter for a man and his family—something which that same man probably finds impossible at the present time in the large cities.—*Walter G. Voss.*

Mr. Taggart Says "Wrong!"

MERION, PA.—I read with very much interest Mr. Hugh Fullerton's article, "Doping the Big League Baseball Races."

Despite Mr. Fullerton's reputation as an athletic authority I must call his and your attention to a very serious error in the next to the last paragraph of his article. He has Arthur Fletcher as manager of the Philadelphia National League team.

Fletcher has not been manager for five years and is now coach of the New York Yankees.

Bert Shotten is now manager of the Phillies and has been for the past four years, entering into his fifth year.

I would like to see this error corrected in your magazine.—*Charles A. Taggart.*

Mr. Fullerton Says "Sorry"

COLUMBUS, OHIO—*Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa!* The old bean got muddled, or the typewriter slipped, and I made another of my notorious careless blunders in writing "Fletcher" instead of "Shotten." Getting so I'm liable to call my wife by some other girl's name and get into serious trouble. By the time I get through figuring baseball dope the old bean is so full of sevens and nines I'm liable to call Ruth Babe Herman and Hornsby Jack Hendricks.

I want to apologize to Liberty for carelessness, to Bert Shotten for calling him Fletcher, to Fletcher for intimating that he still is in Philadelphia, and to the Philadelphia fans. What makes it worse is that I had the complete roster of the Phils in front of me when writing and trusted my memory instead of copying names.

Cincinnati and the Cards played a mean trick on me, making trades after I had finished doping, but they do not affect the figures much, except to give the Reds a chance to crawl out of the cellar.—*Hugh Fullerton.*

Do You Buy It or Make It Yourself?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I wish you would eliminate your editorial, Vox Pop, and the short shorts.

Pat Knoles

They make me tired.

You see, when I buy my Liberty, I have to stand on the corner and read these three.

The rest of Liberty can wait until I get home and settled in my overstuffed, with my pipe going and a bottle of . . . well, never mind.—*Pat Knoles.*

Did Lincoln Run a Groggery?

EVANSTON, ILL.—If you can find room for this in Vox Pop it will probably be of interest in relation to that old fraud about Lincoln running a saloon and the alleged saloon license with Abraham Lincoln's name published in Vox Pop for April 16.

Miss Ida Tarbell, than whom there is no more impartial historian, saw this original paper and declared that Lincoln's name was not attached to it by his own hand. See "Life of Lincoln," volume 1, page 96. A view of the facsimile certainly corroborates Ida M. Tarbell's statement.

This old tale about Lincoln and the saloon is one of three false statements that liquor interests have circulated for many years; some of it starting nearly half a century ago.

One is that Lincoln was a drinking man; second, that Lincoln ran a saloon; and, third, that Lincoln opposed prohibition.

The old saloon hoax is a part of the myth concerning Lincoln and a man named Berry, with whom Lincoln bought a grocery store. Berry was a drinker, as many men were in those days. Neither he nor Lincoln had enough money for their grocery enterprise, and gave their notes for $1,500, and when Berry suggested selling whisky in the store to attract customers, Lincoln opposed the idea.

You can find this in "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," by A. T. Rice. Ida Tarbell looked into this matter with considerable care and found that Lincoln was absent for several months in the Blackhawk War and on his return he found debts, leaving him responsible for $1,100.

This episode is reported in detail in many histories; and it is accepted, now, that if Lincoln had run a saloon he knew nothing about it.

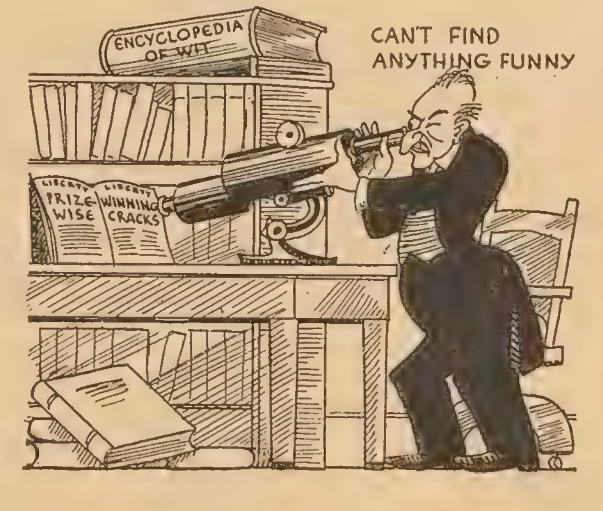
You will find Lincoln's own statement about the matter.

In the first of his debates with Douglas, Lincoln told the public that he had not kept a groggery.

You can find this in the published official volume of those famous debates, proofs of which were O. K.'d officially and personally by Lincoln and Douglas. —*Mrs. Anna Marden DeYo, Corresponding Secretary, National W. C. T. U.*

Well, We Might Try Tickling the Bottoms of Your Feet

JOPLIN, MO.—If the so-called "wise cracks" winning first honors in the past two issues of Liberty are samples of what your sophisticated experts consider the genuine article, then may the Lord take care of Will Rogers, Ed Wynn, Chic Sale, *et al*, in the future, for they are all wet.

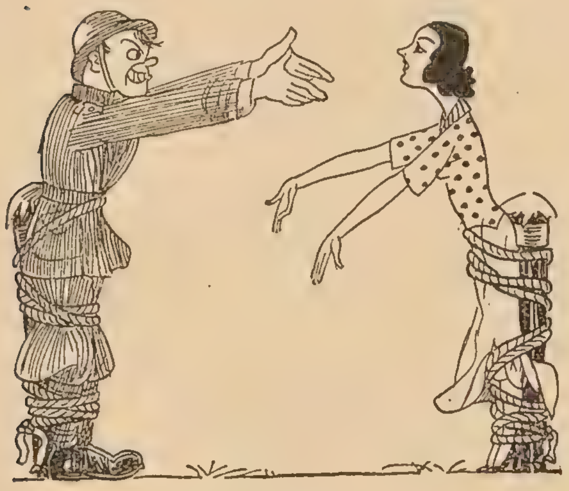


None of these masters of the art could discern with the most powerful microscope and an encyclopedia of wit and humor anything that resembles two per cent of laughable nonsense in the empty cracks that won the top money.—*Thomas Daniel.*

Pop

How Mr. Wylie Mothers His Brain Children

CHICAGO, ILL.—" The Pink Chemise," by Philip Wylie, was a darned effective story. That man Wylie, it seems, can write. He can put one eager little word after another—each eager little word right plunk in the place where it does the most good. And does he know how to give us a feeling that something exciting is going to happen if we'll only read on a little further? He does.



What a situation he gave us in that story! A party of marines convoying a bunch of pretty young girls through a Central American jungle—and both the girls and the devil dogs hungry for thrills! Why, things got so all-fired romantic that I thought, at one place in the yarn, that the lieutenant in charge of the marines was going to have to drive stakes into the ground—as many stakes as there were girls and marines—and tie the boys and flappers up, each to a stake, to keep 'em apart.

Well, honor was preserved, in the end. That lieutenant was some chaperon. Or, just possibly, it was Mr. Wylie himself who was the chaperon, and who bestows good, motherly care on any young sweet thing who happens to kind of wander into one of his stories. Mr. Philip Galahad Wylie. Yes.—*H. Blake.*

But Would the Fair Fighters Fight Fair?

BELLEVUE, KY.—Doggone! Liberty rang the bell two weeks straight. Helen Christine Bennett and Lilian Laufferty really know how to put on a real show, even though it makes very little difference to ma, pa, sister, or brother which sex has the best of it. Brother runs around during the summer with perspiration oozing through his shoe soles; and sister hardly wears enough during the cold weather to hide the goose flesh. But as long as they are both satisfied—why worry?

John H. Butzner

The curtain has fallen on the first act of the big show. Why not put Helen, with her " dainty, wishy-washy, orange-colored things," and Lilian, with her " luxurious bits of peach-colored wisps," in a roped arena, and let them settle the little controversy in a pugilistic contest? When you do, mail me a ringside seat.—*John H. Butzner.*

Governor Pinchot on the Fight to Save the Forests

GOVERNOR'S OFFICE, HARRISBURG, PA.—A most dangerous attack on the Roosevelt conservation policy is now under way in Washington. For more than a generation we have been fighting to save the forests, the minerals, the lands, and the waters of the public domain for all the people of the United States, and great progress has been made. We are likely to lose a very large part of it if the Evans Bill (H. R. 5840) goes through.

This bill puts the national forests at the mercy of a board of five politically appointed men in each state which still has 400,000 acres of public land. Each board, at its own sweet will, with no public hearings, no public notice, no publicity, no investigation or study on the ground, no review by an authority, and no coöperation with any other board, is authorized secretly to throw out of the national forests any land it may choose to decide is not chiefly valuable for forest purposes.

This is about as bad as it could be. The national forests belong to all the people of all the states. They are immensely valuable. Their timber and other resources are worth billions. If the bill passes, these boards will turn large parts of them over to individual states, and open the way for exploitation by selfish private interests.

Most significant of all, the boards are required to do their work within a single year after the passage of the bill, which means within less than a year after the boards can be organized. In that brief time they are required to decide the fate of a total area of national forest land larger than all New England and the Middle States, with Virginia added.

When Secretary Fall made his notorious attempt to give away to private interests the oil reserves set aside for our navy, he got as far as he did only because of exactly the same kind of secrecy which is provided in this bill.—*Gifford Pinchot.*

Take a Bow, George

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I feel you are doing a great service to the nation in printing the George Sylvester Viereck series. No more important piece of history has emanated anywhere since the World War. Besides, it is written so that anyone can understand it—and everywhere I go I hear it constantly commented upon.—*Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.*

Toward Sex Sanity

BALTIMORE, MD.—Give us more frank, open, and aboveboard discussions of sex and sex problems, Liberty! More things like " The Seventh Commandment," by Theodore Dreiser. I've been reading Liberty for a year, and have yet to come across anything as interesting or as educational as those two articles.

Milton H. Rodman

From either a scientific or a social point of view Mr. Dreiser's arraignment was very, very good.—*Milton H. Rodman.*

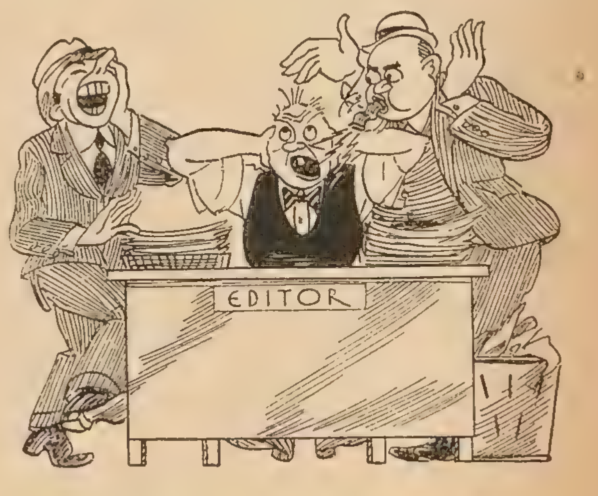
How Many Agree with Faith?

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Permit me to add my humble *voce* to Vox Pop with the earnest request that you restore a page to Alexandra Kropotkin.

One page is all very well—and the consistently best feature of the magazine—but two pages would be better!—*Faith Baldwin.*

Thanks, Jerry, Old Boy! Old Boy! Old Boy!

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. — You poor magazine! It must be *terrible* to find out how fickle your readers are. They're about as true to you as the tone of a two-dollar cornet. Trying to pick out the faithful friends and the false ones leaves you as demoralized as the man who tries to cross Broadway and Forty-fifth Street at five in the evening in the Big City. I imagine how you feel when someone pays you a nice big compliment, and then somebody all of a sudden blows a razzberry whistle in your ear, or perhaps it is a beautiful big horse-laff behind your back.



Then some guy says you're not worth a nickel; this must make you feel awfully cheap. Well, count on me as one of the faithful, Old Sweetheart. I admire you for those chances you are giving all of us to win some money, in such hard times as these. There's no reason why you should have false friends when you've been offering them such opportunities.—*Jerry Sullivan.*

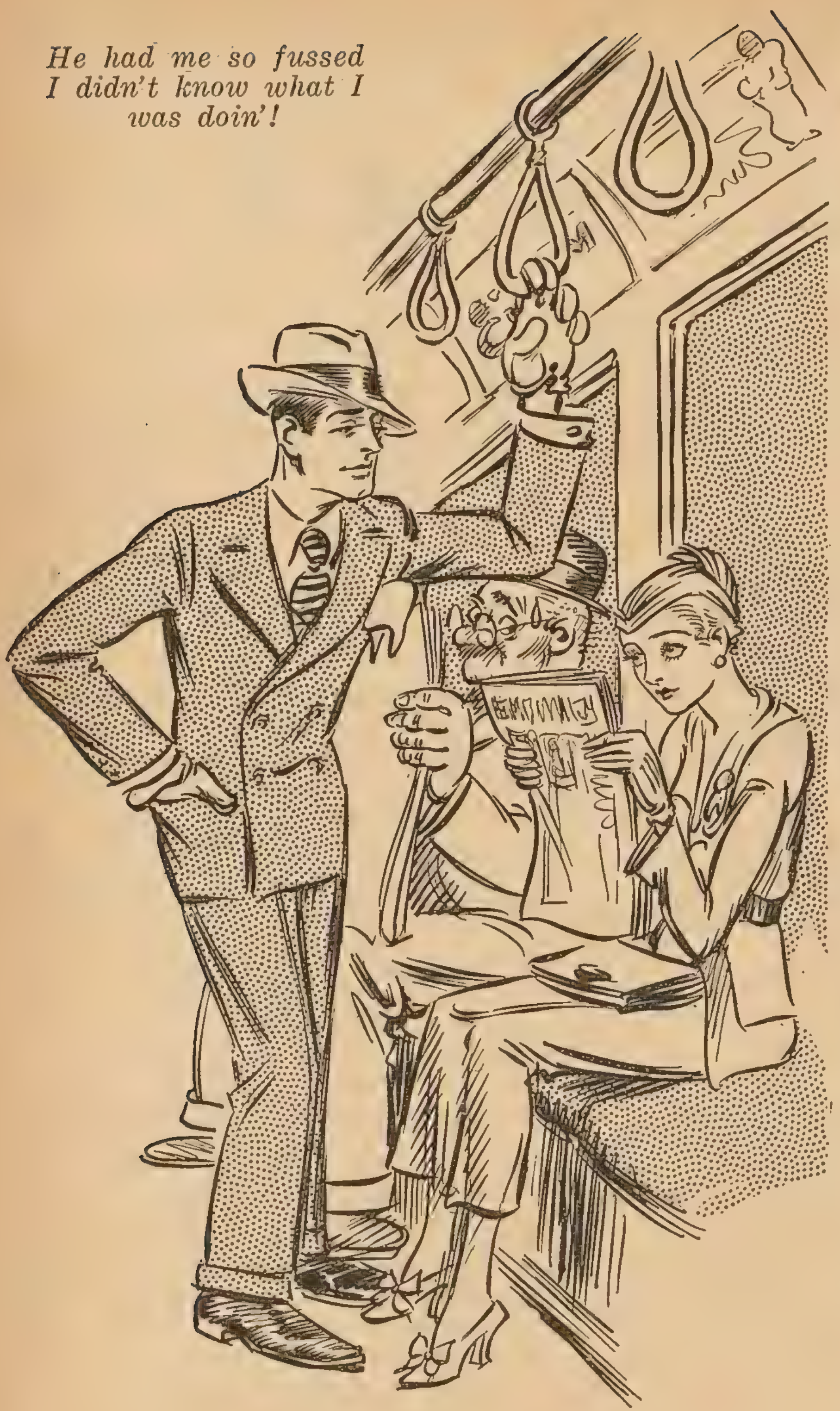
Diana's

The Dream Man Arrives and Marion's

Words and

By BERT

He had me so fussed I didn't know what I was doin'!



(Reading time: 8 minutes 55 seconds.)

MONDAY: Gosh, my nerves are all shot this morning. This business of promoting wrestlers is terrible. Between newspaper men callin' up an' Mike Shea gettin' full o' romance, I'm fit to be tied.

When I got home tonight, I found this from Mr. Brown, the sporting editor on the Morning Tab. Here it is:

DEAR DIANA: Have been watching the "sailor" train. He's a wow! Odds are already 2 to 1 that he'll pin the "Greek." Tell Marion to rush me that photo of him pullin' up trees!

Yours dryly, TED BROWN.

When I showed the note to Marion, she almost went crazy. She laughed an' cried an' carried on terrible. I had to call her "big hero" to quiet her down. When he took her in his arms, she laid her head against his double breaster an' nearly folded up. Brother! he's *some* heart murmur!

TUESDAY: Oh, Diary, I'm all thrills! Oh! I think I've met my *Dream Man!* Oh gee, oh gosh, I'm so excited I can hardly write.

This morning when I got in the subway all the seats were taken. Well, as soon as the train started to move, a stunning guy got up, took my arm an' said, "Here, miss, won't you have my seat?" Honestly, the way he gazed into my eyes, I nearly swooned. My dear, an' was he handsome? He was tall, broad shouldered, with a pair of navy blue eyes I'll never forget. He had me so fussed I didn't know what I was doin'! Yes, an' of course Dumb Dora had to drop her pocketbook. Everything went blah. Oh, an' did I feel terrible? But he didn't mind. He only laughed, said he was sorry—an' *did I blush!* I nearly set the car on fire.

I heard his pal call him "David." Gee, that's a swell name. All I ever hear is Mike an' Max. Good heavens! why do I feel this way? Why should I rave like this Diary? He was only a stranger to me. Yes, but there was something in his eyes that just seemed to— Oh, I don't know, I think I'm gettin' scrambled.

Yes, but that's not all. As we rode on further, he got a seat *right next to me,* an' something in my heart went boom! He an' his friend started talkin'. They were lookin' at the sporting page. Yes, an' the other guy said, "That's going to be some contest Saturday night Dave. Let's take it in." Oh! what do you think they were looking at Diary?—*Marion's sailor* an' *Mike Shea's Greek.* The very thing that us girls arranged. Gosh, I was so thrilled, I nearly screamed.

"I'll tell you what I'll do Dave," his friend said, "I'll get a pair of *ringsides* for Saturday night. How about it?"

Then they got off the train. He looked back; I think he smiled. Oh, I've *got* to see that fellow again Diary! I *must!* He's a real gentleman, my Dream Man! I won't forget—Ringside—Saturday night!

WEDNESDAY: I don't know what's gettin' into me lately. I'm gettin' so absent minded, I'm terrible. All day long I've been thinkin' of *David.* David who? Yes, that's what I'd like to know Diary. What on earth is coming over me? I never felt this way with any other guy! I just laugh an' kid 'em, but *this boy* has me goofy! Oh, but what's the use? He wouldn't look at me; he's swell! He's handsome an' he's got breeding! I'll bet he has a snooty society girl—Oh, no! I can't bear to think of that.

Oh, an' then I think of the barber shop. Those goofs who don't mean a thing to me—yaps who are so unreal, like old man Ginsburg, for instance. He was in the shop today, the sap!

You're tired—you better turn in. Good night—David.

THURSDAY: I didn't sleep so good last night. All I did was think of him—David! That's all I see an' dream about lately. I should get my scull examined. Even Marion noticed a change. She said I was gettin' Ritzy. She said, "What on earth has come over you?" But I can't tell her Diary. I can't; she wouldn't understand.

That bootlegger, Mike Shea called up today. Insists that we get married. What a nightmare! Oh, if he only knew! He told me he had a pair of *ringside seats* for *me* an' *him. Ringside, ringside,* Saturday night! that's what David's friend said. If it weren't for Saturday night, an' the hopes of seeing *him,* I'd run away—honest I would—anywhere, just to be alone an' dream an' dream!

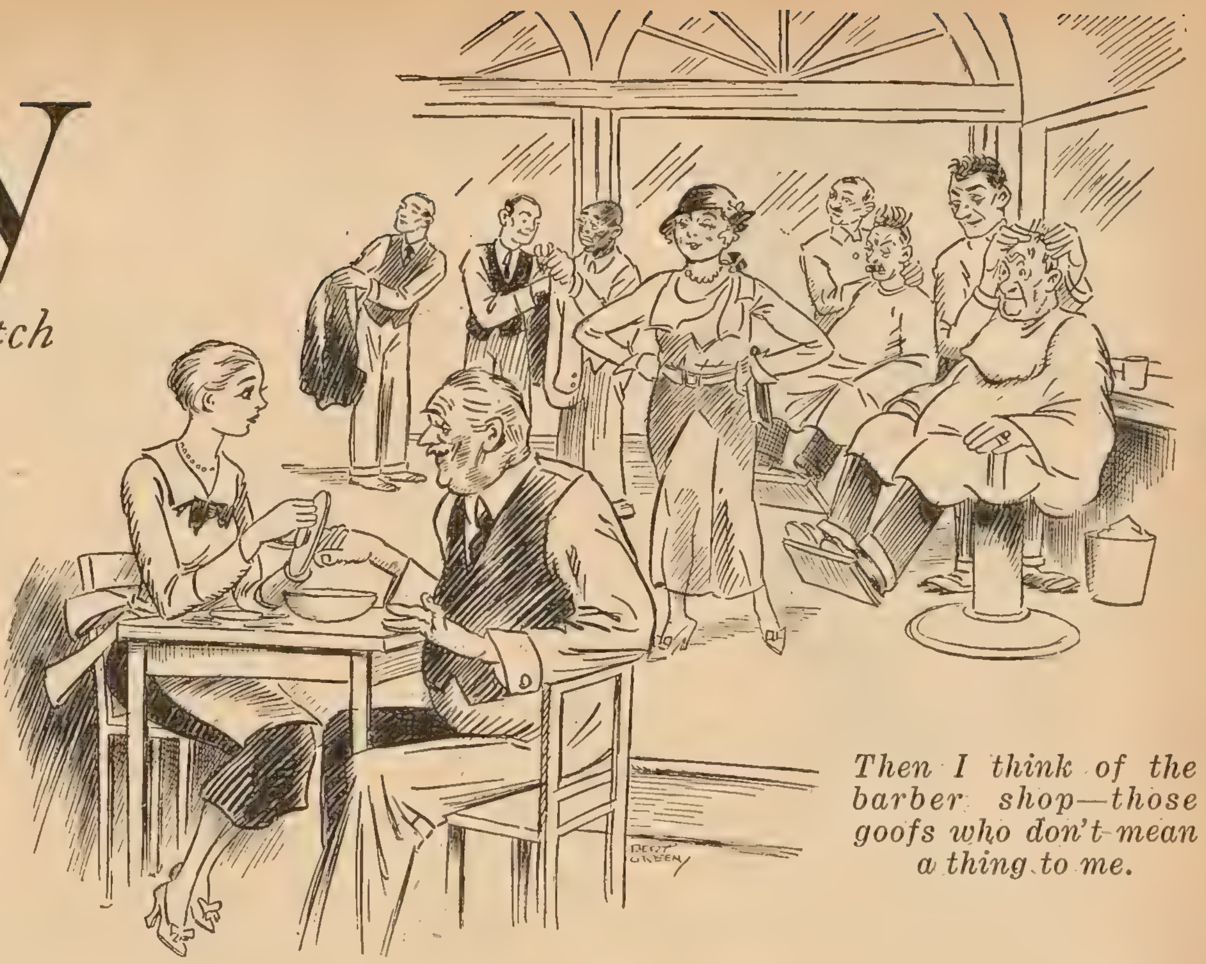
FRIDAY: Oh, it's been a hectic day today. Marion's boy friend, the big gob, was here tonight with Marion. He's confident of winning the bout tomorrow night. They no more than left, than big hearted Mike Shea called up. He said he *had* to see me, so out of politeness I invited him up. As soon as I hung up I called Marion an' asked her to stick around so he wouldn't get too clubby. Marion

Diary

Sailor Wins the Wrestling Match

ictures

GREEN



Then I think of the barber shop—those goofs who don't mean a thing to me.

told him not to stick long as I had a dreadful headache. She kept bringin' in cold towels an' layin' 'em on my head. What a laugh! That discouraged him so he blew early. Before he went he said to me, "Listen Diana, if my Greek wins this bout, you an' I are goin' to aisle it, d' understand?" "An' if he doesn't win, what then?" I asked. "Then I'll never see nor speak to you again," he answered.

SATURDAY (late—after the fight): Well, the excitement's all over. Marion's sailor won. She's half crazy an' so am I. Oh, I don't know where to begin Diary? I saw *him*, yes, David. Wait till I tell you.

When the bout started, Mike an' I were sittin' in the ringside right opposite Mike's big Greek. Big shots from the sporting world were all around us. Mike kept cheerin' an' hollerin' at his champ but I paid no attention. All I did was rubber around for him—David. Then all of a sudden I spied him. Oh, he looked grand. He was all in evening clothes. He sat cat o'corner to me, about ten seats away. Gosh, I was happy I had my hair waved. If I do say so myself, I wasn't hard to look at. I tried to get his eye but his thoughts were glued on the sailor. Then, for no reason at all, he looked my way, stared for a moment, smiled all over an' bowed like he was bowing to a society dame.

Gosh, it made me feel grand. He *must* 've recognized me. Heavens! I couldn't wait for the fight to end. I thought maybe I could get closer to him but after the thing was all over, I lost him in the crowd.

When Mike's champ lost the fight, Mike almost folded up. All the way home in the cab he hardly spoke to me. I think he blamed us girls for framin' him with the sailor. But *we didn't*, really. I did it to help Marion.

SUNDAY (11:30 A. M.): When the door bell rang this mornin', a messenger boy brought me a special copy of the Sporting Page, all marked up. A note read:

DEAR DIANA: Read page one! I guess we stuck it over, what?

Love an' kisses
TED BROWN.

P. S. Here's the write-up about the bout:

'TERRIBLE TAR' TAKES GREEK AT THE GARDEN

SAILOR'S AIRPLANE SPIN DEADLY

By Ted Brown

"Alpha Zapha," Brooklyn's "dark horse," an unknown wrestler, became World's Champ last night. What he didn't do to the Big Greek wasn't worth mentioning.

I've seen some funny wrestling bouts before, but this one was a darb. When the Big Greek entered the ring, he grinned all over. He looked over at the Brooklyn boy and figured he'd throw him through the building.

But the sailor lad wasn't a bit fussed. In fact, he wasn't scared.

The customers got the shock of their lives when the young man tossed his bathrobe. He was tattooed from head to foot. There were snapshots all over him. He was a breathing art gallery. On his chest was a big sailing ship. Around his belly were boa constrictors chasing each other. Hearts and daggers were all over his arms. Broads' names were autographed on his back, and across his kidneys he had a blue ribbon with the words inscribed, "Love to Mother."

Well, when the bell rang, Moisha grabbed the sailor, but nothing happened. It was like trying to throw the Bank of England. The Greek tripped the gob and dropped him like a safe, but the sailor got a snappy headlock on Moisha's collar button and made him sqwark plenty.

While the champ was sweating and grunting, the sailor let go one arm and began waving at the audience. The crowd went wild.

For the next twenty minutes they were tied in so many knots you couldn't tell them from a bag of pretzels.

All of a sudden the champ got his eye glued on the sailing ship on the gob's chest. The Greek stopped and began rolling his eyes. The sailor started workin' his muscles. The waves began tossin'. The ship rocked on his chest like it was off Cape Hatteras. The Greek looked seasick, but somehow or other he weathered the storm. Then by brute force the champ knocked the sailor and turned him over. He was just about to get a headlock on the gob when his eye caught a picture on the gob's right loin. A naked kootch dancer! When the champ saw that, he couldn't make his eyes behave. The sailor began workin' his muscles and the kootch dancer began shakin' her transmission somethin' tantalizin'. Then, with one quick grab, the sailor lifted the Greek right over his head, walked to the edge of the ropes, and threw him down in the press box, bustin' all the typewriters. Time 24:10.

So that's how Marion's sailor won the bout, eh? I was so busy eying up David, I didn't even know they were wrestlin'. Have called Marion's apartment all day but no answer. I wonder?

Oh, Diary! Look! Look what I found in the rotogravure section! It's *him!* DAVID! Look what it says under the picture.

Palm Beach: C. David Manton, dare-devil sportsman, taking off for New York.

Oh, David! So that's who you are? You bad boy, if you only knew how I've dreamed an' thought about you, then maybe you'd— Oh, I've got to see you again—I must!

Good night, dear (smack).

Further adventures of Diana will be told in an early issue.

THERE'S **dirt** *Imbedded* IN THE NETWORK OF YOUR FACE

DIRT that can't be *washed* out.

You doubt it? All right, wash your face. Wash it a dozen times. Now rub some Pompeian Massage Cream into the pores, around your nose, your chin. Keep rubbing until it rolls out. It's no longer the fresh pink cream that went in! It's gray . . . dingy with dirt from your pores.

If you thought your face was clean before, look in your mirror now. Gone is the dirt that clogs your skin, and forms a breeding ground for blackheads and blemishes. Your skin glows with the clear healthy color of an athlete in condition!

Have your barber give you a Pompeian Massage regularly, or do it yourself. Pompeian Massage Cream can be bought at any drug or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada for only 60c the jar.

The Pompeian Co. Sales Representative Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., New York.

INSIST ON THE GENUINE POMPEIAN PINK Massage Cream

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Advertising is useful when it reaches people with money enough to buy. An independent survey, made by Dr. Starch of the A.A.A.A., shows that Liberty reaches more people in the $2,000 to $5,000 income group (numerically the nation's most important group in buying power) than any other magazine. Another reason why Liberty advertising makes money for the advertiser!

Cracking the South Pole!

HERE are the winners of the Wise-Crack Contest of March 26. The question was, "Now that we've found the South Pole, what are we going to do with it?"

$100 FIRST PRIZE

Let's hide it all over and start a new game.

Dorothy Adams, Hollidays Cove, W. Va.

$50 SECOND PRIZE

Let's carve our initials in it and go home.

Robert Doyle, Ladysmith, Wis.

$25 THIRD PRIZE

Build a house on it for another Dick E. Byrd.

Frederick Jaeger, St. Louis, Mo.

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ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 23

1—From seventy-five to eighty per minute.
2—A meter.
3—For measuring angles.
4—Tale of Two Cities.
5—Oporto, Portugal.
6—Lake Ontario.
7—University of Virginia.
8—The branch of zoölogy treating of reptiles.
9—Priestly functions.
10—A rogue; a brigand.
11—A church council.
12—Mississippi.
13—Death Valley, California.
14—Arizona.
15—Decapitation by the guillotine.
16—Three hundred and sixty.
17—Louisiana.
18—Morphine.
19—The heart.
20—Merry-go-round.

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Last Chance to Submit Manuscripts

Liberty's

$5,000

"FIRST STORY" OFFER EXPIRES MAY 12

UNTIL May 12 Liberty will make it possible for no less than fourteen novice writers to crash the gates of fame and fortune by offering to buy fourteen stories by writers who have not yet "arrived" in the larger sense of the word. For this purpose Liberty has set aside a fund of $5,000 which it will spend in sums ranging from $1,000 down to $250 for these manuscripts.

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Never before was there such a demand for good fiction, never did writing offer such recompense as in late years. Never were so many people making an excellent living from writing—many of them becoming wealthy—as right now.

It is hard to make a beginning, hard to get a foothold—but once a successful beginning has been made, once a story or two has been accepted by a national periodical of high standing, so that your name is known, the worst is over and the way is clear for you to go ahead as far and as fast as your talent and your capacity will permit.

This is the opportunity that Liberty is offering to you. But please bear this in mind: Liberty will not pay one cent for a story that does not in every way come up to the high standard it sets for every word that appears between its covers. To do otherwise would be unfair to its tremendous public following. Liberty is not bidding for mediocre stories. What it is doing is letting down the bars of prejudice against unknown writers. Instead of penalizing you because you are unknown, Liberty is putting a premium upon the fact that you are unknown.

The fact that you may have sold stories to your high-school or college magazine or to a local newspaper that does not syndicate its material does not bar you from this big "First Story" offer. You are disqualified only if you have sold one or more stories to a nationally circulated periodical of any kind.

If, then, you have manuscripts on hand that you honestly feel are worthy of appearing in Liberty, send them in as directed in the instructions on this page and they will receive immediate and special consideration by our reading staff. If you have the plot of a story in mind that you believe is up to the Liberty standard, write it and send it in before this offer expires and it may perhaps prove your starting point to fame and fortune.

Let us reiterate, however, that to be purchased under this offer your story must be of sufficient excellence to warrant its being published in Liberty. But send us in the right kind of story and it will be received with open arms, it will be bought at a price in proportion to its value to us including all serial rights, over two million people will read it, and the gateway to success will swing open before your eyes!

Under this offer the editors of Liberty will read stories for literary quality, power to hold reader interest, and availability for publication in Liberty, and upon this basis will decide whether or not to purchase stories submitted.

Liberty takes pleasure in making available this unprecedented offer to unknown writers. By all means take advantage of it. Send in your finished manuscripts at once and get busy on any others you may wish to submit. There is no limit to the number you can offer.

INSTRUCTIONS

You may submit as many manuscripts as you wish.

Clearly typed manuscripts, double spaced, are preferred, but manuscripts in pen and ink will be considered. Do not use thin tissue or onionskin paper. Printed material, poetry, penciled manuscripts, stories of less than 2,500 words, stories in a foreign language or submitted in parts will be rejected upon receipt.

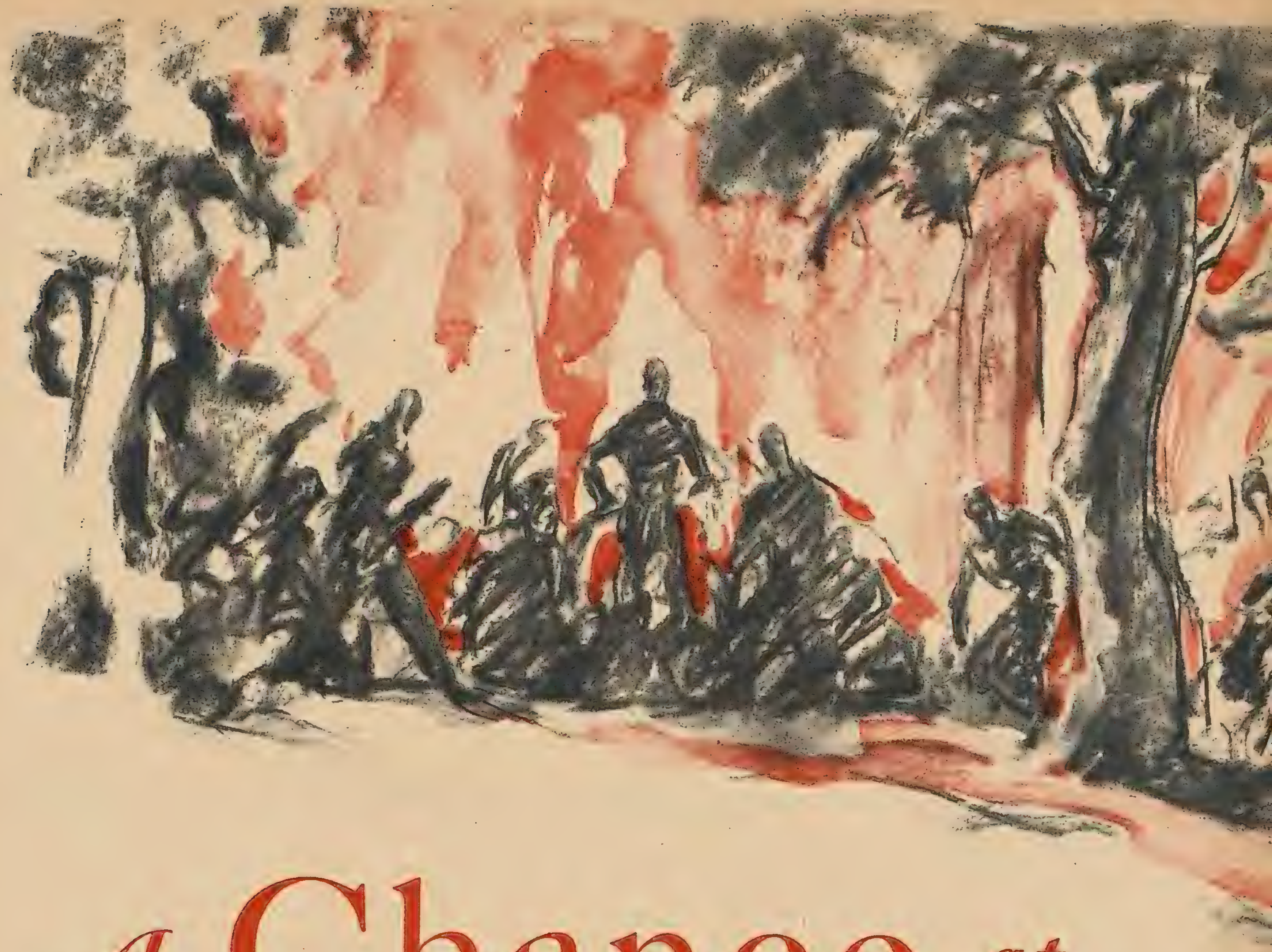
At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number each page.

Print your name and address on the upper right-hand corner of first page and upon the envelope. Sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at the foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Address all manuscripts to LIBERTY "FIRST STORY" EDITOR, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Send by first-class mail, flat. Do not roll.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts as soon as rejected if accompanied by proper postage when submitted, but Liberty does not hold itself responsible for such returns. Keep a copy of your manuscript.

This offer expires at the close of business Thursday, May 12, 1932.



A Chance at HEAVEN

The Doctor Tells the Truth—Running Head On into Troubles—A Miracle Seems to Happen—The Beginning of Wisdom—Does Glory Go Back to Blacky?

By VIÑA DELMAR

(Reading time: 35 minutes 15 seconds.)

Part Six—Conclusion

"WELL, your wife's not going to die from her injuries, Mr. Gorman, but it's a serious business. She's not going to be like she was, you know, for some time."

"You mean she's going to be a little crazy?"

"No, oh, no—I don't mean that at all. There are no skull fractures or head wounds. It's her spine, Mr. Gorman. She isn't going to walk for quite some time."

"Oh, gee, doc!"

"But in time I think she may again recover the use of her limbs. For the present you must be glad that she's alive."

"Oh, I am! But, golly, doc, she's such a lively little thing. I'm afraid she'll take it hard. But of course if it's not forever I guess she'll be cheerful enough about it. Anybody can stand being crippled, I guess, for six months or so."

He looked at me like he felt sorry for what he had to tell me, but he said it just the same: "Mr. Gorman, it will be in the neighborhood of two years before she walks again."

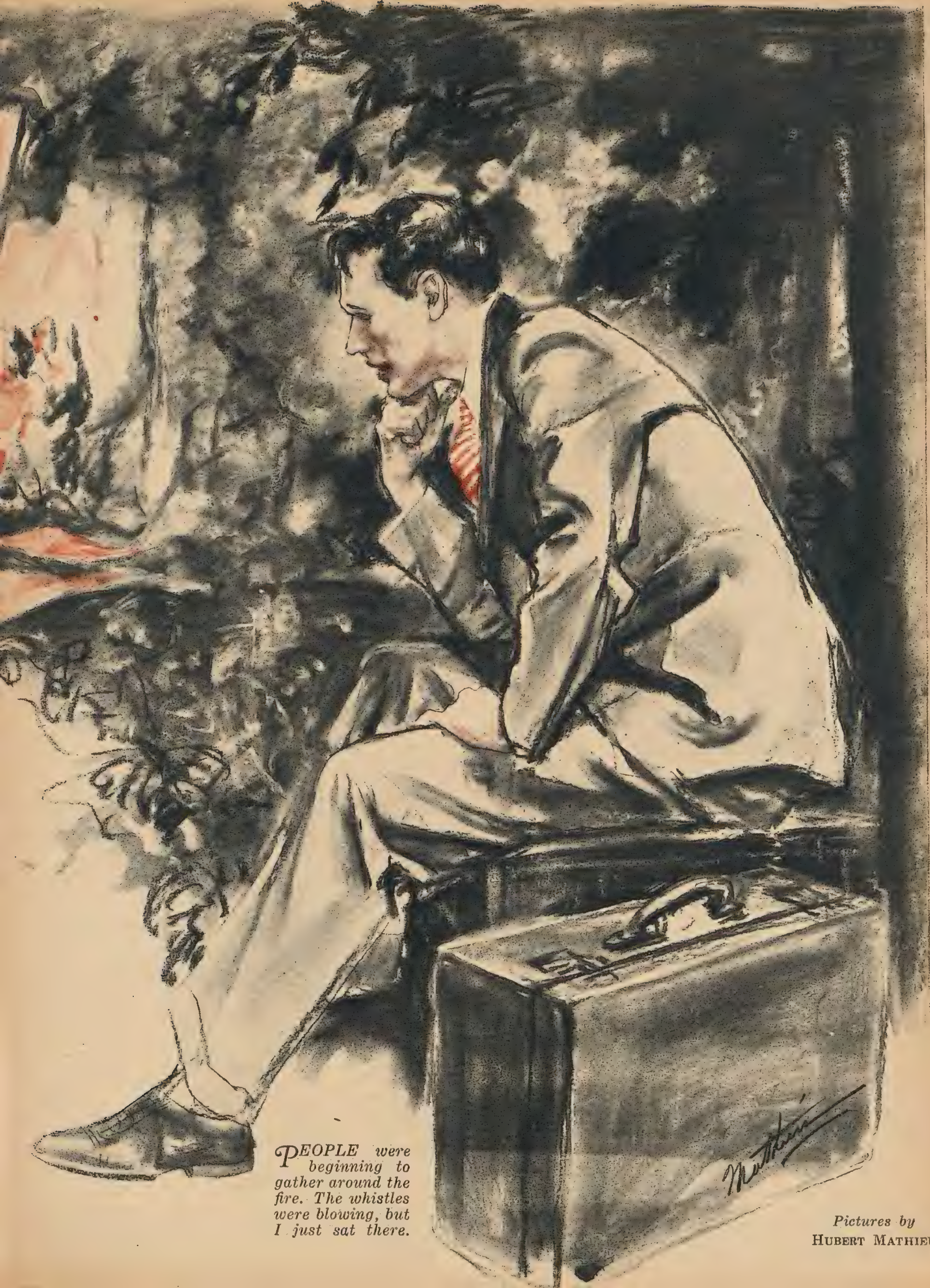
"Good God!"

"Yes, I know. It's hard. But she's lucky she's alive. Of course she won't have to stay here all that time. In about a month you can probably have her moved to your home. It won't be bad once you are both accustomed to the idea that she's just temporarily an invalid. In time she will be better."

"Oh, sure," I said. I was beginning to feel dazed again and kind of sick. Two years. Two years cut smack out of her life!

"I'll take another look at her," Doctor Brooks said. "Then I'll go back to town. I'll be down next week, unless something unusual happens and you want me to come before that."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]



PEOPLE were beginning to gather around the fire. The whistles were blowing, but I just sat there.

Pictures by
HUBERT MATHIEU

A CHANCE AT HEAVEN
Continued from page fifty-two

"Thanks, doc."

We walked back in the hospital. The doctor went straight upstairs without stopping to talk to anyone.

Mrs. Franklyn came over to me. "What did he say?"

"He said that she wouldn't walk for two years."

"What? Two years! Oh, my God, my God!"

I went to the end of the corridor and flopped into a chair, where I stayed till it was time to take the doctor to the train. I can always remember sitting there, just thinking and listening to old lady Franklyn's sobs.

I got in to see Glory that day, but she just looked at me. She didn't say anything. I spoke to her, saying sweet things the best I knew how; but she only kept looking at me as though she didn't care whether I went or stayed. She acted the same way with her mother, so I knew there was nothing personal meant by her indifference.

She acted like that for about four days hand running, and then she opened up and began to speak a little. She wanted to know how long she was going to be in bed. Nobody had told her the bad news yet. We all thought there was plenty of time to do that. She was very unhappy and nasty, in that way that all sick people are, so you can't blame her. She seemed to think that everybody had kind of plotted to get her smashed up. She kept telling the old lady that the accident wouldn't have happened if the old lady hadn't given her the French car and gotten her all hopped up with the idea of driving. She told me plenty, too, but I knew how to overlook it. After all, the kid was just irritable.

I went back to taking hours at the filling station. Only I took the night shift now, as naturally I couldn't see Glory in the nights. I felt that having two in help was running into too much money, considering that the hospital and the nurses were costing plenty, to say nothing of Brooks, whose little visits were worth fifty dollars a throw.

When I told Nicky about the price the doctor charged, he made the dumbest crack on record. "Holy smokes!" he said. "Fifty dollars to tell you that your wife wouldn't walk for two years? You'd have found that out in time yourself."

I didn't let Evalina go, of course, because Glory liked her so much, and besides we'd be needing Evalina when the missus came home. Mrs. Franklyn asked me darn' near every day if I was going to be able to pay for all these things Glory was getting and didn't I want some help. I kept telling her that I was able to cope with everything, but all the time I was wondering how much my brother would let me have if I really needed it.

MARJE certainly stuck around those days. Every morning she went to the hospital, and every night she came to the filling station and sat on the bench for a while keeping me company.

Dr. Brooks comes down again the following week. I'd thought of something to ask him, and I did it the second I saw him. "Is there an operation of any kind that would help her, doc?"

He shook his head and told me a lot of things that I couldn't make out at all, finishing with: "So you see it would only cause a great deal of anxiety and cost a lot of money and would probably be useless. It has been tried and tried in just such cases and proven worthless. How is she?"

"She seems as well as can be expected, doc. I haven't told her yet about the two years business. She's very cranky and I don't want to aggravate her."

"That might be just as well—at least for the present."

His examination that day proved to him that he'd been right in the first place. Two years! He talked to the nurses and the hospital doctor and was off again. Marje said it was nice that he came at all, so that I could see who was getting the fifty bucks, but Brooks was a good egg.

Well, Glory just lay in bed and felt rotten. Of course I was around as much as they'd let me be. Marje was allowed in after a while, and naturally Larrick and Mrs. Franklyn. One day Nicky and Paul Maloney come with flowers and magazines, and they were the first people Glory was nice to. She was nice to them because her mother tilted her nose at them and it was just another way of being rotten to the old lady.

It was during the third week that I went to see Glory one day and discovered that her mother had told her what she could expect during the next two years. She felt mighty low about it, the same as anybody else would feel. We happened to be alone for a few minutes, so I got a chance to talk to her.

"It won't be bad, kid," I told her. "Evalina can learn to cook out of a book, just the same as you did. The gang won't leave us flat, you know. There'll always be somebody around to hand us a laugh now and then. We can get a new radio, too, with a phonograph attachment, and I can read murder mysteries aloud to you, and—honest, kid, it won't be bad at all."

"Not for you," she said. "You'll be able to walk."

"Now, honey, what's the use of being so bitter about it? Things are as they are. Look, kid. Maybe it's a stroke of luck, after all. Maybe if it hadn't happened you'd have kept driving and some day killed yourself."

"I like what you call a stroke of luck, Blacky!"

"OH, I didn't mean anything wrong by it, kid. I just meant—"

"If it happened to you, you wouldn't think it was luck."

"Look, kid. I just meant—"

"What difference does it make what you mean? What difference does anything make? For two years I'm going to be lying on the flat of my back, listening to the radio and cutting out paper dolls. Who's going to bathe me and dress me and do all the things I need done? I suppose Evalina will do it while she's cooking three meals a day and cleaning the house!"

"Gee, kid, I'm dumb. I overlooked all that, like a damn' fool. You'll have a nurse, of course. I never thought. I'll sleep in the living room and we'll put a cot in the bedroom for the nurse. Gee, I was thick! I never thought."

"Of course not!"

You know how irritable sick people are. There's no use in me trying to explain.

Dr. Brooks came once more. He said that in a few days Glory could be moved in a private ambulance. She was doing as well as could be expected.

"Do you live here all year?" he asked me.

"Sure. You see, I've got this filling station at Silver Beach."

"Yes, certainly. I was thinking, however, that for the winter it might prove beneficial to your wife if she could be sent to Florida. Do you suppose you could arrange to do that?"

"Oh, sure, doc. I'll get her down there. How long ought she to stay?"

"Well, if she could go toward the end of October and stay till April it would get her out of the shore dampness and fog. The sunshine is a great remedy, Mr. Gorman."

"Oh, sure. She'll go. I'll send her about the fifteenth of October."

He went back in the room to say good-by to Glory. She was lying gazing blankly up at the ceiling.

"Well, little lady," he says to her, "you're in luck. You're going to Florida for the winter."

"Florida's an old story to me," she says.

"Is it? Well, then you're still luckier. Most people have to spend winter after winter in snow and ice."

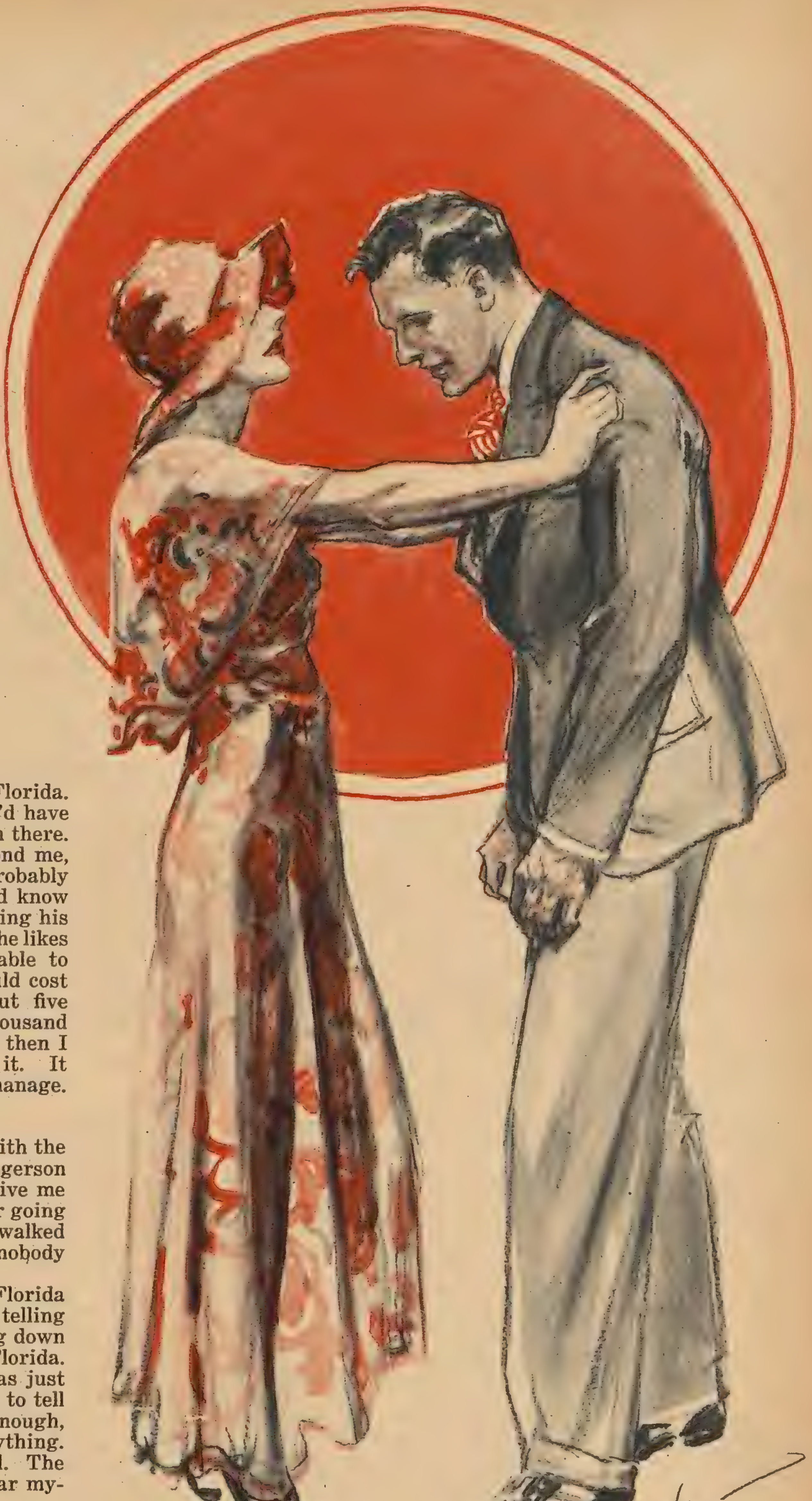
He went then, after wishing us luck and good cheer.

Glory looked at me. "How are you going to send me to Florida?" she asked.

"On a train."

"Don't be tiresome. I meant what would you use for money?"

"The regular thing. You needn't worry about that. You never knew how much I had. I'll manage."



MARJE said: "Come on, Blacky. I don't know what's wrong, but I'm beginning to surmise. Come on, kid. Pull yourself together."

I was thinking it was lucky she didn't know how much I had at the moment. Hospital, nurses, the doctor— I was figuring heavy on my brother to come through. I went home that night and sat down with a pencil and paper. If I could get a thousand dollars from my brother—

I saw that I could let the help go and work through from 8 A. M. till midnight. I'd cut the 7 A. M. opening and the 1 A. M. closing right out, because they were dead hours anyhow and it would give me more rest. I could let Evalina go, depending on her liking Glory enough to come back in April. I'd quit going places, of course, and entertaining the gang, and betting on this and that as fellows will do when they get together. I could stop smoking, too, and sell the car.

Glory would have to travel expensively on account of being sick, but it wasn't a long trip to Florida. She'd have to have a nurse and she'd have to have a good boarding house down there. I figured the hotels were way beyond me, but a good boarding house would probably be O. K. I figured Rogerson would know a good one, on account of him spending his winters in Florida for years because he likes to go fishing. He'd probably be able to figure out with me just what it would cost for Glory and the nurse for about five months. I figured my brother's thousand dollars would get them started, and then I could mail Glory money as I got it. It would be a tight squeeze, but we'd manage. Hell, we had to manage!

I GOT to thinking, as I sat there with the pencil, that maybe I'd find Rogerson around at the diner, and he could give me an idea of what they charged you for going to Florida and staying there. So I walked around. It was pretty late and nobody was there but Nicky.

Now, Nicky knows no more about Florida than a polar bear, but I found myself telling him everything I knew about cutting down expenses and sending sick wives to Florida. I guess, if the truth be known, I was just after the same old thing—somebody to tell my troubles to. He listened nice enough, but he didn't burst out crying or anything. Not that I wanted him to, understand. The main thing, I guess, was just to hear myself talk.

Nicky told me that Rogerson was over at Martin's playing poker. I took a run over there, and busted up the game by cornering Rogerson and getting him to tell me about Florida. He seemed to think that Glory and a nurse could pull through down there on about seventy-five berries a week. It was plenty of dough, but I knew I'd find a way to manage. If worse came to worse, I could sell the filling station and the bungalow and the lot, and probably I could get a job working for the guy who bought the station, or else I could take a job up in New York pumping gas or something. Somehow or other, Glory was going to have Florida.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A CHANCE AT HEAVEN
Continued from page fifty-five

I was getting dressed next morning when Marje telephoned me. She had missed seeing Glory the day before on account of driving her mother up to New York for some shopping. She said, "Hello, did I wake you up?"

"No; I was dressing."

"How is Glory?"

"About the same."

"I won't be able to visit her till around noon and I was anxious to know. Was the New York doctor down yesterday?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

I guess I was beginning to be a pest with my troubles, but Marje is such a swell listener that I told her what the doctor said, what Rogerson said, and what I hoped my brother would say.

"Oh, don't worry, Blacky," Marje said. "Everything will come out all right. They can't keep a good man down. I'll see you over at the hospital later, and we'll juggle numbers together if you like. I'm quite an efficiency expert."

"O. K., Marje."

When I got to the hospital they told me Glory was still asleep. She'd had a very wakeful night. No, no pain; just hadn't been able to get to sleep. The nurse thought it best to leave her undisturbed. So I went back to hang around the filling station and see if any pennies were coming in.

I was just standing like I said when Nicky drives up. "Hello," he says. "You're just the fellow I want to see. I never thought you'd be here, though. I was going to leave word for you to get in touch with me."

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Don't look so scared. I got something for you."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, listen to this: After I left you last night I run into Freddy Tyler, and he says that it would be a good idea for us to get in on that big crap game they run in that swell apartment up at Ocean Towers, so we go up there. There's a guy whose luck is running, see? The dice are hot for him and he clears out with seventy-five hundred fish."

"Swell," I say to Nicky. "And what have you got for me—a little advice to get in on a crap game? No, thanks."

"No, nothing like that, Blacky. Listen. This mug who's cleaned up is leaving, see? Freddy and I are pikers. We've lost about fifty bucks apiece, and we're leaving, too, and we get talking to this guy in the elevator and he asks us to go somewhere for a drink. We go, and he gets telling us at the bar up at Johnson's that he's had hard luck all his life, but not in gambling, see? Then I tell him, talking of hard luck, to take you, for instance. Of course I don't mention no names, but I tell him all about the accident and everything, and he gives me five hundred bucks to slip to you. Can you tie that?"

"WHAT? To slip to me? What for?"

"Well, he felt sorry. See, he was a little plastered, and I figured he'd probably hand it out to the first chiseler who gave him a hard-luck line, and I figured I might as well get it for you. Here it is. Five hundred-dollar bills."

I look at Nicky and I'm a little dazed for a minute. I can't make it out. It's too much like a story. My first thought is that Nicky's being big-hearted in a secretive way. But I know Nicky too well. He's the tightest guy with money this side of our ocean has ever known. Not only that—and meaning no nasty reflections on Nicky—he's got the meanest little eyes I ever saw in any guy's head, and I can't picture him throwing himself into a generous impulse in such a big way. Besides, the competition around here has made his business lousy.

So, all in all, I see it can't be Nicky. It's just one of those big-time miracles. A funny angle on it is that when Nicky heard my sob story in the diner he didn't appear to be taking it in at all, but it had hit him hard enough for him to feature it on a program of tough breaks.

"Well," says I, "this sure is luck, Nicky. And how I can use the dough! Thanks for not keeping my story under your hat."

"O. K.," he says. "I'm never much on keeping confidences."

We all knew that, but I thought it would be nasty to say anything about it just then. Anyhow, as you can guess, I'm tickled to death about the five hundred fish, and I pack them away in the bank and run back to the hospital.

Glory's awake and seeable, so I go on up to her room. She's just lying there as usual, and the corners of her mouth are turned down and she looks cross and sad and everything I don't want her to look. She don't even say hello to me, but I understand. Even though I've never been sick myself, I can guess that it's no fun. I say hello to her and I sit down in a chair beside the bed.

"Do you feel like listening a little?" I ask her. "I've done some questioning about Florida. I can manage it swell. You'll have to have a nurse, of course—"

"*A* nurse?" Glory asks. "What do you think is the matter with me? A cold in the head?"

"No. What do you mean, kid?"

"Well, this thing that's happened to me is serious. I can't walk, you know—or did you forget that? A nurse might object to twenty-four-hour duty."

"SHE can sleep when you're sleeping, kid."

"I never sleep fifteen minutes at a stretch. I need constant attention."

"All right, kid. I guess I can manage two nurses. Don't worry about it. Anything that's necessary can always be managed. I was talking to Rogerson about boarding houses down there. He says—"

"Oh, Blacky, stop talking! You make me think dreary thoughts. I can just picture myself lying on some bumpy bed in a cheap boarding house, unable to sleep, and with nothing to do but listen to the snoring of *the* nurse."

"You can have two nurses, kid, and it will be a good boarding house. Rogerson is going to write to a woman down there and tell her about your condition and have her look for a suitable place."

"What she'd think suitable mightn't look like anything to me."

"Aw, come on, kid—don't make everything harder for yourself by expecting the worst. You got to buck up a little bit, you know."

"I can't buck up thinking of two years of radio music and cheap boarding houses and funny food and all the rest. I can't face it, Blacky, and I'm not going to! I'm going to leave here the day after tomorrow, and I'm going to my mother."

"Gee, Glory, you don't want to do that! You won't like it with her. You didn't before, you know. You're just feeling low on account of being so sick. Come on, kid, have a little courage. We can fight it out some way together."

"No, I can't. I've thought and thought, Blacky. You don't know what it's like to be sick. All the things you don't notice when you're well become terribly important. You work yourself into a rage if a person doesn't bring you a glass of water the second you want it. I need lots of things you can't afford. Mama can give me a suite of rooms at a big Florida hotel, and many nurses. Oh, there're all kinds of services you can get when you can pay for them. And I need them—I want them. I've just lain here dreading to go back to the bungalow. I can't do it, Blacky! I haven't the nerve to take this spine of mine into anything but the most expensive surroundings. I'm weak, I suppose, but I'm afraid to be without the best of care. She can do so much in the way of amusements, too. I'll need amusements, Blacky, and a good doctor in constant attendance."

"Yes, kid, I know. I've been selfish and pig-headed. Somehow I kind of wanted to have you all to myself. I didn't want your mother to contribute a nickel to your support. But I see now that I've been lousy. You should have the best and I mustn't stand in the way. I'm sorry, kid. It was just a selfish way that all us guys who think we're he-men have. I'll let you take a kick at me for that when you get better. Sure, go on. Have a millionaire's trip to Florida, and I'll thank God you can get it, because it's coming to you, baby. Of course I'm sorry that I haven't made enough money myself to be able to do it for you, but there you are. I'll be at the same place when you want to come back, and I'll write often and maybe call you up once a week. How will that be?”

“Well, I'm only going to New York day after tomorrow,” she said. “Mama's sending me up in an ambulance car, and she's going to have my room wired for movies.”

“Sure, that's fine. Well, I'll get up to see you as often as you want me until you go to Florida.”

She didn't say anything for a few minutes, and I started to get panicky. I guess I knew all along what was coming, but I'd been kind of kidding myself.

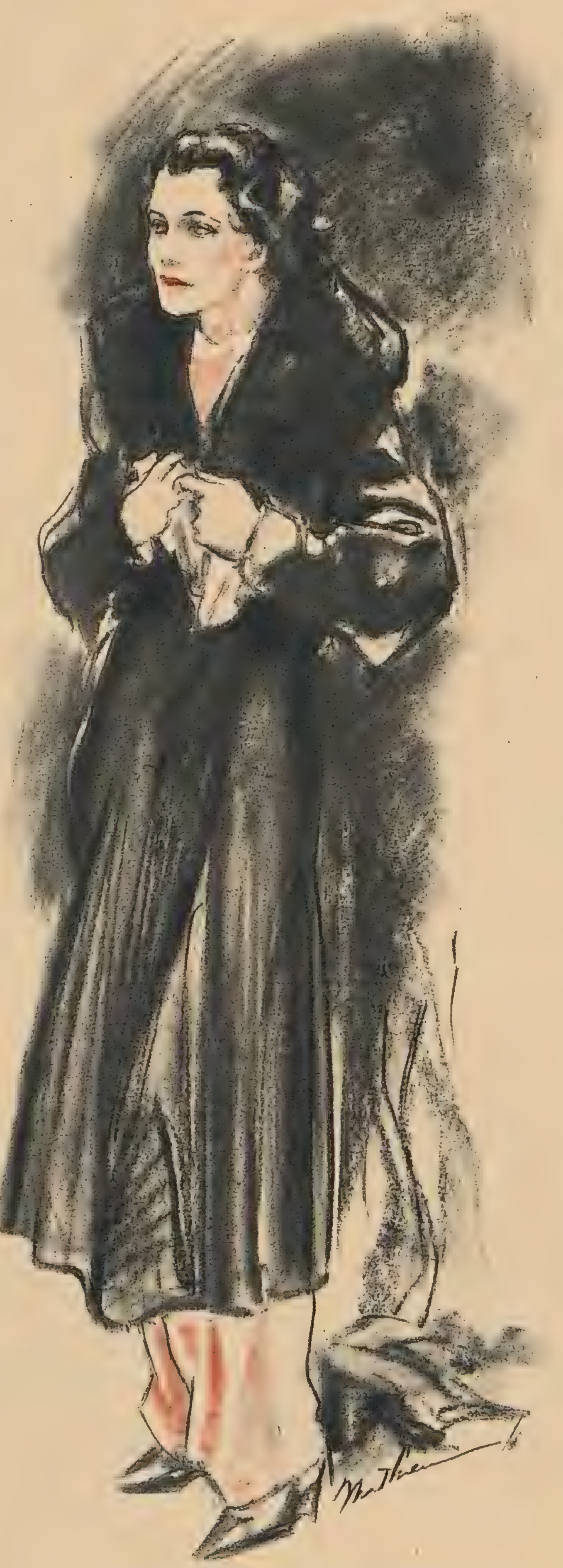
“Blacky, would you let me out of our marriage? Would you sit tight and let me divorce you?”

“Well, sure, kid, if that's what you want. But I can't believe you do. I think you're just sore at the whole world from lying there feeling miserable.”

“No. I've thought it over. I know what I want.”

“And it's not me, kid?”

“No, it's not. It never was. It was the bungalow, Blacky.”



There was Marje. She had her coat on over a pair of pyjamas.

“THE bungalow!”

“Well, what the bungalow stood for. Something different. Shopping in the ten-cent store, bossing a house, fooling around a kitchen, deciding matters for myself. It was playing house, Blacky, and I liked it. But I'm too sick to play now. I want my mother to carry me upstairs and put me to bed.”

“But, kid, you must have loved me a little bit at some time.”

“No, I didn't. I couldn't have, because when it's just you, without the fun and the freedom and the game, it's not attractive at all. When I think of going back there now and of just lying in bed, I grow ill. It never was you, Blacky. You were just the first step in getting what I wanted—although I really believed it was you.”

I didn't say anything. I was thinking of her fussing around the bungalow having the time of her life. Sure she was playing house, just like a little girl. And what little girl cares who she plays with, as long as the game goes her way?

“I hope I haven't ruined your life, Blacky. I don't think I have. I think you'll get over this quick enough. I think you fell for me because I was little and seemed cute to you. I'm not much, Blacky. I'm weak and selfish.”

“No, kid; you're swell.”

“Will you let me out of our marriage?”

“Oh, sure, kid, sure. But look. There's no hurry, is there? Couldn't you think it over for another month?”

“It wouldn't do any good, Blacky. You used to be strong and handsome and romantic, like Prince Charming in a kid's story. Don't you see, Blacky—it's all over. Maybe if I could have kept on playing I'd never have found out that you're just a nice boy who runs a filling station. I'm selfish, that's all. If a person can't give me what I want out of life they become unimportant. Look how I treated Clinton Larrick when you offered me a doll's house to play with.”

“WILL you marry Larrick, Glory?”

“No—not if he was the last man on earth. He bores me. But he can't rattle me any more. He's just a person who thinks he can wear a degree and in that way make himself important, like some women think they can do by wearing grand clothes. You think out a lot of things, Blacky, when you're not able to dance or paint walls or drive a car. Clinton's a stick, you're a nice boy, I'm a washout, and mama is tickled pink to get me back again. But she doesn't know I'm going back to her because I like her money.

“That sounds horrible, doesn't it? But when you've felt a crash and heard people say, ‘She's dead, all right’—well, you kind of start thinking that you have a right to speak your mind. I wouldn't have said I didn't love you, except that I don't want anybody to think I turned my heart in for a talking-picture apparatus. I don't love you, but I ought to, I guess. You're nice, but I'm too selfish. Would you go now, Blacky? I'm awfully tired.”

“But, kid, so long as you don't want to marry anybody just now, couldn't you wait a while with the divorce and think it over again?”

She smiled at me then. “Blacky,” she said, “we have to give mama something in return for the suite of rooms in Florida and the troupe of nurses. Blacky, don't come back again. Just go now. And tell Paul and Nicky and everybody that I was just a palooka.”

“Can I kiss you good-by?”

“Do you want to, Blacky?”

I went over to the bed and kissed her, and then I beat it fast. She was tired. I ran down the steps and out the big front door of the hospital, and crashed right into Marjory

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A CHANCE AT HEAVEN
Continued from page fifty-seven

"Hello, Blacky. What's the matter? Is Glory worse?"

"No. But don't go upstairs. She's tired. She told me to go. She said she was tired."

"All right. But what's the matter with you? You look as though you'd seen a ghost writer. A fearful sight indeed, they tell me. What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Well, all right; but I'd have sworn it was more than that."

She smoothed her eyebrows down just then, which is a great habit of Marje's, and I noticed that her engagement ring was gone. Sure! Of course it would be. Wasn't I the dumb baloney to even think that Nicky's story could be on the up and up? She'd hocked it the second she hung up the telephone receiver that morning, and passed the money to Nicky to give me with a song and dance.

It kind of made me laugh when I noticed the ring was gone. So was Glory. How nutty it had been for Marje and Nicky to bother hocking the ring and fixing up a story and everything! Everything was a little nutty, anyhow. Marje said: "Come on, Blacky. I don't know what's wrong, but I'm beginning to surmise. Come on, kid. It's the same old car with the same old flask to be used in emergencies only. Come on, Blacky. Pull yourself together. This is a hospital—you can't take sick here."

I guess it sounds like I'm in the habit of going to pieces. I'm not. But, you see, there'd been the accident, and all the worry about Glory and finances, and I hadn't been sleeping well, and now this sock on the chin. I'm usually quite a little man, but I was a wet smack on a couple of occasions I've written about here, I notice.

Marje talks to me for a long time, and gets the story, of course. She's decent as hell. She doesn't criticize anybody. She just says: "Tough, Blacky. I'm sorry as I can be. You have to pull yourself together, though. No use being like this. I'll take you home."

"I got Paul's car here."

"Better yet. How he'll laugh when he finds you've left it here. Come on, Blacky. Move over. Let muvver get at the nice little things that make the car go."

I guess I moved over. Anyhow, she made the car go. I never did see anybody who could take command as well as Marjory. We pulled up at the bungalow this time, and she came in with me. I just flopped in a chair in the living room and sat staring out through the silver curtains at the front part of my lot. It kind of surprised me to see that the trees and the little bushes looked different than they had the last time I looked hard at them. They'd been very green then, but now there was kind of a reddish brown sneaking into the lot. I got a hell of a jolt when I realized what that meant. It meant that autumn was in the air. I hadn't been paying much attention to the days and dates since the accident, and now here it was—another summer gone.

Marje came in from the kitchen with a cup of hot coffee.

"HERE, have a little Java," she said. "It's good for everything."

I took the coffee, but I didn't want it. It had been nice of her to fix it, though, so I fooled around with it a little bit. "Look, Marje," I said to her. "It's getting cool weather already."

She nodded her head, meaning yes. "'Now comes the winter of our discontent,'" she said, talking crazy again. "This is the time when we stop being a thriving summer resort and settle down to being just a small town."

"I hadn't noticed," I said, "that the winter was coming till just now. Have—have a lot of the summer people gone, Marje?"

"Lots of them. Only the die-hards are bathing these days. It's cooled off early this year. But it's not so awfully early, at that. It's the end of September."

"Is it? Oh, sure, it must be."

"It is."

We sat a long time, then, without saying anything. I just looked out at the lot that was turning a reddish brown color and I thought of one thing and another.

Marje sat with me all afternoon. She knew, I guess, that it was nice to feel that somebody was around. She didn't seem to care that I wasn't saying anything. When it came time to eat, she and I went to the diner, and then I relieved the help at the filling station.

I didn't go to the hospital next day.

Glory had asked me not to come back, and besides I kind of hated to see Larrick and Mrs. Franklyn in the front seats. They're the kind who would turn around and look at you and laugh. I just stayed in the bungalow all day, so people wouldn't see me and say, "How come you're not at the hospital?" Marje came over, but I wouldn't let her stay. There was no good in her ruining another afternoon just sitting around. Besides, I wanted to think over a lot of things.

That night I told the help that we'd switch shifts again. I wanted to take back the day shift, so that I wouldn't have a brain storm and dash to the hospital and see Glory off. It would be a good thing to be chained to the station, I figured. It would keep me from making a damn' fool of myself.

SO I was at the station next day when Glory was taken from the hospital. I didn't see her go away in the special ambulance car that probably had nurses and doctors aboard fighting for hanging-on space. I was at the filling station. It was one of those brisk, coldish, sunny days you get at the seashore. It was one of those days when the summer people start to think longingly of their oil burners and the Broadway openings and getting the furs out of storage.

I was just standing there, kind of thinking, when one of those little French road fleas drives up, and I see it's the same car and in it the same little French maid.

"Hello," I say to her.

"Hello," she answers just like Maurice Chevalier. "Give me gas quick. I must drive fast."

I notice that the car is piled high with hatboxes and little velvet cases. I give her gas.

"I will pay," she says. "Mrs. Franklyn has already settled her account, I believe. How much I owe?"

"Run along, sister. The car's an old friend of mine."

She laughs. "I have take Miss Glory's clothes today from your house. The lady who mind the trunks go with me. Your door open. We go in. O. K.?"

"O. K. Pull out. You're blocking traffic."

She pulls out just like she did before, only this time she's going north.

After the help came on duty that night I took a ride up along the ocean, and there was the Franklyn house standing with its shades pulled down and its bright-colored awnings gone. It looked kind of sad, I thought, like homes do, you know, when nobody's living in them.

I looked at the steps of the house, and thought of Glory and me walking up them to break the news of our marriage to Larrick and the old lady. The old lady was sitting in a chair and Larrick was lying in the canvas swing. The chair and the swing were gone now. Everything was gone except the steps and me.

I turned the car around and drove away. I noticed as I went along that the miniature golf courses were closed and that the pavilion had a sad, neglected look about it. Yes, winter was coming. It had sneaked up on me while I had been thinking of something else.

It's a funny thing how you reach rock bottom with the blues, and when you can't feel a bit worse then you start to feel better. During that night I couldn't sleep at all, and somewhere between 4 and 5 A. M. a sudden thought came to me that changed everything. Glory would be back. Sure she would! Suddenly it was all clear as crystal. I could see it working out as though I was watching a movie. She'd like being with her mother for a while and having luxuries again, but she'd find out that they bored her now, the same as Larrick did. She'd find out that she wanted the little bungalow again, and she'd find out that she wanted me, too. She loved me. She must have or she couldn't have been so happy with me. It was just being sick and blue in the hospital that had made her think she didn't care beans for me. I could see the whole thing clear as anything. Glory would be back!

I felt better next day than I'd felt in quite a while. I was willing to wait, now that I knew it wasn't forever. Maybe six weeks, I figured. Surely no more than that. That would be as long as she'd be able to stand her mother and being babied again. Maybe even a month would see a letter from her or a phone call or something. She'd know that I wasn't one of those dramatic guys who'd say, 'No, Glory; you said you didn't love me.' She'd know that I'd have the gang all waiting to give her a big hello whenever she wanted to come back. So I was satisfied to wait.

Everybody except Marje thought that Glory had just gone to Florida. Nobody else had any idea that Glory had kind of aired me. So naturally it was Marje that I talked to when I realized that Glory would be back.

She said, "You're probably right, Blacky. She'll be back, all right. Sure she will."

"You don't believe she will, Marje. I can tell by the way you talk that you don't."

"Oh, sure I do."

"You're a liar. Somehow your doubts don't worry me, though. You see, I've always kind of understood Glory, and you never did."

"I believe she'll come back," Marje said. "Only, Blacky, don't set your heart on it, kid. It'll be such a kick in the pants if she never does."

BUT, after all, it wasn't such a kick in the pants when the lawyer's letter came. After I'd read it through twice I was surprised to find that it didn't shake me. Then I realized that I wasn't hit hard because I'd been kidding myself for a month. I guess I couldn't have got through that month if I hadn't had a knack for kidding myself that kind of smoothed down the rough edges.

Mrs. Glory Gorman was suing me for divorce, the letter said. That kind of made me laugh. Sure Mrs. Glory Gorman was. Nobody else could. Lawyers put a lot of crazy words under their handsome, dignified letterheads. Mrs. Glory Gorman was suing me for divorce. That was a hot one! Well, she could have it. I wouldn't stand in the kid's way. She kind of liked the nurses and the home talkies and a lot of snappy service, and all she had to do for that was put me back in circulation. Why not? Who wouldn't? Poor kid, with two years to spend helpless and miserable. Why shouldn't she take anything she could get? She deserved it. What the hell!

I canned Evalina that evening. I had kind of been holding on to her, you know, in case the missus came back. But what did I need with Evalina? I felt kind of sorry when I canned her, because she looked so hurt and sad.

"Did I do something I oughtn't to have done, Mr. Gorman?"

"Gee, no, Evalina. You're swell. It's just that Mrs. Gorman has—well, she's not coming back to the bungalow any more, Evalina."

I gave her two weeks' money, and went out so I wouldn't have to watch her bawling. I stalled around the station for a while that night, waiting for it to get late, because there was something I wanted to do. I didn't feel sociable or nothing, but when Nicky drove by and said how about the Roulette Club, I thought it would be a good way to kill a few hours. It was getting too cold to just stand around counting cars going by or talking to the help.

So I went with Nicky to the Roulette Club. It's a joint where you can get a couple of drinks, play the quarter machines, and meet a lot of people you know. Just Nicky and I started out, but within an hour we had sixteen people at our table—most of them drunks.

I drank a lot that night, but I didn't feel any of it, for some reason or other. It left me cold, and the gang seemed absolutely batty to me be-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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BEAUTY CONTEST

are women with Lovely Skin!

Men worship a beautiful skin. They reward the girl who has it with attentions and flattery. These are the simple rewards of the daily Beauty Contest. Keep your skin lovely with Camay. Get a dozen cakes today!

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A CHANCE AT HEAVEN

Continued from page fifty-nine

cause, you see, they were feeling their drinks. When they busted out singing I could have crowned them, and when Paul Maloney got up and started to do fancy steps to the radio music it didn't seem a bit funny. You see, I had the lawyer's letter in my pocket with all that crazy stuff in it about Mrs. Glory Gorman divorcing me.

We had sandwiches around midnight, and they tasted just like straw. I stuck it out for another hour and then I said to Nicky, "Come on, baloney, drive me home."

He didn't want to leave, so a guy named Ross, who had to get up early next morning and was willing to leave, gave me a lift home. He sure was plastered. It's a good thing the roads were deserted on account of it being the end of October or else we'd have been killed.

He dropped me off at the bungalow, and I watched him till he'd zigzagged around the corner.

I went in the house and packed a suitcase. Just my clothes and razor and toothbrush and things like that, you know. Then I opened a couple of windows and walked outside. I struck a match and put it to a silver curtain. It flared right up. The bungalow wasn't one of those solidly built houses. It went like cardboard, almost. I stood watching it for a second. Then I picked up the suitcase and went down to the little shack and sat there in the darkness.

PEOPLE were beginning to gather around the fire. The whistles were blowing, but I just sat there. Damn' fools were going to ask a lot of questions. Just as though it was their business! The place wasn't insured. It was my business. I wanted to burn the bungalow, and I could if I wanted to. Glory had played doll's house there, and nobody else was ever going to have her toys.

You'd be surprised what a big patch of red a little bungalow can make against the sky. I got to thinking of the black dishes and the scarlet woodwork and the little ash trays shaped like cats' heads, and I wondered, if they had sense, wouldn't they like this better than just hanging around with nobody to rave about them and show them off? There was a sort of dignity about going with your paint all shiny and your newness still clinging to you. Maybe I did feel the liquor, after all.

I sat there till I heard the fire engine going home and the people scattering back to their beds. I waited till everything was dead quiet again. Then I went back to look at what was left of Glory's doll's house. It was only a square of blackness with a chair leg sticking up here and the foot of the bed leaning against something over there. It had been a thorough job. The air smelled burnt and there was a funny feeling hanging around, like somebody was dead.

I STOOD looking at the mess on the ground for a long while. Then suddenly I looked up. I'd thought I was alone. But there was Marje standing on the other side of the black square looking over at me. She had her coat on over a pair of pyjamas, and she was dabbing at her eyes.

"You must be cold," I said to her.

"No; I'm all right." She came over and slipped her arm through mine. "How about some coffee, Blacky? They'll let me in the diner this way."

"All right."

I turned away from the lot with her and we started for the diner. We walked along without saying anything. It was real cold and the streets were so quiet that her heels seemed to be making a lot of noise.

"I guess we'll have a flurry of snow soon," Marje said. "It's kind of early, but it's awfully cold."

I didn't say anything then, either. I was thinking that it was nice of her to always be around when I needed somebody to be around. But I didn't bother saying it. She'd only say "Baloney!" or something, so I just kept quiet. Right outside the diner I thought of something I'd been wanting to ask her all summer.

"Marje, what song or poem or something is that spiel from? The one about 'There sleeps the fairy queen, there she sleeps sometime of the night.' You know, Marje, it's all about nodding violets and things."

"That's from Midsummer Night's Dream, I think, Blacky."

"Midsummer what?"

"Midsummer Night's Dream. But it's winter now, kid—and look, they've got the stove going in the diner."

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

He Was It

Four-year-old Bobby walked into the dining room of a neighbor's house while a family dinner party was in progress. Grandma, looking proudly around the table, said, "Bobby, all of these are my children."

Bobby took in the tableful and remarked: "My mother hasn't got but one, an' I'm it."—Mrs. Vincent Paoliello, Box 55, Bluefield, W. Va.

Same Thing

During the radio broadcast of a California-Stanford football game it was announced that it was raining hard and the field was wet and muddy. A little later the broadcaster said that the California team was in a huddle.

"Say, dad," said five-year-old Junior, "I guess he means they're in a puddle!"—H. H. Monroe, 442 South Spring St., Los Angeles, Calif.

To the Ladies!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 min. 40 sec.)

NAZIMOVA is Nazimova. Off the stage as well as on, she does and thinks things in ways absolutely her own.

"I never read letters," she told me. "I let them pile up on my desk until they get ripe. Then I throw them all away."

But among her admirers are two women who write to her regularly—have written to her for years—and whose letters she reads.

"I have never seen either of them," she said, "yet from their letters I know more about their lives than they ever have told to their most intimate friends. They tell me everything. They don't ask for advice. They don't even request an answer. They just feel impelled, as nearly everyone does at times, to confide their innermost thoughts to someone outside their own world—some sympathetic stranger whose life does not touch theirs. I am that stranger."

Alla Nazimova

In her spare time Nazimova likes to plan houses. She thinks houses should start little and grow. To her own house she adds from time to time a new balcony, a window, porch, or something. She calls her house Who-to-rok, meaning, in Russian, Little Hut.

Nazimova was born in Russia. Came to this country more than twenty-five years ago. Did everything in her own company at first—was manager, wardrobe mistress, dressmaker, prompter. And, of course, leading lady. Has found her rôle in Eugene O'Neill's Mourning Becomes Electra the most exacting part she ever has played.

Nazimova is a vegetarian.

AGING blondes can now have their hands "lifted," but brunettes can't.

I have just learned this curious fact from Dr. Le Roy Stoddard, well known plastic surgeon, who explained that dark skin shows traces of the operation when hands are made young by surgery. They do it just like face-lifting, and blonde hands come out fine.

"I always look at a woman's hands when I want to know her true age," said Dr. Stoddard. He doesn't believe in hand surgery except as a last resort. We can all keep our hands reasonably young-looking, he says, by taking care of them ourselves.

Use cocoa butter to keep the skin soft. That nourishes them too—makes 'em plump—and plump hands always look younger. They should also be pliable, the doctor tells me. Rub them together a lot. Twist 'em, stretch 'em, massage 'em.

"I BELIEVE," says a bright young matron of my acquaintance, "in being extravagant. The more money I spend, the more my husband must make. That helps him get on in the world. *He has to.*"

Quite a number of women seem to have faith in this policy. They may find that it works in some cases, but I wonder if they realize what a risk they're taking.

I know a young lawyer whose attractive, ambitious young wife has been trying it lately. Since their marriage he has increased his practice—and income—conservatively. But not enough to satisfy her. So she conceived the idea of making him "more enterprising," as she put it, by giving him more and bigger bills to pay.

She raised the ante on everything: clothes, household expenses, vacation costs, etc. Her husband weathered the storm—is doing better and better. But it is costing him more than money.

His friends and business associates do not greet him as warmly as they used to. They find him changed, grown hard, grasping, a little too sharp in his deals. It is even beginning to be said that his friendship cannot be counted upon if money is involved.

His wife is the one, of course, who will some day face the reckoning. Living with him, she will pay for the change in his character that her shortsighted policy has brought about.

DEBUTANTES ahoy! Orchids grow wild in Guatemala. And in Honduras. And Colombia and Costa Rica and all those banana republics.

A girl I know has just returned from there. She says: "You can pick yourself a fifty-dollar corsage just for the reaching. I mean really. Orchids, my dear! They grow all over the place. They make your best beau's floral offering look like thirty cents."

She described other attractions—exotic fruits, extra fine moonlight, potted plants that gobble up flies, and the swell new ships that cruise you all around the Caribbean.

But she couldn't get over those orchids.

I asked her if the tropical débutantes go in for them. No, she said, not that she noticed. That would be much too easy on the tropical boys. Down there I suppose the debs prefer dandelions!

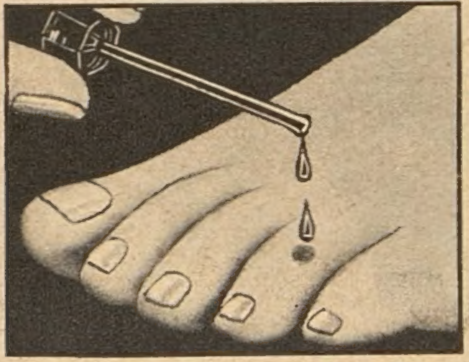
A THRILLING book about news-gathering by airplane is I Fly for News, by Larry Rue, who takes you adventuring in Afghanistan, Africa, Persia, Europe. Interesting information, plenty of excitement. (Albert & Charles Boni.)

OF all the smart accessories I have seen this spring, none can beat a four-piece set of shepherd's-plaid wool. The checks were medium-sized. The four pieces included a sleeveless cardigan, a scarf, a béret, and a large pouch bag with a novel metal clasp. Smart enough for town, a set of this kind will transform your old suit or winter dress in a twinkling.

You can also freshen up your costume very modishly by acquiring one of those felt hand bags with broad metal mounts, and a stitched felt hat to match. The hat should be untrimmed, unless you want to give it a small bow of the felt.

NOW STOP PAIN THIS EASY WAY

One drop does it instantly — then corn lifts right off



If you want to keep your feet free from aching corns just get a bottle of FREEZONE from any druggist. Put a drop or two on the corn. Pain stops instantly, and for good! Then before you know it the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, easily and painlessly. It's the safe way that millions use to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Works like a charm! Try it.

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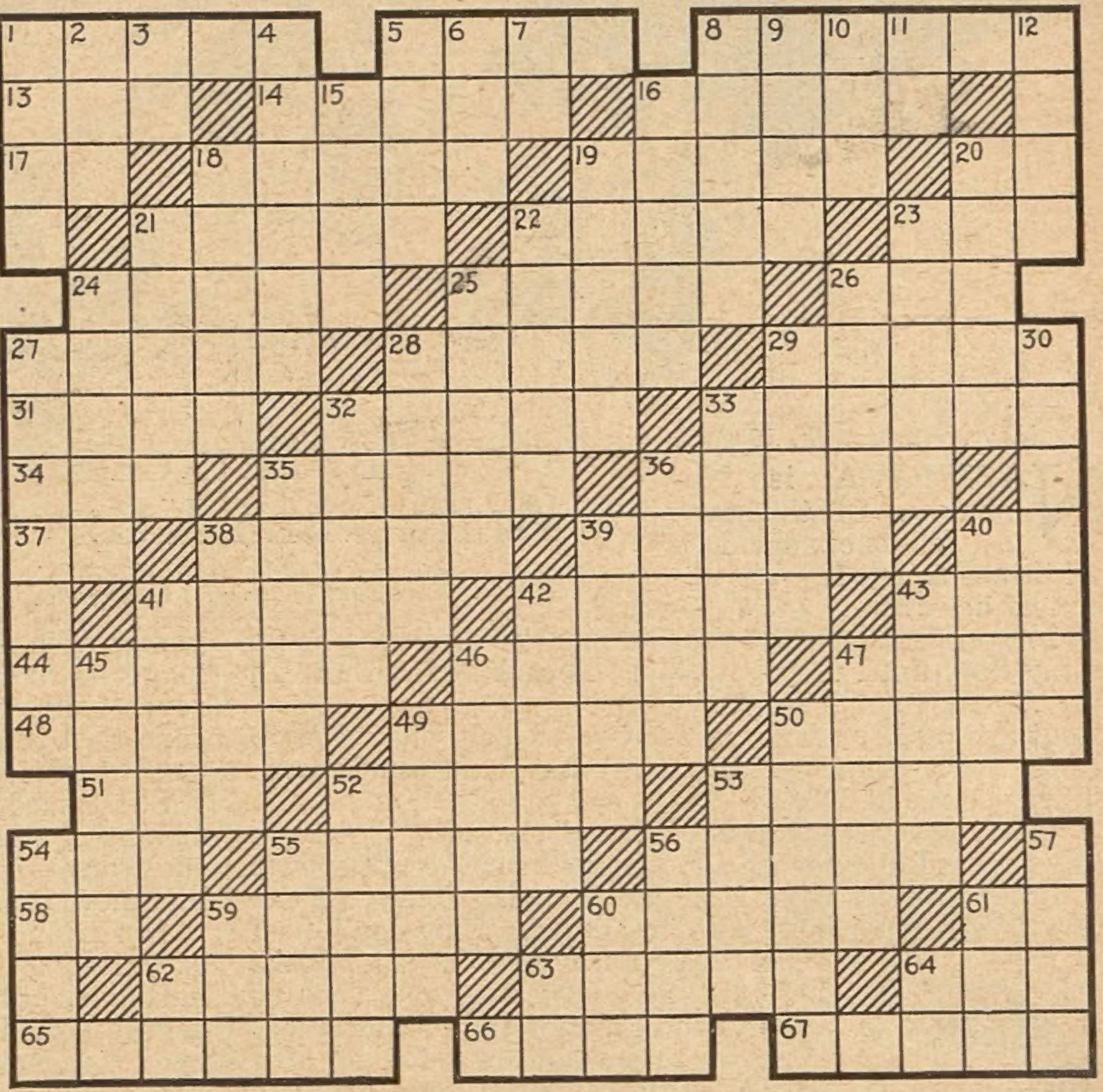
Make $380 monthly. Cleans, dries, polishes. No muss. Good Housekeeping approval. Restricted territory. Write today. **Carter Products Corp., 945 Front Ave., Cleveland, O.**

Here Is Contest Puzzle

No. 4



HORIZONTAL

1 Particular locations
5 Inspires with reverential fear
8 A kind of hat.
13 Garden implement
14 Stacked
16 A bird
17 Into
18 Confronted
19 Mark indicating an insertion
20 Pronoun
21 Sides of an object
22 Overlay
23 Allow
24 Essayed
25 A region of the head (plural)
26 Alighted
27 Railings
28 Pigeons
29 Washed
31 Lampreys
32 Feels concern or interest for
33 Withdraw
34 Measure of length
35 Sports
36 Partook of existence
37 A province of Canada (initials)
38 Walks in a yielding substance
39 Purvey
40 Note of the diatonic scale
41 A fruit (plural)
42 Race horse
43 Because that
44 A kind of wine
46 Desires with expectation
47 Female quadruped
48 Volumes
49 Galloped
50 Enjoyed
51 A call for help (initials)
52 Loves to excess
53 Sharpens
54 Place of low resort
55 Swarms
56 Harmonized in color
58 Form of to be
59 Riotous festivity
60 Relieves of strain
61 Exist
62 Punctured
63 Feminine name
64 Over (contraction)
65 Displayed
66 The planet nearest the earth
67 Measures of length

VERTICAL

1 Transport by public carrier
2 Product of electrical decomposition
3 Symbol for an element
4 Intervals between two or more objects
5 Beverages
6 Espouse
7 Man's nickname
8 Peels
9 State to be true
10 Free of charges or deductions
11 One indefinitely
12 Incite
15 Frosted
16 Acts irrationally
18 Falls short
19 Inclosures for small domestic animals
20 Measure of length
21 Fluted or crimped border
22 Caverns
23 Grayish blue
24 Chinese measures of weight
25 Minute orifices
26 More recent
27 Reëstablish by legal act
28 Matrons
29 Device for shifting or controlling weight
30 Wished
32 Military student
33 Ceremonies
35 Portals
36 Intertwined
38 Merchandise
39 Sleeveless garments
40 Painful spots
41 Friend of Pythias
42 Heavy cords
43 Manipulated fraudulently (slang)
45 Suffers defeat
46 Hostelry
47 Digs
49 Felt deep affection
50 Solitary
52 Plunged
53 Flexible pipe
54 Immerses
55 At this point
56 Small flaps
57 Pronoun
59 Line or file
60 Attention
61 Small plot of ground under cultivation
62 Depart
63 Parent
64 Either

THIS WEEK $500 *IN PRIZES*

FOR CROSS-WORD SOLUTIONS

Liberty Invites You to Win Some of This Easy Money!

68 Opportunities to Turn Your Skill into Cash!

THESE ARE THE PRIZES	
FIRST PRIZE	$100
SECOND PRIZE	50
THIRD PRIZE	25
65 PRIZES, each $5	325
TOTAL, EACH WEEK SIXTY-EIGHT PRIZES	$500

The RULES

1. This contest is open to anyone, anywhere, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
2. Solve the cross-word puzzle which appears on the opposite page.
3. Attach to your solution a letter telling what previous contest in Liberty you have found the most interesting and why, or explaining another contest that you would like to have conducted by this magazine.
4. The most nearly correct cross-word-puzzle solution accompanied by the best letter, judged on the basis of interest and clarity, will be awarded first prize; the next best will be awarded second prize, etc.
5. It is not required to clip the puzzle from the magazine in order to compete. Send in your solution on a tracing of the puzzle if you wish.
6. The judges will be the editors of Liberty Weekly, and by entering this contest you agree to accept their decisions as final.
7. Send all entries by first class mail. Address Liberty Cross-Word Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
8. All entries for this week's contest must be received before the close of our business day on Monday, May 16, 1932.

VERTICAL or horizontal, in any language, including the Scandinavian, cross-word-puzzle skill is synonymous with "easy money" in Liberty's cross-word contest. You solve the puzzle and enter it with a note. The judges check and grade your entry. If you rate a prize you'll receive Liberty's check for the right amount forthwith. This week's puzzle appears on the opposite page.

Sixty-eight Liberty readers will profit on their cross-word solving ability in this week's contest. Why not be among them? First prize carries with it $100 in cash! Second prize brings its winner $50. Third prize is $25, which is a handful of money in these times on any standard. And Liberty is on the gold standard.

Nor are the sixty-five $5 awards to be passed over lightly. Particularly when you stop to consider that you'd be solving this week's puzzle for fun anyway, regardless of the money involved.

Economists tell us that a dollar today will buy a lot more than it would a couple of years ago. Without going into the statistics of the situation, it stands to reason that Liberty prizes will buy a great deal more than if you had won them in past years.

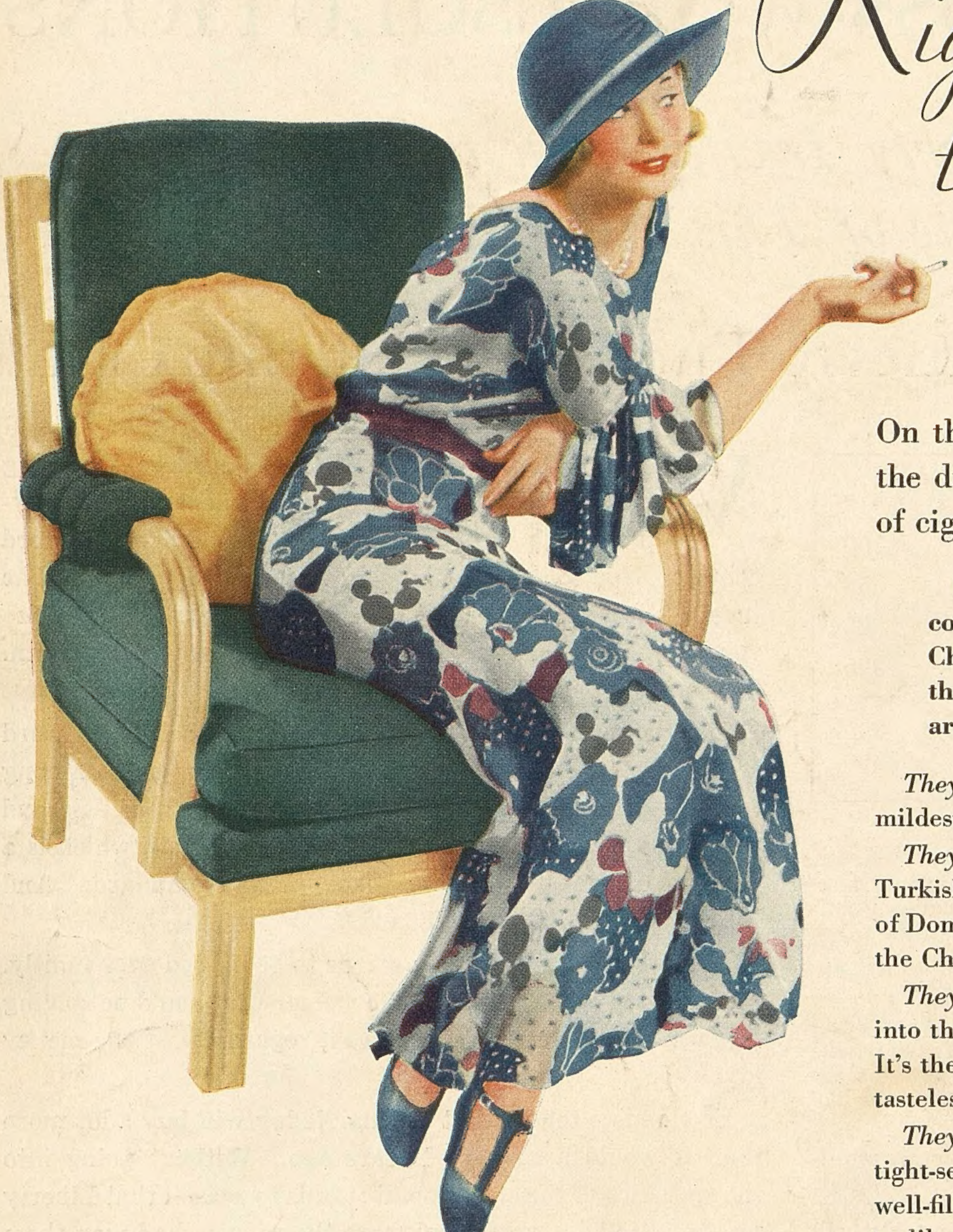
But you can't spend a prize until you win it. And you can't win it unless you enter the contest. Do it now.

The puzzle is on the page at the left. Get out your pencil or pen and fill it in. Read the brief, simple rules which are established for your guidance and protection. They explain just how to write your note, how to address your entry, and how to send it.

Every effort will be made to announce the winners of this week's contest in Liberty dated July 2.

NEXT WEEK—ANOTHER $500 CASH PRIZE CROSS-WORD-PUZZLE CONTEST—NEXT W

Right up to the minute



On the way home I stopped at the drug store to buy a package of cigarettes.

It was just coincidence, of course, but the clerk said that Chesterfields are the style; that more and more smokers are calling for them . . .

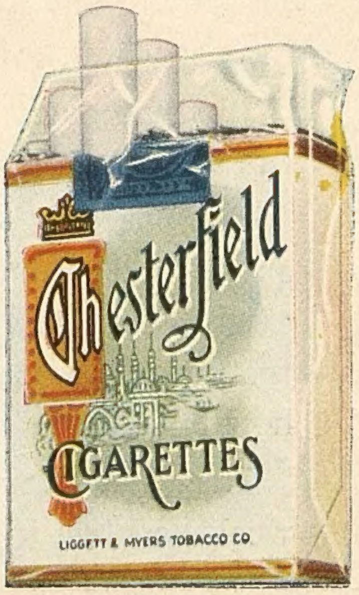
They're milder. They contain the mildest tobaccos that money can buy.

They taste better. Rich aroma of Turkish tobacco and mellow sweetness of Domestic, blended and cross-blended the Chesterfield way.

They're pure. Everything that goes into them is tested by expert chemists. It's the purest cigarette paper made — tasteless and odorless.

They satisfy. You break open a clean, tight-sealed package. You light up a well-filled cigarette. Yes . . . you're going to like *this* cigarette! And right there is where many a smoker changes to Chesterfield. *They Satisfy!*

the Cigarette that's MILDER *and* TASTES BETTER



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